WEEK
ENDING
NOV. 29, 1930

5c

Liberty

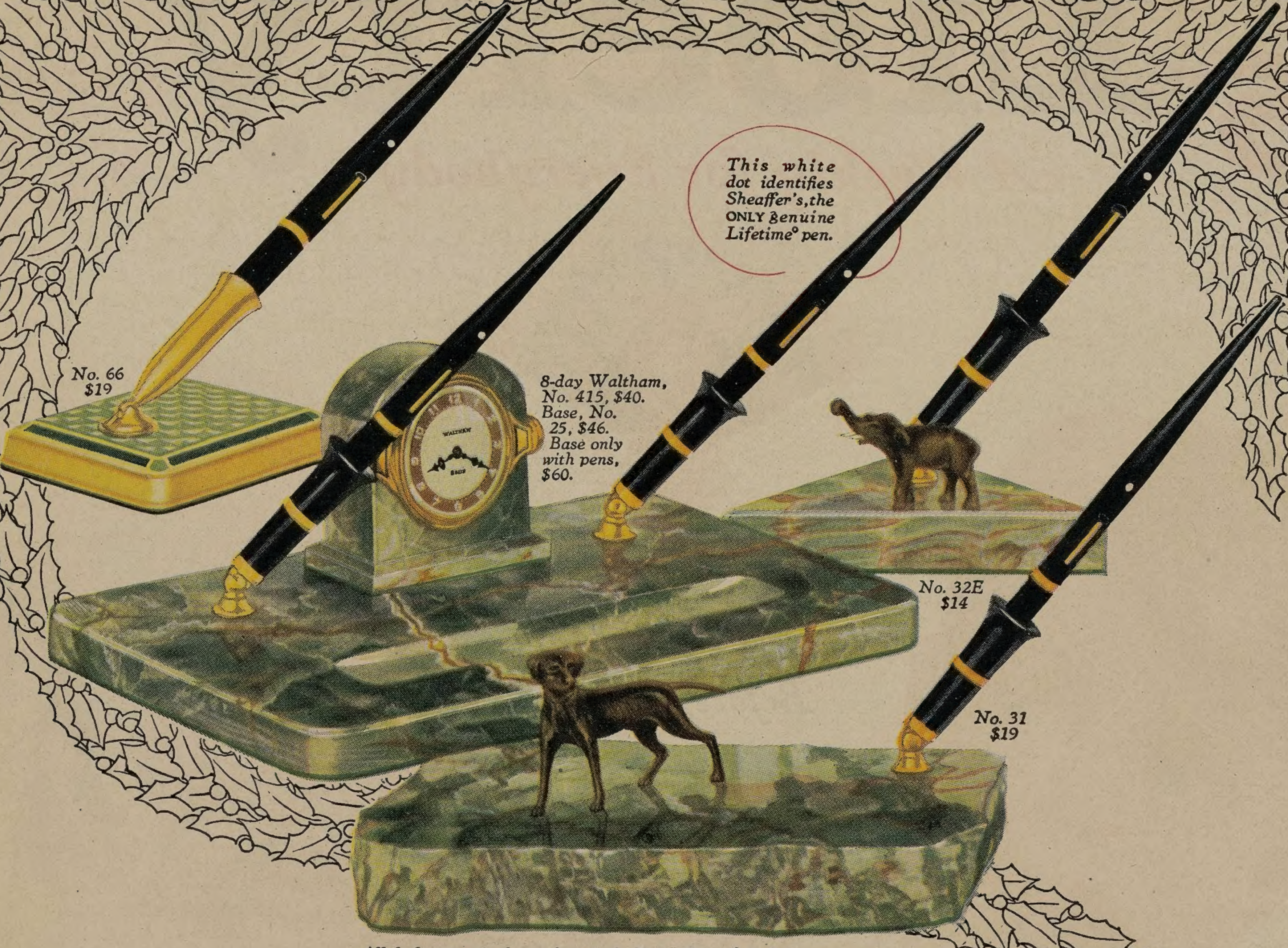
A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION

*Fingers Were Made
Before Forks*

Leslie
Thrasher

EDWARD **HOPE** ~ SIDNEY **SUTHERLAND** ~ PAUL **ELLERBE** ~ EDWIN DIAL **TORGERSON** ~ ROY **CHADWICK**



This white dot identifies Sheaffer's, the ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen.

No. 66
$19

8-day Waltham, No. 415, $40. Base, No. 25, $46. Base only with pens, $60.

No. 32E
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No. 31
$19

All desk sets priced complete, including Lifetime° desk fountain pen.

The only genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's—identified by the white dot

If that pen you're considering does not bear this white dot—stop! If it does, buy with confidence! Sheaffer's White Dot is your assurance of getting Sheaffer's niceties, such as the Balance° pen construction that makes writing a pleasure—the folding, air-sealed universal receptacle that lightly serves pens at the correct writing angle, and keeps pens moist and fingers clean—and the Lifetime° guarantee that these pens will serve well for the owner's life.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's; do not be deceived! All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally for your life. Jade Green and Jet Black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $7.50 and $8.25. Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl DeLuxe, $10; Ladies', $9.50. Petite Lifetime° pens, $7 up. Pencils, $5. Others lower.

SHEAFFER'S

PENS·PENCILS·DESK SETS·SKRIP

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New York . . . Chicago . . . San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., 169-173 Fleet St.—Toronto, Ont.
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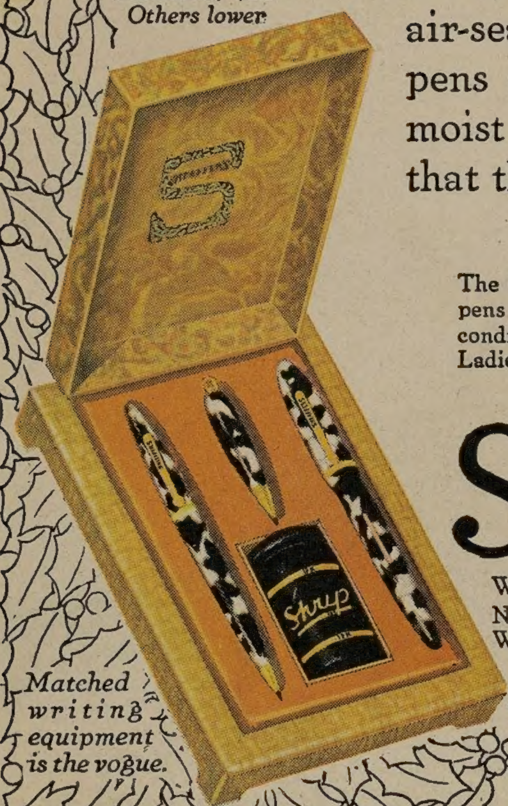
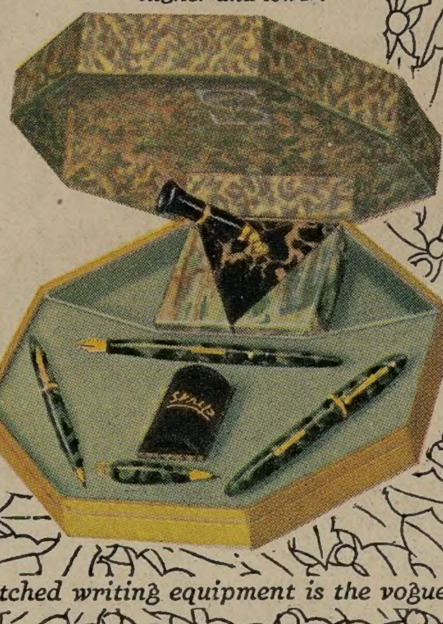
4-piece Matched Ensemble, $24
Others lower



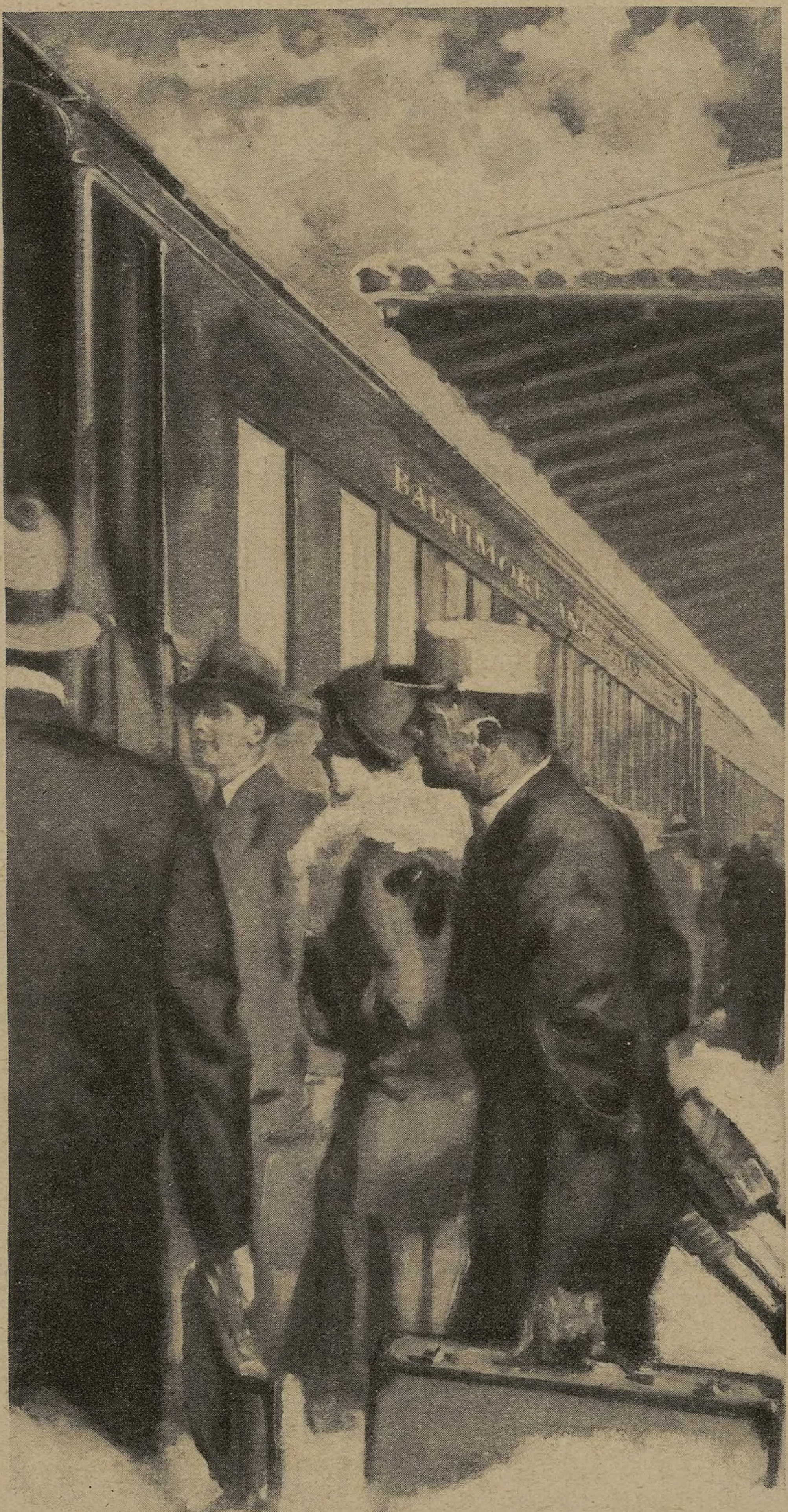
Matched writing equipment is the vogue.

6-piece Matched Ensemble, No. WQ16, $40. Others higher and lower.



Matched writing equipment is the vogue

Many people *feel that they personally* have discovered the B&O



THERE are people who seem to have a flair for discovery.

They know the hotels where rooms seem more homelike, the linen cleaner, the beds softer, the staff more genuinely willing to help. They can guide you to delightful and unsuspected places to eat. They hunt out the better stores, the bargains in quaint little shops.

Many of these people feel that they personally have discovered the B & O.

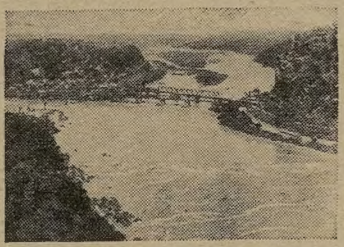
They are right. The B & O is an old railroad, perhaps the oldest of all. But in the past few years we have made it a new railroad.

New in equipment—more than four hundred millions of dollars have been spent for a smooth, firm roadbed, for powerful engines and fine cars.

New in spirit—and this is what the "discoverers" talk about. They will tell you that the engineers try to run the trains without jolts or jerks; that they stop and start smoothly; that the schedules, which are fast enough, are not so fast as to give a sense of hurry and strain.

They talk about the good cooking in the attractive Colonial dining cars. They say that B & O folks seem to take a real pleasure in doing the little extra things that make traveling a comfort and a joy.

These "discoverers" have done a lot for the B & O. We invite you to become one of them, and we promise to do all we can to show our appreciation.



Beautiful, historic scenery via B & O. Between New York and the West our road runs through some of the most interesting historical country in America: Harpers Ferry, the Potomac Valley, the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains—beautiful scenery that will contribute so much to your trip. And every ticket carries a free stop-over privilege in Washington.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

Nov. 29, 1930

Liberty

Vol. 7 No. 48

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

BUY NOW!

Since the stock market bubble busted a little more than a year ago, a lot of conversation has been going on among government officials and other dignitaries. There has been much talk of bad times, unemployment, coöperation, and all the perplexing business of getting back to what we like to consider our normal state of being the most prosperous nation on earth.

At first the emphasis was on the desirability of continuing to produce. It was said we mustn't shut factories, mustn't lay off employees, mustn't cut wages. For a time we didn't, and, since people were not buying much, overproduction was the result.

The government has tried to meet the situation with plans for the speeding up of public works and the extension of public activities—plans which, if carried out, would give employment to thousands of men—but these projects are not going ahead to any great extent. Certainly this is true in the case of the navy, where we have the right to build up to parity but are kept from doing so by the pacifists. It is true in the case of the post-office department, which has been cutting its service. And it is true in many other ways.

Now we are heading into a bad winter, and the need of doing something about it increases daily.

In all the talk about conditions one good idea has been let loose. It is expressed in the slogan which you will find sprinkled through this and a number of forthcoming issues of Liberty—

Buy Now!

The idea applies not merely to the purchasing departments of corporations and like agencies. It applies primarily to the individual.

Almost anyone, looking over his household economy, will see something that needs replacing. Maybe you could use a new piece of furniture, a new pair of shoes, a new hat, a new dress or suit of clothes, and give the used ones to charity.

If your overcoat is pretty well worn out, but you *could* make it do—don't. Give it to some poor devil and get a new one. Christmas is coming, and the way to make it a merry one for your family is to make it merry, wherever possible, for the down-and-outers.

If you can trade in the old radio and get a later model now instead of next year, do so. If you can turn in the old car and get a new one, do that too.

If a lot of these things could be done immediately—just a little something by everybody—it would change things and give us courage.

Perhaps it is inevitable that the government hasn't accomplished much. We have had a bad drought, a bad stock market crash, and worldwide depression. People generally have been scared.

Moreover, the government is a cumbersome machine to move. Projects are proposed, but nobody decides about them. There must be a lot of political talk, log-rolling in Congress, hearings in committees, fixing of patronage and the like.

Private corporations can move more rapidly in production, but they must have markets.

So it really comes down to the individual.

There is money in the savings banks—lots of it, as everybody knows. People *can* buy if they will.

Why not stretch a point, and go out and purchase now the things you may be needing, say, in the next six months? It is too late to do anything else.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

THE NEW VOGUE DEMANDS PERFUME FOR THE OCCASION

LES PARFUMS

Coty

L'AIMANT
COMPOSÉ PAR COTY
PARIS FRANCE

L'AIMANT—A fragrance for the radiant hours—giving the magnetic climax to your loveliest gown—One to twenty-three dollars.

DIVERSITY is the vogue of the hour—and the smartest women use the subtle magic of perfume to complete the varying ensembles demanded by each activity. Whether one be truly practical, frivolously gay or glamorously splendid, one chooses from the twenty-three Perfumes of Coty, the fragrance to give the perfect climax to gown and occasion.

L'Origan de Coty
PARIS DE COTY
Chypre de Coty

L'ORIGAN—The key note for hours of exquisite elegance—for the sophisticated frocks of formal afternoon at bridge or tea. One to twenty-four dollars.

"PARIS,,—The perfume for gaieties and dancing—for light, lovely things. Enchanting, too, for the out-of-doors. One to twenty-three dollars.

CHYPRE—A night perfume of subtle intensity, where the gown and the hour demand a strange, exotic note. One to twenty-three dollars.

You can have these glorious masterpieces of fragrance not only in de luxe cut-crystal flacons, but, if you prefer, in moderately priced smaller sizes for "The World's Most Luxurious Perfumes Are Not Necessarily Costly."

"SUGGESTIONS"—*A Useful Booklet of Gift Ideas. On Request, Dept. L11-29, Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

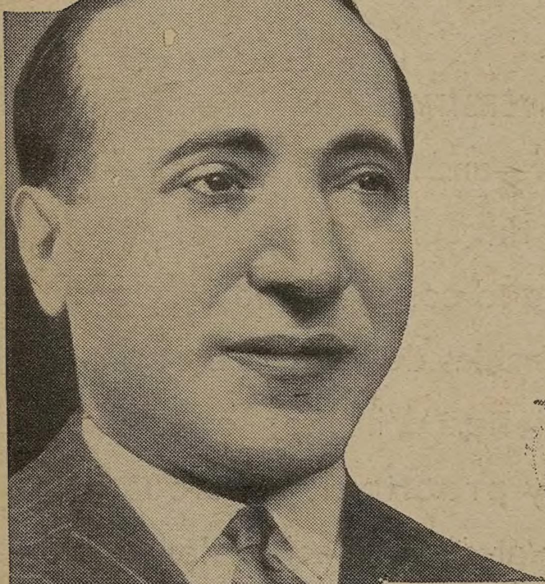
In Spain . . . beauty experts *insist* *on olive and palm oils* to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture – 23,723* of them, the world over – agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

Tejero advises you: ***"Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin – so – rinse it off with refreshing clear water – to icy-cold temperature. There! that leaves the skin smooth, fresh and lovely."***

Luis Tejero

Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.



PELUQUERIA PARA S
J. TEJERO

TEJERO, *whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejero's establishment.*

SEILER, *of Geneva, Switzerland – who joins 23,723 beauty specialists in recommending Palmolive.*

DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejero, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

With the Spaniard's fiery spirit, he becomes indignant when his smart clients don't follow his advice. "How dare you mistreat your complexion," he storms, "when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Treatment advised by 23,723 specialists

You know the treatment to which he refers. It is stressed by 23,723 beauty specialists — the world over. Before all else they emphasize the need of a pure soap and water for foundation cleanliness. And every single one of them considers Palmolive best.

In 16 countries, women are told to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" by the daily use of this vegetable oil soap.

Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

P. S. Because Palmolive is so inexpensive it is the natural choice of experts as a bath soap, too. It protects sensitive skin from irritation.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR
Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time – over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

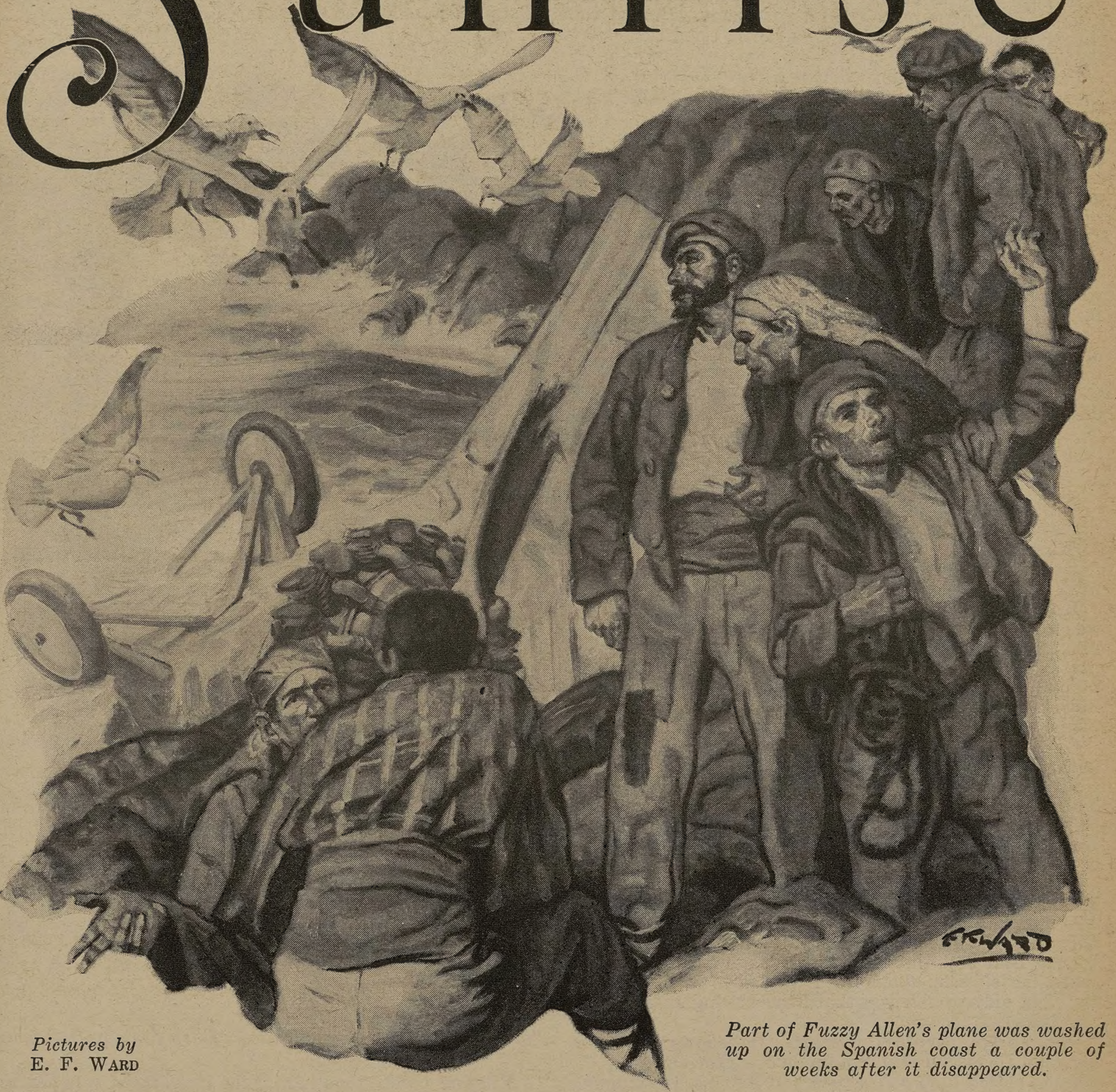
*by actual count

6221

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

Sunrise



Pictures by
E. F. Ward

Part of Fuzzy Allen's plane was washed up on the Spanish coast a couple of weeks after it disappeared.

The Story of a World Well Lost for Love

By

EDWARD HOPE

who graduated at Princeton in 1920, worked for an advertising agency, conducted for seven years a column in the New York Herald Tribune, and has now given it all up to write fiction.

(Reading time: 41 min. 50 sec.)

IT isn't a story I ought to tell, of course. I'm trusting you fellows to forget it when we get to Honolulu. Don't believe it. That'll probably be your inclination, anyway. It was my first year out of the newspaper business. I'd been a reporter on half the papers in town. I'd been on the verge of getting to be a city editor, which seemed to be like a pretty important thing to be. And then I'd written a musical show that clicked and paid me more money a week than I'd ever believed anybody could get honestly.

I had an apartment on Madison Avenue in the Thirties and a Jap who came in by the day, and I felt like somebody straight out of a high-life talking picture. I even wore a smoking jacket, and I was breaking in a lot of expensive pipes, although I preferred cigarettes. I was doing some work, too.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUNRISE
Continued from page seven

I'd finished another musical comedy and sold an option on it, and I was working on a novel. . . .

It was in the early spring of 1926. You may remember that that was at the beginning of the craze for flying from New York to Paris, the passion that culminated in Lindbergh, a little more than a year later. But, at the time I'm speaking of, nobody had even tried the Paris hop.

I mention that because it was a New York-to-Paris flight that brought Fuzzy Allen to New York from Kansas City.

Fuzzy Allen and I roomed together at college our last two years. Of course, our class never finished its senior year exactly. That was 1917, and nearly everyone who was able-bodied got into the army or the navy or the marines long before June. For fear of having the war stop before they got into it.

So Fuzzy and I lost each other in April, 1919, when he got into aviation and I went into the infantry. He was sent to France as a fighting pilot the next year and I was shipped around to two or three training camps as an instruction officer in squads-right. He distinguished himself: got the Croix de Guerre with a palm and was cited in dispatches from Pershing.

After the war we couldn't seem to get together much. He went back to Kansas City and I stayed in New York. Working as a reporter, I got one day off a week and I couldn't move very far. We used to write occasionally.

BUY NOW!

He was still interested in aviation. His father was a muckymuck in the home town and financed him in two or three ventures. He had an air express and mail company. He organized a municipal airport. And he was partner in the Powell-Allen Aircraft Corporation, which built planes. He'd made quite a lot of money.

So I wasn't really surprised when he turned up with the ocean-flying bug. He landed in New York suddenly and called me up. Full of the New York-to-Paris thing. He was going to fly the Sunrise, a Powell-Allen plane, and make a name for his company that would put it so far ahead of competition that the rest would never catch up.

HE asked himself to dinner. That was perfectly natural. He always expected me to drop anything else I might have on hand when he got to town. And now that I wasn't a wage slave any more, he felt easy about it. I wanted to see him, too. The only trouble was that I was having guests for dinner.

My Jap was one of those smart little fellows who can shut themselves up in a kitchenette the size of a small closet, hum a few pieces of Japanese jazz music, and come out with an eight-course dinner worthy of a staff of French chefs.

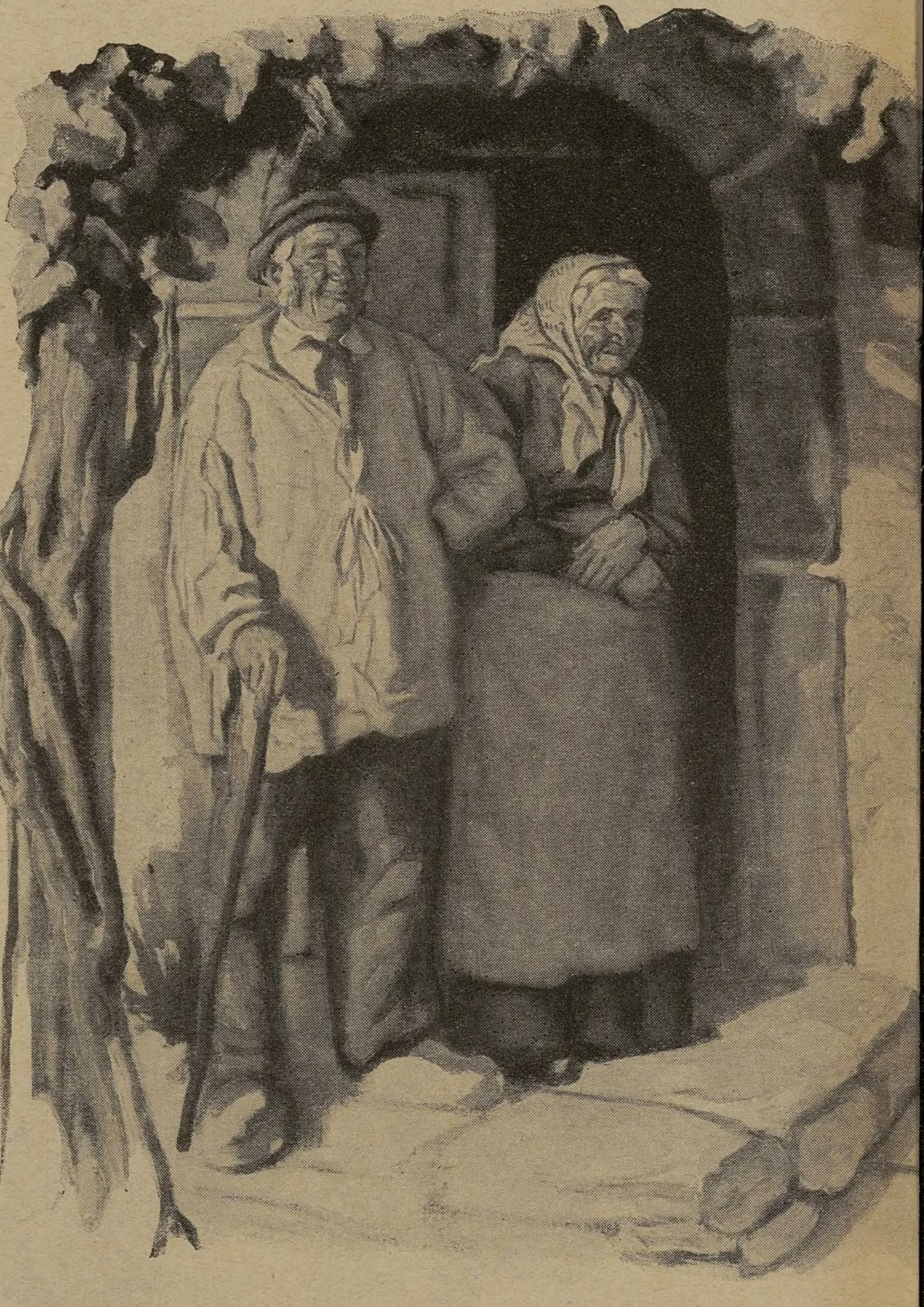
So I was doing a lot of entertaining for dinner.

This particular evening I was having Jim and Katrine Medbury.

Of the two, Katrine was really my friend. She and I had been brought up together in Brooklyn. Well, not exactly brought up together, because she was a lot younger than I was: five years, I think, and that's as good as fifty to a kid. But she had a brother my age, and her father was our family physician, so I had seen her a lot and known her better than I ever knew any other girl.

I guess she was eight and I was thirteen when I first saw her; and you know how much use a boy of that age has for a girl of eight, ordinarily. Well, it wasn't quite that way. Trinie was so beautiful even then that she took my breath away.

She had brown curls over her shoulders, and she had great big brown eyes that gave her a surprised look all the time. She was surprised a good deal, too, because she was as sweet and guileless as a girl can be, and her brother Bill and I used to put up all kinds of games on her. But I insist that the games were never my idea. As far as I was concerned, she was just too lovely to be human, and I couldn't get any fun out of teasing her. There was a skinny girl with glasses on the next block who had to stand for my deviling.



“Suppose they reach the shore. They destroy their parachutes.

Bill and I were together all the time, and I was nearly as much Trinie's brother as he was. I remember taking a beautiful licking in a scrap with a boy a lot bigger than I was, because he tickled her till she cried, and I wouldn't let him get away with it. . . .

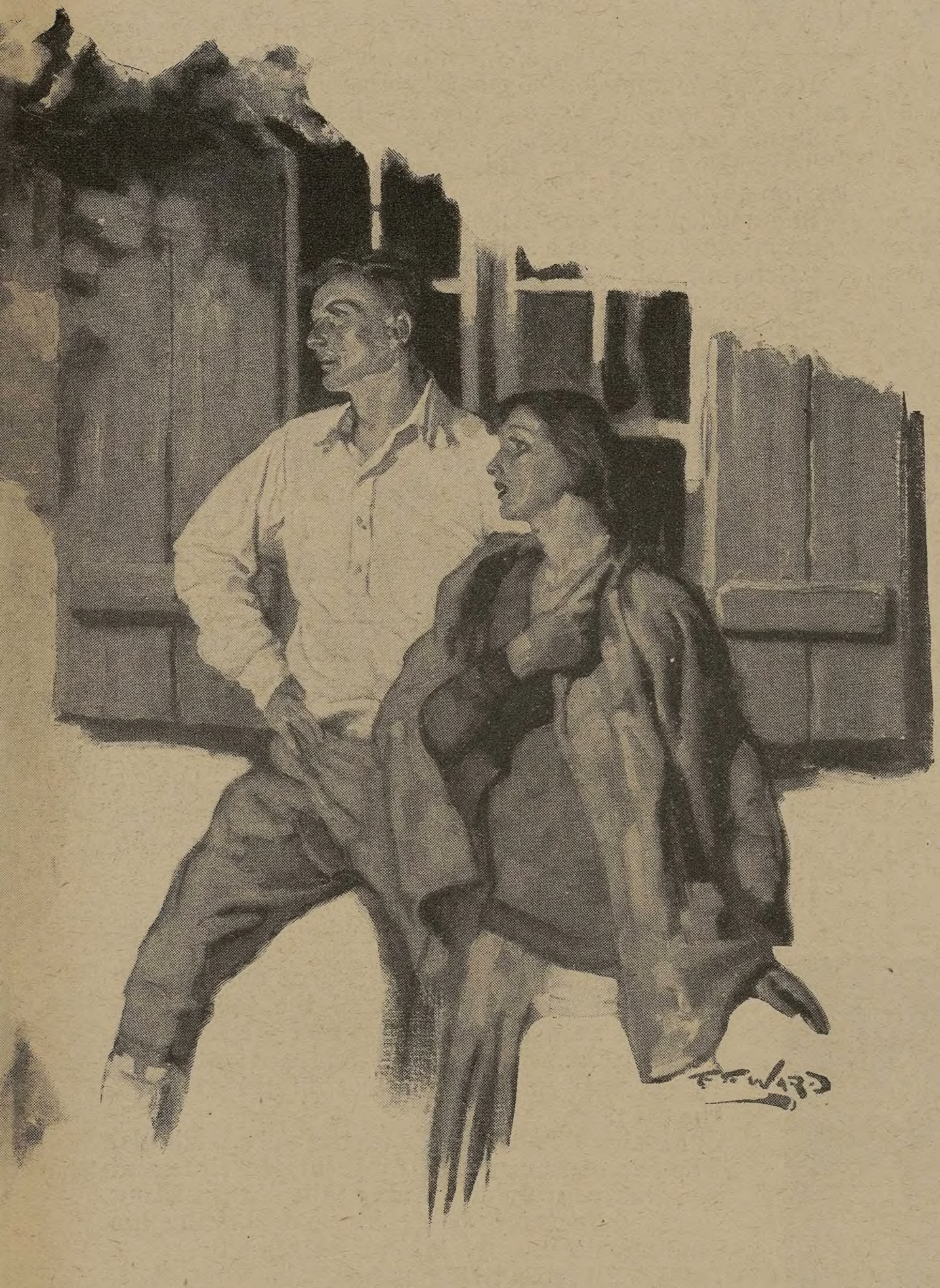
Well, anyway . . .

I don't know just where Trinie had met Jim Medbury, but she had, and she had married him without consulting me. He was handsome, in a way. He must have been a fine-looking young fellow ten or fifteen years before, but when I first saw him—at the wedding that was—he had little broken blood vessels in his cheeks and the beginnings of pouches under his eyes, and his hair was gray over his ears. He was pretty clearly a sufferer from too much to drink on too many occasions. . . .

Speaking of which, this story is getting long-winded, and I'll stand the next round. . . . Oh, steward! See what the gentlemen will have. I'll take another of these. . . .

Jim Medbury was a big fellow. He had been a good football player at Harvard and had magnificent shoulders, although he had bulged out a good deal in the front. He was a successful broker, had all kinds of money, and I had heard he made it all himself. Never did get any line on his family. I'd have liked to know which side he got his mean mouth from. . . .

By the evening of this fated dinner, Trinie and Jim Medbury had been married about four years, and I must say she was taking it pretty well. She had got him on a water wagon before she married him, but you know how those things are. He kept falling off and she kept boosting him back on.


"They remove all possible signs that they have been flying . . ."

He had taken to going off on two- and three-day binges, without a word to her about where he was or when he'd be back. And he usually came home with a black eye or a lawsuit for wrecking a restaurant, or with some sort of newspaper scandal at his heels. I managed to keep one of the flare-ups out of the papers for Trinie, but I nearly broke my neck to do it, and there were others that got into print.

How she stood it—and why—was always a mystery to me, but she did. She was always sweet to him, and she went everywhere she could with him to avert as much trouble as possible. A stranger never would have guessed there was anything wrong at all.

And it was as if Trinie herself thought she had an average husband. In all the talks I had with her, she never once complained or hinted that she was disappointed. She took it all in her stride and stayed as quiet and wide-eyed as ever. . . .

That brings us back to my dinner. I was doubtful about asking Fuzzy Allen with the Medburys. I knew Fuzzy'd be all full of his plans and want to talk all evening to me alone. And it was hard to guess how he'd mix with the Medburys.

I put it up to my Jap. It was late in the afternoon and dinner was at seven thirty. I half hoped it would turn out that we didn't have enough food in the house for Fuzzy, and I'd have to put him off.

Nothing of the kind. The Jap was all smiles at the idea of another guest for dinner. So I told Fuzzy to get to my place in time for a cocktail.

What happened when I introduced Fuzzy Allen was one thing I hadn't thought of. It was something I had never seen before and have never seen since.

FUZZY was there first, and he and I were having a drink when the Medburys arrived. Trinie came into the room and greeted me while Jim was hanging up his hat. I kissed her, as I always did, and straightened up, with one of those gestures we all use.

"Trinie," I said, "this is Mr. Allen. Fuzzy Allen. Roomed with me at college. Says he's going to fly to Paris." I was blathering on, the way you do to get people started, but I couldn't keep it up.

Katrine Medbury and Fuzzy Allen were just looking at each other. I can't describe the look.

I saw Trinie first. The look was mostly in her eyes, but there was something about her mouth, too, and the tilt of her head. It wasn't surprise or adoration or anything simple. Just a look.

And I switched my eyes to Fuzzy and found him doing the same thing. Hardly any expression at all, except something tense at the corners of his nose. But his eyes were eating her up.

I blushed. Positively, I did. I felt my face getting hot, and I started to blather again.

"Mrs. Medbury, Fuzzy," I said. "Trinie and I grew up tog—" But I stopped. "Maybe you people know each other," I suggested.

That brought them out of it.

"No," Trinie said. "No . . ." and it was as if she were going to add, "but . . ."

Fuzzy bowed and said, "How do you do?"

That was all for then. It couldn't have taken more than a few seconds.

Jim came in, grunted at me, and shook hands. He nodded and grunted at Fuzzy.

I must say I didn't care for it when Jim took two cocktails, but that wasn't my business. I knew he and Trinie were always inventing new systems to keep him sober and happy. She assented to his taking these drinks, so I supposed they were trying some new experiment. He showed no sign of going berserk, at any rate, and I was relieved.

Dinner went beautifully. Even I was nearly convinced that there was an enormous kitchen out behind the screen that I knew shielded the door of the tiny kitchenette. The Jap kept marching out with new triumphs of his art. Everything was just right and there were none of those uncomfortable pauses between courses.

In honor of Fuzzy and his plans, I brought out some champagne that really wasn't bad at all, for bootleg. Jim Medbury accepted that, too, but still showed no sign of anything to worry about. I never did believe in water wagons, and I hoped that he and Trinie had worked out some sort of temperance stunt that was foolproof. . . .

We moved into the living room for coffee and brandy. Fuzzy lay back in a big armchair, his long legs out in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUNRISE
Continued from page nine

front of him and his feet crossed. He smoked cigarettes and talked, filling in his pauses by sipping brandy. He was discussing the flight of Alcock and Brown across the Atlantic to Ireland, saying how queer it was that the world seemed almost to have forgotten them.

I noticed that he talked to Trinie, but that was natural. Anybody in a room with her was inclined to work for her attention. And you couldn't talk to Jim, anyway; he had a way of staring into space, as if he weren't paying any attention.

There was something a little queer, though. It wasn't anything you could see or describe, but I felt it plainly enough. A sort of intimacy between Fuzzy and Katrine Medbury, as if they were communicating by telepathy under the conversation, as if there were things they understood about each other that no one else could penetrate.

BUY NOW!

I don't know whether Jim felt it or not. I'm willing to think he did, although I didn't see him look once either at his wife or at Fuzzy Allen. He just gazed across the room at the bright covers of the popular books in a shelf against the far wall.

The rest of us weren't paying much attention to Jim.

Fuzzy talked along, and Trinie and I threw in a few questions to keep him going. He explained a new compass he was planning to use, talked about great circle courses and Mercator projections, told us the intricacies of various gadgets he had put on the Sunrise for greater safety.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it's safer to make the hop from New York to Paris today with a modern airplane than it was for Bleriot to fly the Channel in that rickety little box kite of his. The papers make a lot of fuss about ocean flights, but they don't understand how airplanes have been improved. I'm not nervous. That's why I'm in a hurry to get off—I want to fly to Paris before the others find out how easy it is."

It was then that Jim Medbury became active. He banged the decanter down on the tray so that a little liqueur glass fell over and broke. His voice was a snarl.

"You're the hell of a hero just the same, aren't you?" he said. The words were smeared together a bit. His nasty mouth was bent crookeder than usual.

I looked at the decanter. It was almost empty. On the sofa, out of our line of vision, Jim had been helping himself.

Nobody said anything. There wasn't much to say. I've never found out what to do when a couple of my guests get into a row. I went over and picked up the broken glass.

Fuzzy Allen just blinked at Jim. Trinie was behind me and I couldn't see her. I had turned my back on her purposely. I didn't want to look at her eyes. Now I heard her speak:

"Don't you think we'd better go home now, dear?"

As cool as if we had just finished the midnight rubber of bridge. I turned around and muttered something about it's being only half past ten. Fuzzy got up and dusted off the front of his coat.

Trinie stood before her husband, a hand held out to him. He tilted his head to look at her, swayed back unsteadily. His eyebrows went up into another look of derision.

"Home?" he said. "What'd be the use of going home? 'D rather stay and hear Mr. Whatyoucallem talk about himself. Mister—what *is* his name, anyway? Frank Merriwell?"

Fuzzy strolled over and looked out the window. I managed to get beside him, and whispered something about paying no attention. He nodded.

"You've got to be up early tomorrow," I heard Trinie say.

"The evening's but a pup," Jim Medbury answered. "Mr. Merriwell's only begun to talk. I want to hear him tell how he fought the redskins with his trusty rifle."

Trinie's voice was as low and sweet as ever: "I'm going home, Jim."

Her husband shrugged enormously. "All right. Go ahead. You can read it when it comes out in book form."

She took her wrap from the back of a chair. I went over to straighten it out for her.

"Please . . ." I started to say.

"It's better for me to go," she said. "I know."

"Well, but . . ." I dropped the wrap about her shoulders. "Let me take you," I said. I knew it was impossible. I couldn't leave these two together.

"Oh, No. I'll get a taxi right downstairs. You're staying then, Jim?"

He was pouring brandy at his glass, not very accurately. "Certainly I'm staying. Be home later."

Trinie took my fingers.

"Thanks, Brick," she said. And then, softly: "Don't let him go out."

She nodded at Fuzzy Allen, maneuvered her lips into what might have been a smile.

"Good night." He waved vaguely.

The door closed behind her.

Before I knew what was happening, Fuzzy Allen pushed past me. He picked up his hat from the hall table and reached the door in four long strides. Without saying a word, he slammed the door after him.

I found Jim spilling brandy on his shirt front. He pulled up his shoulders and smacked his lips.

"Good brandy you've got," he said.

II

ABOUT a month later, I had Trinie Medbury and Fuzzy Allen at my apartment for tea.

I'd been working fourteen hours a day, getting the music show in shape to go into rehearsal, and I'd lost track of them. The papers carried something every day or so about Stephen Allen and his plans for the Paris flight, but I hadn't even heard of the Medburys since that stormy dinner party of mine. When Trinie telephoned that she and Fuzzy were coming to tea, I had no idea what was up. No definite idea, anyway. I remember I had a strong hunch that I'd rather not be in on the party.

And I was right.

They arrived separately, she first and Fuzzy about three minutes later.

For quite a while they just sat and smoked cigarettes and let me do all the talking. I rambled on about my show, and a speed boat I was thinking of buying, and a lot of other things that none of us was interested in at the moment.

Finally I had enough of the silly business. The Jap had put the tea in front of Trinie and she was pouring it. Fuzzy Allen was sitting hunched forward in a chair and running his long fingers through his curly black hair.

"Look here," I said at last, "let's get at it. If you two simply want to be alone, I'll be glad to go out for a walk. If you've got something to talk about, why not start talking?"

They looked at each other. Fuzzy stared at his hands like a schoolboy who's been called up before the head master. Trinie speared a slice of lemon with a fork and dropped it into a teacup.

"It's hard to start," Fuzzy said, after a bit.

"Skip the start," I suggested. "Dive right into the middle."

"All right." He got up and jammed his hands into his trousers pockets and stood in front of me. "I love Trinie."

Of course, by that time I was expecting something of the kind, but I couldn't help jumping. Fuzzy's chin was against his chest and his face looked almost threatening. Trinie was watching me, and her underlip was trembling.

I tried to think of something bright and cheery to say. With the result that I didn't say anything. Trinie spoke next:

"And I love him."

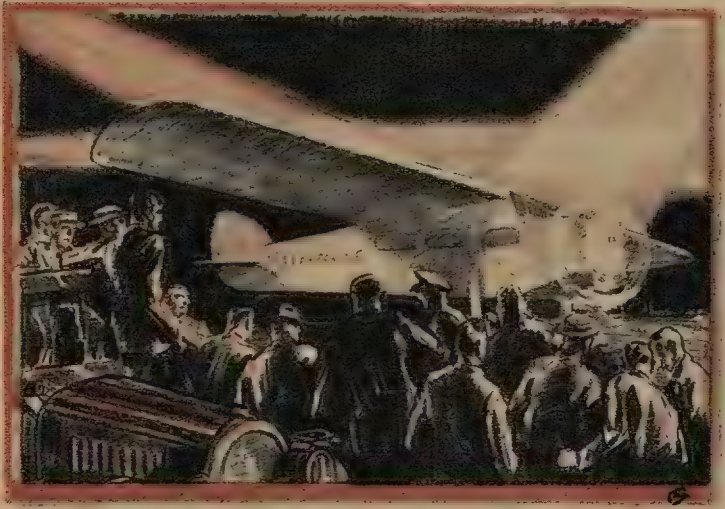
I lighted a cigarette and got hold of myself. "That seems to make a good old-fashioned regulation triangle," I managed. "So what?"

Fuzzy slumped into his chair again. "That's the shortest way of putting it. That's the question: So what?"

"I suppose," I said, "a nice quiet divorce. Reno or Paris or Mexico. And then a marriage. And live happily ever after. That's the modern way."

To my astonishment, I found my lap full of Trinie. There she was, curled up against my chest, clutching my arm and sobbing in little convulsive jerks.

Fuzzy left his chair once more and went to the window.



The ship was standing there in almost daylight, there were so many lights focused on it.

I didn't know just what to do. I babbled. I talked as if she were a baby. I patted her and said, "There, there," and gave her the silk handkerchief out of my breast pocket. I heard Fuzzy break a match trying to light a cigarette.

AT last, curled up there in my lap, she began to talk.

She had thought of a quiet divorce, too. She had gone to Jim Medbury with the idea. She had told him she'd stood all she could of his drinking and disappearing and making her feel ridiculous. She'd told him as gently as she could that she didn't love him and never could love him, and that she'd never be happy until the whole thing was washed up. And he had flown into a rage. Roared at her. Called her names. Taken her by the wrists and held her there, hurting, while he said his say.

"He wanted to know why I didn't tell the truth," she half whispered. "He said he wasn't blind. He'd been watching me and Stephen. He knew what was going on. And why couldn't I be honest with him? Why couldn't I tell him it wasn't his drinking that was the matter, but that I was in love with another man?

"So I did. I told him the truth. Just as he had said it. I told him I hated him for being a drunken pig, and that I loved Stephen for being everything he wasn't. And that that was why I wanted a divorce."

She pressed my handkerchief against her face with both hands.

"And what did he say?"

"He said he knew it. Said he could tell. Said I'd been sneaking out to meet Stephen. And I hadn't. Not once. Today's the first time I've been underhanded about it.

"I went out for lunch in Garden City with Stephen one day, and he took me up in his plane. Jim knew all about that. I went to tea with Stephen two or three times, and Jim knew about that, too. But that didn't satisfy him. He said the filthiest things. Things I couldn't have forgiven him for if they'd been true. He . . ."

She sat up and stared into my eyes, her face all red and streaked with wet tears.

"He said—if there was any divorce, he'd get it. In New York State. On grounds of adultery. Said he had all the evidence he needed, and if I made one move he'd start suit."

"What evidence has he got?" I asked, trying to be soothing.

"None!" she sobbed. "None. Not a bit. There couldn't be any evidence. You've got to believe that. But the night Stephen took me home from here, he stayed at our apartment till Jim came back. At five or six in the morning. All the servants were in bed, of course. He could make a nasty story of that."

Fuzzy had come over from the window.

"Isn't that stinking?" he said.

I saw no sense in answering.

"What basis are you and Jim on now?" I asked Trinie.

"That was three days ago," she said. She'd stopped crying now. "We've been getting along somehow since then. The apartment's big and I can practically keep from seeing him at all, if I want. We're being very cold and formal with each other, and we haven't mentioned the subject."

"And what are your plans?"

Fuzzy answered me: "That's what we can't decide. We could let him go ahead with his suit, and prove that there's nothing in it. Or we could just frankly run away together and let him get a divorce, uncontested. Or—"

I found myself shaking my head. As a newspaper man, I knew what either of those courses would mean. Start something like that—involving a rich Wall Street man and a famous aviator and a woman—and you can't tell where it'll fetch up in the papers. They bring out everything from the holes in the corespondent's socks to the affair the husband's great-grandfather had with the wife of a Confederate general during the Civil War.

Katrine got out of my lap and stood beside Fuzzy with his arm about her. They just looked at me and waited. I stood up, too.

"You can't do either of those things," I told them. "You just plain can't. It'd wreck every last chance of your happiness together. I know. It'd leave you feeling so dirty that you'd never want to appear in public again."

Fuzzy extended a pleading open hand. "But then—"

"Look here," I said. "One thing strikes me forcibly. Jim Medbury has no possible motive for holding Trinie. None but simple meanness. She doesn't love him and he knows it. She doesn't want alimony. She doesn't want to make a row. Because she's hurt his pride and he wants to get even, he's making himself as nasty as he can be. With a considerable talent in that direction. That isn't normal."

"You don't know . . ." Trinie began, and subsided.

"I don't know anything for sure. But this is my hunch. Jim'll need time to get used to the idea. I don't know how much time. But I can almost promise you that sooner or later he'll see that he isn't making any sense. And then he'll come to you and . . ."

Trinie merely shook her head. "That man has a capacity for meanness that you wouldn't believe in a wild animal. I tell you he's never made a threat of doing anything unpleasant that he hasn't carried out. We could wait five years for him to change his mind, and—"

"Just the same," I said, "it's worth waiting. Fuzzy's going to try to do something nobody's ever done before. It'll take all the energy he's got and all the nerve. And it'll take time. Why don't you wait, at least, until that's over?"

Trinie's eyes were shining and her voice was low: "Suppose—Stephen—doesn't . . ."

"No use supposing," Fuzzy said. "In the first place . . ."

We talked about his flight. They left without saying any more about what they would do. . . .

III

AM I boring you? . . . I'll take one more of the same, steward. With lots of ice. . . . Who'll donate a cigarette?

Well, I lost track of them again. The show went into rehearsal—it was The Place and the Girl—maybe you've heard of it—and I was up to my ears. The show you sell the producer is just a rough outline. When they start putting it together is when you begin to write in earnest. . . .

And Fuzzy and the weather combined to pick a great

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUNRISE
Continued from page eleven

day for the Paris hop-off. A great day as far as I was concerned. I got a wire from Fuzzy in the afternoon of the day the show was opening. It was a summer show and we were opening cold on Broadway. Without any out-of-town tryout, I mean. A crazy thing to do, but we were late for the season.

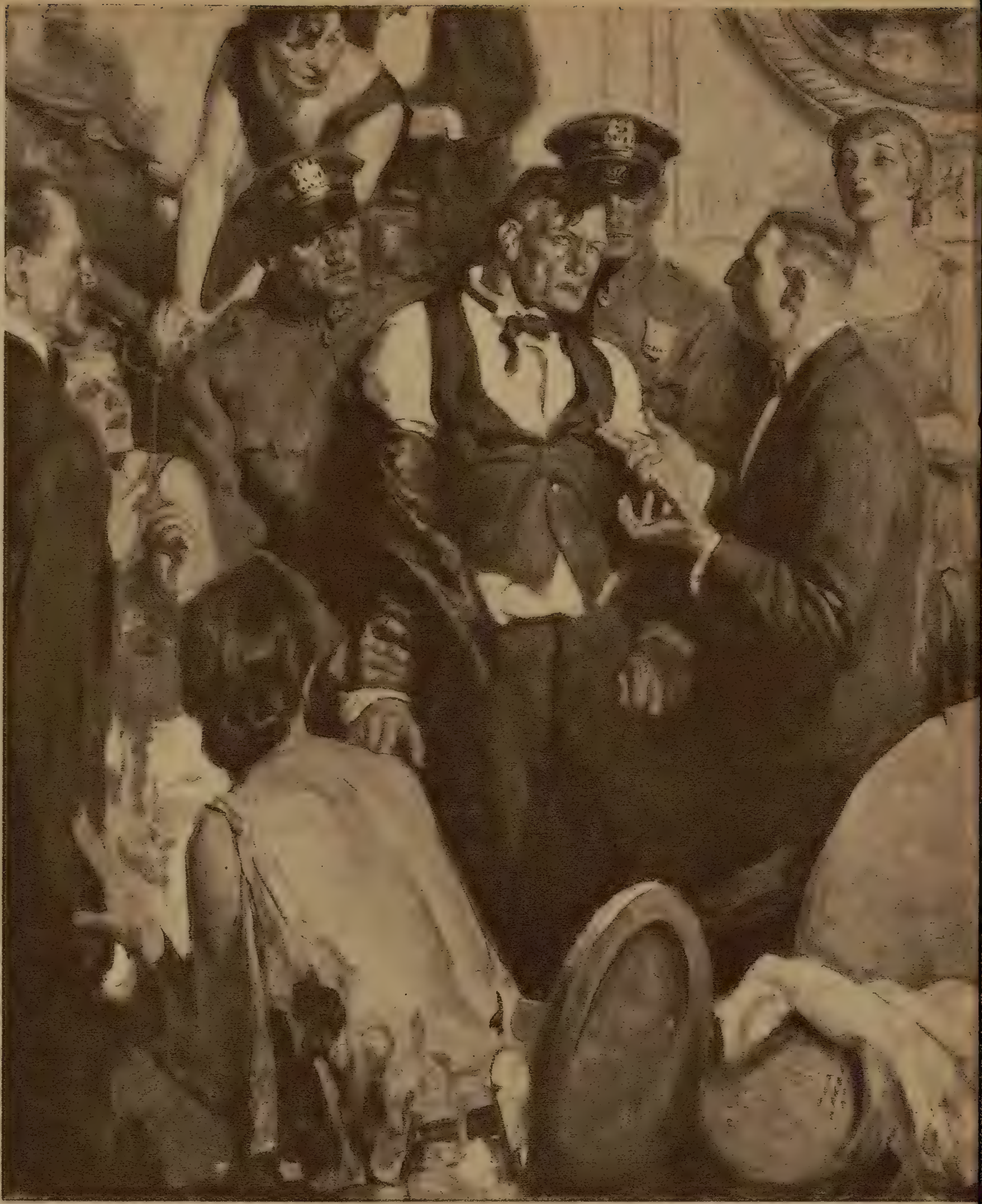
The wire said he'd been trying to raise me by telephone and hadn't been able to. The weather people in Washington had decided that the time for the flight had come. He was hopping off just before dawn the next day. He'd appreciate it if I'd be out at the field to see him off.

You can imagine how that struck me. I'd been planning on a little sleep. I hadn't had any to speak of for a week. And here was a notice that I was going to be up all night again. I can't say I was enthusiastic.

But it had to be done. . . .

THE show went over beautifully. It looked as if we'd been playing it for months. The chorus clicked. The songs knocked 'em out of their seats. The laughs came in on schedule. Halfway through I knew that I was on easy street for another year.

But I couldn't get Fuzzy out of my mind. I had a bogus aviator hero in the show, all neat and romantic in cream-colored whipcord breeches and shiny boots and a headgear thing. He just kept landing safely and singing theme songs. They ate it up. And I was thinking of the real aviator, wandering around in the darkness on a flying field, getting ready to step out all alone over a real ocean, with no nice author to write him a happy ending.



He had taken to going off on two- and three-day binges. And he usually

After the show, Harry Richardson, the producer, took me and Polly Janeway, the ingénue, and Tom Curwin, the comedian, to his hotel room, and opened champagne. I stayed a little while and joined in the mutual congratulations. Then I got a pint of brandy from Harry, to carry on my hip, and left.

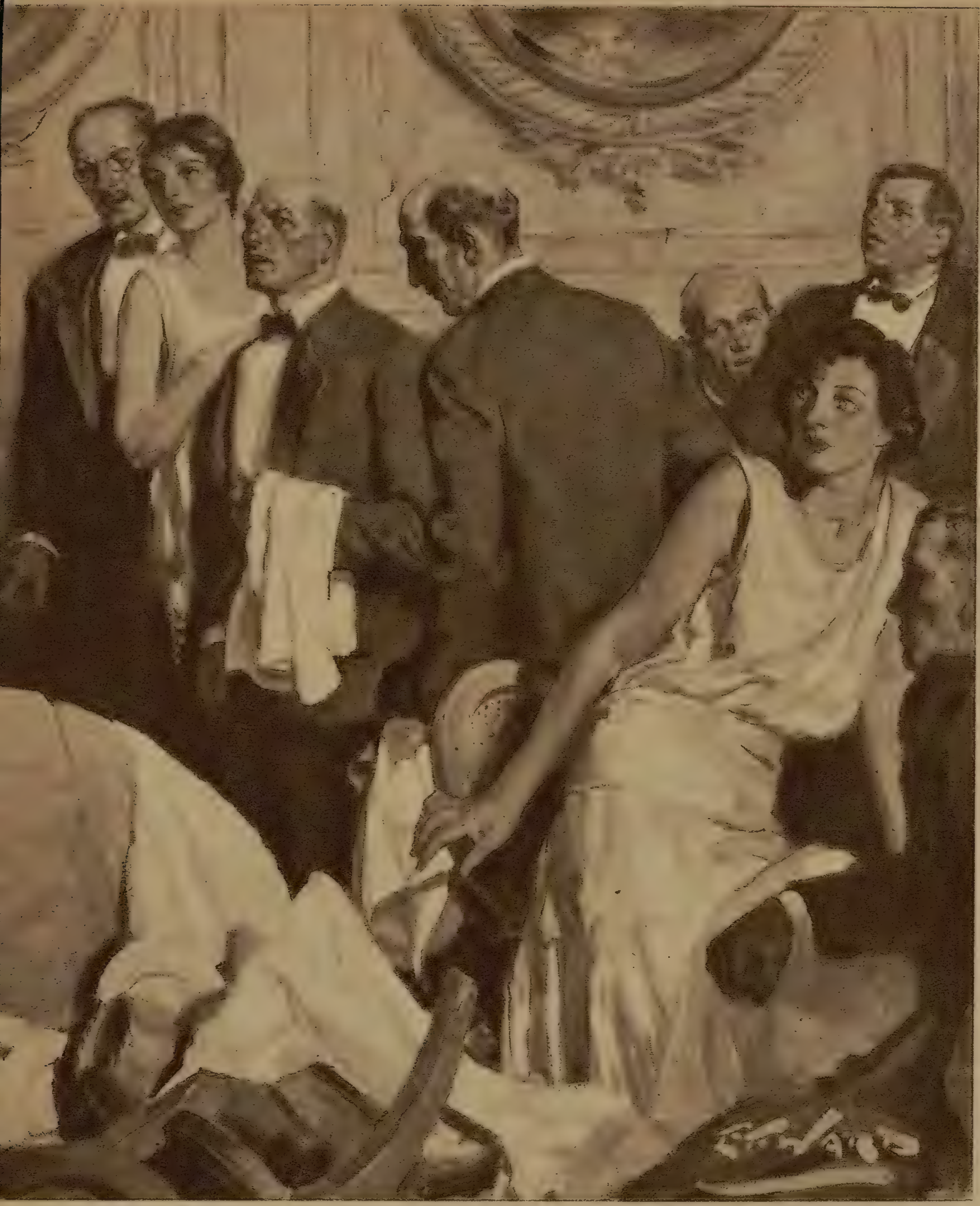
I drove out to the field alone in my roadster. Fuzzy Allen may not have been nervous, but I was upset enough for two of us. . . .

As far as I was concerned, the field was a nightmare. A cop let me in, after I showed him Fuzzy's wire, and I felt as if I'd been admitted into some sort of a wild cubist moving picture. There were floodlights and spotlights and men yelling at each other and running every which way, carrying things.

The big ship was standing there on the runway in almost daylight, there were so many lights focused on it. I saw "Sunrise" painted on the side in gold. Men in dungarees were swarming over it, fiddling with the motor and popping in and out of the cabin, checking up on things. I stood off by myself, feeling extraneous.

There wasn't any sign of Fuzzy. Nobody seemed to know where he was. I found a bunch of newspaper boys, standing around making wise cracks. There were three or four I knew, and they introduced me to the rest of the crowd. A cameraman from one of the "tabs" said he was going to post an assistant with a flashlight down by the trees at the end of the runway. He had a hunch the plane was overloaded and would never get off. . . .

Fuzzy showed up suddenly. He appeared out of the darkness, walking beside a little fellow in overalls, and talking. Then he was alone, and I went over and shook hands. He looked as gay as if he'd been sailing in an ocean liner.



came home with a black eye or a lawsuit for wrecking a restaurant.

I tried to catch the spirit, but I didn't have much luck.

"Well . . ." I said.

He slapped my back.

"Tomorrow night, baby, I sleep in Paris!"

The newspaper men swarmed up. Flashlights boophed.

"Any last words, Mr. Allen?" somebody asked.

Fuzzy laughed. "Make 'em up for me. You will, anyway. I know you fellows. As far as I'm concerned, it looks good to me. I don't see any reason for anything to go wrong. I'll talk to your Paris correspondents tomorrow."

He posed with the ship, with four policemen, with a group of mechanics, with me, while the picture boys shot off enough flashlight powder to win a war. Behind us, we heard the motor roaring louder. Fuzzy backed away toward the ship. I shook his hand once again.

"All right, gents," a cop said. "Back of the lines now! Back of the lines!" They pushed us back, forming a wide lighted circle in which were only Fuzzy and the workmen. He got into the plane. The motor grew deafening. There were men at the blocks on the runway. I was hardly breathing at all.

Then somebody squeezed my fingers. I looked down and saw the little mechanic who had appeared with Fuzzy a few minutes before. A tiny fellow with a cold small hand that was clutching mine.

"Good-by, Brick!"

It was Trinie! Trinie Medbury! I couldn't speak, but in the instant before she turned and ran to the big plane I recognized her deep eyes. They were shining as I had never seen them before. She ran straight for the open door of the ship. I saw Fuzzy reach out and half drag her up.

BUY NOW!

I don't remember the plane's start at all. The next thing I knew, the big machine was swaying and lumbering down the runway, sand flying up behind it, the motor making a stupefying racket. I was clutching the sleeves of the man beside me, trying to swallow something in my throat.

Lights followed the speeding plane. It went faster and faster, lurching perilously, pointing straight at the middle of a streak of light that had appeared in the eastern sky. It skipped like a stone on water.

It lifted.

It was in the air.

A queer noise—not a cheer, not a sigh—arose from the group of us.

The Sunrise was well off the ground, headed for the black trees in the distance, and lifting, lifting, little by little.

It seemed to miss the tree tops by inches, but it cleared. It was away. Three smaller planes that had gone up from somewhere else were hovering around it, like gulls over the stern of a liner. News planes. Picture planes.

I was dizzy.

I realized that the man whose arm I'd been clutching was shaking me. I came back to my senses. It was Hargreave of the Times.

"Who is it, Brick?" he was yelling at me. "I've got to know. Who was that that got in at the last minute?"

The rest of them, twenty or more, were crowding around me.

They fired one question over and over and over: Who? Who? Who?

I borrowed a cigarette to make time. I racked my brain. I managed to speak.

"It's Allen's kid cousin from Kansas City," I lied. "Sixteen years old. Jackie Allen. He's wanted to go, all along, but his parents wouldn't hear of it."

They scribbled on the edges of newspapers, on the backs of envelopes. They fired more questions. What was his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUNRISE
Continued from page thirteen

father's name? Sixteen, did I say? A cousin? . . .

I knew they'd be hating me after a while.

I escaped and got back to my roadster. I saw Bill Rollins of the World running toward me. I slammed the car into second and swooped away in a cloud of dust.

It was nearly six when I got to Jim Medbury's apartment.

And a sweet time I had with him. It turned out he'd gone to bed, pretty well plastered, between three and four, and I had to sop cold water on his face with a washcloth to get him conscious at all. He was still drunk and vague. He couldn't understand what I was doing in his room. He wanted to fight me.

Even when I told him what had happened, it didn't register. He just sat there, his mouth drooping open and his forehead wrinkled, and made me repeat it over and over. I told him as simply as I could, but all he'd do was waggle his head and grunt.

BUY NOW!

Finally I got the butler to bring strong black coffee and cracked ice, and I worked over him as if he'd been a case in the alcoholic ward. Kept the butler rubbing ice on his temples, while I forced the coffee down him. After a while we got him up and into a cold tub, and he began to understand things.

That started the damnedest period of time I've ever lived through. Even I have never managed to get it straight in my mind, and I was cold sober. I don't know what it seemed like to Jim Medbury, who was in the middle of a terrible hangover.

To begin with, I prepared a statement for him to send to the papers and the news services. It went something like this:

> The passenger who is attempting the Paris flight in the Sunrise with Stephen Allen is my wife, Katrine Jewett Medbury. Although I opposed her going, she was determined to accompany Mr. Allen, and did so with my knowledge and consent. My friend, Francis Ross, invented the story about Mr. Allen's cousin from Kansas City, in order that this announcement might come from me, with the facts straight. He asks me to say he is sorry to have deceived the newspapers. I am praying and hoping for the success of the flight, and I feel sure that if any man and any plane can do it, Stephen Allen and the Sunrise will.

I had a good deal of a row before I got Jim to authorize that, but he did at last, and I sent off copies of it by messenger while he was still dressing.

FROM that time on, we lived in a sort of delirium.

We spent two days and a night in the office of the Star—the last paper I had worked on—going out only once in a while for nourishment at a speakeasy across the street. The assistant managing editor was on his vacation, and the boss gave me and Jim his room. The boss was fine to us. He issued orders that copy of every word that came in about the flight was to be sent to us at once. He dug up a map for us to follow the reports on. And he dropped in every little while, and smoked cigarettes with us, and talked optimistically.

The news flashes were encouraging. Lots of them, of course, were simply wild rumors, but we could spot the reliable reports, and I drew a line on the map and wrote down the times given in the dispatches that seemed worth believing. As the day went on, the line stretched across New England, up the Maine coast, and over to Nova Scotia.

Jim was in pretty bad shape. I was keeping him going on careful doses of brandy and coffee and sandwiches, but there were moments when he was practically uncontrollable. He'd fly into wild rages, slam the desk with his open hand, and describe Fuzzy Allen in strings of profanity fifteen words long. He'd roar his opinion of Trinie until I had to shut him up, for fear the whole office would hear him.

He'd have long periods of silence, when no telegrams were coming in. And two or three times—when I wasn't as careful as I should have been about the brandy, I guess—he got sorry for himself and buried his face in his crooked arm on the desk.

I never could figure out precisely what Jim's feelings toward Trinie were. I knew the kind of women he went around with when he was on his binges and—well, I'm a bachelor and I don't know, but it didn't seem to me as if a man who was very fond of his wife would act the way he did. And yet it did look as if he must have had some sort of love for Trinie. Or maybe it was his hurt pride. I don't know. . . .

That night the reports on the flight fell off. My line on the map reached across Nova Scotia to Newfoundland, and there it stopped. A boy would come in now and again with some such report as: "Flash. Residents fishing village Fayden heard motor of plane flying very high thought to be Sunrise. Unconfirmed." But we knew how little attention to pay to those.

I stretched myself on the floor, with a stack of newspapers for a pillow, and went to sleep for a while. Jim woke me up with a wireless from a steamer off Newfoundland, definitely reporting an eastbound airplane overhead. I extended my line an inch and a half, and went back to the floor. . . .

There was never any real report after that. A couple of steamer captains thought they had heard an airplane, but couldn't be sure. A rumor from Newfoundland had the Sunrise crashed on the coast. Otherwise there was silence. . . .

The papers of the second afternoon—the same ones that had thrown Trinie across eight columns twenty-four hours earlier—carried gloomy streamers: "Sunrise Unreported, Feared Lost." . . . "Flyer Overdue, No Word." . . . "Allen, Girl May Be Down at Sea." . . .

I took Jim to the speakeasy across the street, leaving word that we were to be called if anything at all was heard. I was numb with worry and lack of sleep, but I looked fresh compared to Trinie's husband. His eyes, under drooped lids, were more red than white. His face was yellow, and the lines on it were deep and weary.

Mercifully, I thought, he was drunk. In fact, I dropped my restrictions on his brandy, and it wasn't long before he was so befuddled he didn't know what it was all about. I had a few myself, and I talked to him soothingly with a slightly alcoholic eloquence. . . .

A boy came from the Star with an early-mail edition that screamed at us:

"Hope Fades for Allen, Mrs. Medbury: Sunrise Had Gas for Only 37 Hours." . . . The lead of the story said that Fuzzy might have landed in an uninhabited section, or he might have been picked up by a ship without a wireless. Otherwise . . .

I got Jim Medbury back to my apartment—the taxi driver and I carried him through the hall—and to bed. I arranged with the Star to telephone if they heard anything.

There was no call. Jim and I slept until late the next afternoon. . . .

IV

ALL right. I'll take one more. But this one really is a nightcap. . . .

I'm getting to the end of the story, anyway. In fact, I've passed the end of it. As far as anybody knows but me. . . . Part of Fuzzy Allen's plane was washed up on the Spanish coast a couple of weeks after it disappeared. The marks on it made identification positive. But there was no sign of Fuzzy or Katrine.

Their collapsible lifeboat was gone, too. The theorists contended that they must have jumped when they knew the plane was going to crash. But the theory didn't make much difference to me, and the Allen family out in Kansas City, and poor old fumbling Dr. Jewett, Trinie's father. We could only hope that the end had been merciful. . . .

It was just about a year later that I arrived in Paris. My favorite way of vacationing on the Continent is to take a good bicycle and poke around through the villages, eating and sleeping wherever I happen to be when the time comes. It's a safe sort of adventure and a complete change—because I simply drop everything and everybody connected with my ordinary life—and I learn a lot about people and the way they live.

I'd spent a month with my bicycle in the southern part of France, and I was due to sail for home in another four or five weeks. So I pedaled into Paris, put up my wheel, and settled down at a hotel. As I always did—and still do, for that matter—I looked up Tom Harvey on the Paris Herald. He and I had been cubs together in New York, and now it was our regular custom, whenever I got to Paris, to spend an evening among the bright lights.

So we put on our usual party. Had a swell time, as always. And the next morning's Herald carried a quarter of a column about my arrival. Complete enough for an obit. I've got that notice still. I'll never get a better one.

There's only one trouble with being announced in the Paris Herald. Your name automatically goes on about ten thousand sucker lists. The paper's hardly off the press before people are around trying to sell you everything from neckties to châteaux. You have to fight your way through a crowd of racketeers to get out of your room.

So I was neither surprised nor pleased to get a fancy card sent up to me when I was dressing for dinner that evening. It was one of those Continental affairs, about as big as a bridge card and made of heavy translucent paper. It had no business firm's name on it, so I felt safe in assuming that its owner was a jeweler.

It said simply: “Mons. Etienne d'Aubert.”

I wasn't feeling like fighting off a sales talk. I was in my underwear, and I had an engagement for dinner. I told the boy to have d'Aubert state his business.

The card came back in a couple of minutes. Written on it in fine French script were the words: “Regarding M. Stephen Allen.”

I supposed it was to be an interview for a paper in connection with the story of some new proposed ocean flight. But my curiosity was too much for me. I put on a dressing gown and ordered M. d'Aubert sent up.

He was impressive. He was tall and beautifully dressed in a cutaway. He held his silk hat across his left shoulder as he bowed to me and came in. He had lustrous, wavy black hair and a pointed black beard. He greeted me in French, and accepted a cigarette and a chair.

“YOU wished to talk about Stephen Allen?” I said, hoping to have the conversation in English. But he was not to be taken in.

“Yes,” he replied in French. “You are a great friend of his?”

“I was,” I answered.

“During the war,” my visitor said, “I was a very dear friend of his also. We flew together. Once I saved his life. Twice he saved mine.”

I nodded. He continued:

“About his flight last year . . .”

“I'd rather not discuss it,” I said.

“But yes. I think you should know what I know.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “It is not a pleasant subject.”

M. d'Aubert leaned forward a little. “Just before he left New York on that trip, he wrote a letter to me. He told me his plans. He told me he would take Mrs. Medbury with him. And he told me—more.” He dropped his voice:

“He told me the plane would be lost; that it would never reach Le Bourget.”

I got up. “I'd really rather not hear,” I said.

“If you please.” He raised a hand and I sat down again. “You need to hear. What Stephen Allen wrote to me was this: He and Mrs. Medbury would disappear. They would never be heard of again. But they would see me one day soon.”

“It's crazy,” I said. I flicked my cigarette into the fireplace.

“But no,” my visitor said. “Let us take a possibility. Suppose the flight is successful. Successful according to Stephen Allen's plans. Suppose that he and Mrs. Medbury arrive at the coast of France in the plane. They reach a part of the coast that is not thickly settled. He turns the plane back toward the sea. They put on parachutes . . .”

“It is crazy,” I said. I snapped my fingers.

“Do you know this, then? When Stephen Allen flew from New York, he took with him nearly two hundred thousand dollars in United States currency. He sold securities two days before he left. He drew all his money from the bank.”

“I did hear that there was something queer about his money.”

“SUPPOSE, then, that they reach the shore. They destroy their parachutes. They remove all possible signs that they have been flying . . .”

“But what about identification? What about passports?”

“Rural French officials, I am afraid, are easily corruptible. A man with two hundred thousand dollars could arrange things. If he and his lady could speak French well . . .”

“They could. Both of them. I know.”

“They could merely suggest to the official that it was a clandestine affair of the heart, a simple affair, with no international interest. And with a handsome gift of money . . .”

For the third time I said, “It's crazy.” And I added rudely that I didn't care to hear any more. At my impatience, he stood up, too.

“If you please,” he said. “For just a moment more. Suppose that Stephen Allen and Mrs. Medbury manage everything. They obtain papers as French citizens, man and wife. With the money they have, they buy a small villa and live there very simply.”

“I refuse to believe it.”

“And then Mr. Medbury dies.”

“What?” He had startled me. I whirled around, caught just as I was turning toward the window.

“You have not heard?”

“No. I've been out of touch with things. You mean Mr. Medbury did actually—”

“Two weeks ago. He was killed in a collision of taxicabs in New York.”

I sat down again. He went on:

“It is possible, then, for Stephen Allen and Katrine Medbury to marry.”

I only shook my head. My visitor was still standing. He turned away from me, as if he were going to the door. Then he spoke again.

I clutched the arms of my chair.

“Brick Ross, you great idiot!” he said in English. “Don't you know me?”

I was trembling from head to foot. The voice was Fuzzy Allen's. The back, straight and strong in the cutaway, was Fuzzy Allen's.

He turned around and came toward me. He held out his hand. The hand I gave him was limp.

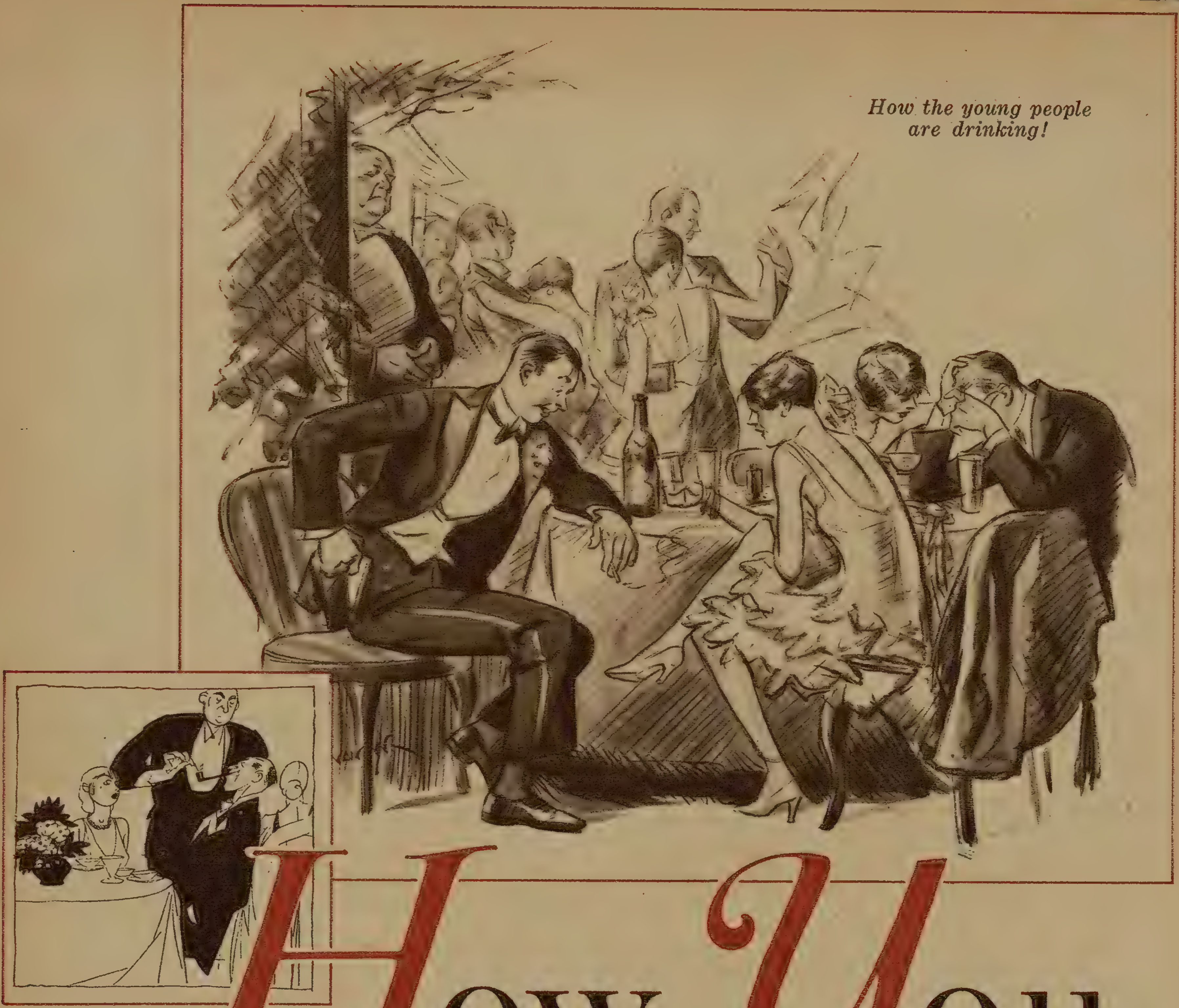
“Trinie and I are going to be married,” he said. “You're our only link between the two lives. We want you to be our witness.” . . .

. . . Thanks, no. I'm going to turn in. I've been talking so much I haven't finished this, anyway. . . .

Well, there you are. The next time an ocean flyer is lost, you'll probably see a newspaper résumé of transatlantic fatalities. Stephen Allen and Katrine Jewett Medbury will be on the list. But you can remember that M. et Mme. Etienne d'Aubert are living happily in a villa in France. . . .

Or maybe you'd better not remember. It isn't a story I should have told.

THE END



How the young people are drinking!

How You Look to your Waiter

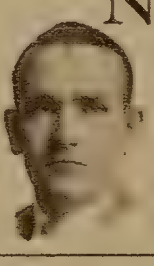
(Reading time: 27 min. 32 sec.)

As Told To

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

By

NORMAN HOSFIELD



called "Lefty" by his friends. He has worked in every part of the continent, in the most exclusive resorts and in cheap restaurants, accepting philosophically each whim of his destiny. Off shift he makes a better appearance than many of his customers, and often prefers to avoid them except when he is on duty!

I HAVE been a waiter for more than twenty years. My job is menial, but I am not ashamed. First, because I am a very good waiter; second, I make a lot of money; and, third, I don't have to eat with the people I serve. Some of them would be fit companions for me, but most of them don't know how or what to eat, and their manners while at table would offend me.

And yet, two decades of bending an ear to the gastronomic whims of my customers have not soured me: indeed, they have brought to me a tolerance and a breadth of philosophy that enable me to keep at the job I am best fitted for, and to enjoy it in spite of the frequent necessity of placing provender before men and women who are my inferiors.

For twenty years and more I have worn an apron in all kinds of eating places all over the United States. I have learned a lot of things, many of which you, as reader and eater, know little or nothing about. I know you better than you know yourself, in many respects; and the picture you leave with me is sometimes not so flattering to you as you would like to think.

I can catalogue diners by nationalities and races. If you are interested in a portrait of yourself, I will reminisce a bit over my career—and you can probably find your picture.

The average American is the worst-mannered eater in the world. He hides back of the feeble alibi that he is in a hurry, kidding himself with the silly idea that he is so important to the world's business that his presence is required somewhere else. Relaxation, poise, manners, taste in food—these are foreign to most of my countrymen. Most important of all our daily activities, eating is deemed the least. We don't know how to order, how to eat food when it is placed before us, or how to be affable toward the waiter.

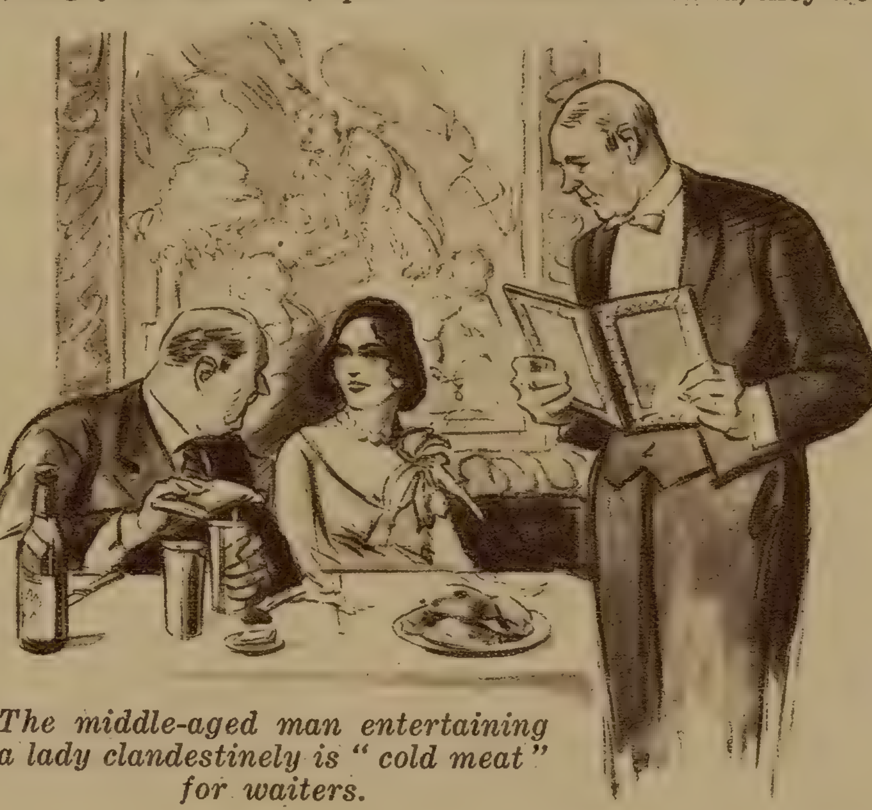
BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

The French, and most Latins, know food and know how to eat it. The Germans gobble like wild animals; but even they are not so porcine as Mr. Average Yankee. The Englishman is the only man who can and will order and eat a meal properly.

The Jew always says, "Hurry, waiter." But we know he never means it. He means he is in a hurry to get started, not to get out of the restaurant. Put a lot of rye bread and plenty of butter before him and keep his tumbler filled with water, and you can go to the kitchen and finish your magazine article.

I have never seen two Jews order the same thing. In a large café in New York City they once had ten combination plate and platter luncheons, each consisting of meat, potatoes, and two vegetables; no two combinations alike. Our luncheon trade was largely Jewish, and there never was a combination that suited one of our customers.

But, strange as this may seem to other races, the Jew is the most generous patron we have. No matter how poor the service, no matter how slow, no matter how poor the food, the Jew always tips freely. I have never in my life waited on a "Jew stiff," a stingy tipper. I once waited on eight Jewish youths in a Manhattan chop house, and after many quarrels and many insolences on their part as to service and quality, angry words which persuaded me they really intended to beat me up, they made me feel sorry and grateful by tipping me two dollars when one would have been plenty. For countless centuries the Jews have been the football at which every race and nationality took a healthy kick, so that in free America they get even with those they regard as their inferiors by pouring out the accumulated resentment of the ages. But they are really so kind at heart that they repent at the last moment and salve us with lavish tips. I like the Jews as customers.



The middle-aged man entertaining a lady clandestinely is "cold meat" for waiters.

THE Englishman will penalize you for impoliteness. He will coldly reduce the size of the gratuity. The Irishman does a lot of swearing and blustering. The Italian will gesticulate and show he is eager to fight you. The average home-bred American will say little—he is the most docile guest in the world—but he will quietly inform the management, and many a waiter, after thinking he has pulled a wise crack or done something smart to his customer, will find his blue envelope waiting for him when he hangs up his apron.

There is a sound basis for the stage jokes about the Scotchman's stinginess. I once waited on Sir Harry Lauder and a party of five in a private room up three flights of stairs for two hours, and during the service had to give the cook a quarter and the same amount to each of the bus boys who removed the dishes. When the famous comedian departed with his friends he handed me exactly twenty-five cents!

The fireside boy, as we call the home man, is usually a good tipper when entertaining in public. He doesn't get out often and he expands when he does; he overlooks faults in service, orders intelligently, and merely asks that things run smoothly.

The middle-aged man entertaining a lady clandestinely, with some bootleg liquor or home brew either served to him or brought by him, is "cold meat" for us. A smart waiter can tell the moment they are seated and have spoken five sentences exactly their status: whether one of them has a husband or wife at home; whether their intimacy is beginning, or well under way, or dragging to a finish; how scared they are of detection—in fact, just about everything they think they are concealing so cleverly. A wise look from the waiter works wonders with the tipping propensities of the graying Lothario; and I am told there are waiters who don't hesitate to pad the bill considerably, since they know there won't be much of a row made about it!

People in public life are more open-handed than the vast majority who are inconspicuous. Politicians are all right. The movie crowd is very kind to waiters, possibly because most of them rose from poverty. I have never known a great athlete, amateur or professional, who was generous. The average pugilist seems to think his reputation will compensate for his niggardly offering, and if you fail to identify him promptly he has no modesty whatsoever about informing you who he is.

Ball players are rotten propositions from the waiter's standpoint—pigs in their manners and misers when they have finished guttling. Wrestlers are as thick-headed as they look.

A few years ago, before golf became so popular, the niblick wielders were regarded as inheriting parsimony along with other Scotch traits. They were terrible. Just in from a hot round, they would wipe the sweat from their ruddy foreheads, start yelling for the steward and waiters, and demand immediate attention, although dozens of other players were adding to the turmoil every moment. No golf-club waiter of those days ever made anything off the members. Things may be better now that everybody is playing.

One waiter at the Midwick Club in Los Angeles got even a few years ago after one of the big tournaments. There was a big banquet running full blast, with everybody talking at once about the shots he had made and ones he should have made. The waiters were frantic. A big fat man with a shiny bald head was particularly obnoxious to us, trying to show off in front of his guests by bawling us out with or without provocation. One of the boys passed behind his chair with a huge bowl of cream of asparagus soup. He carefully stumbled and turned it upside down on that scintillating dome. There was much confusion, but the waiter was a quick thinker and determined to make a complete job of putting the pest in a ludicrous light. He removed the bowl, apologized humbly, and mopped off the bald head with his napkin. That waiter is known throughout the country today as the Soup Mopper, and I understand they kidded the fat golfer nearly to death for years. I hope he reads this, so he'll know that accident was fully premeditated.

The finest people in the world to wait on, from our standpoint, are the denizens of the underworld. The bootlegger, the gambler, the gunman, and the women who accompany them as they walk lightly on the balls of their

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

feet through the twilight of their world, are the most lavish tippers and the easiest customers of all to serve.

Three years ago I worked in a night club in Los Angeles where no man came who was not known to the police of half a continent; most of them wanted by those police. They would come in parties of four, six, or ten, put hundreds of dollars in bills on the table and order liquor and food. A waiter could count on tips ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars from such parties—but God help him if he tried to pad the bill or steal a penny from the heap of bank notes!

The average American is the worst-mannered eater in the world.

I have been asked if I wasn't afraid to wait on criminals, many of them filled with drugs and rotten liquor. Certainly not. I was safer among them than out on the street.

Speaking of padding the check, there is one customer you can never do that to and get away with it—a woman. A woman knows every time just how much she has ordered, what each item should come to, and the total of the bill. Women are not good tippers, but we are philosophical about that because if we treat them right they'll insist their escorts bring them back.

Doctors are cautious in ordering and conservative in rewarding. Lawyers are a bit better, but not much. The man seeking a political office talks a lot to the waiter and usually tries to buy his vote with a fairish gratuity. You may be sure we know how to talk to them!

You'll be surprised when I tell you the name of the man that every waiter who knows him is eager to serve. He is a frequent stroller in the bright spots of nocturnal New York City; he is an epicure in ordering; he knows food; he knows the quality of wines, liqueurs, and coffee. He is always a gentleman to himself and to the man waiting on him, and the waiter is sure of a full day's wages when he leaves his tip. And, no matter how much wine he has consumed or how much the check is, he can always tell the waiter what he has had, so there is no padding the total by misaddition or fictitious items. The man I refer to is Harry Kendall Thaw!

Speaking of padded checks reminds me of a funny experience I once had with Barney Oldfield, the famous automobile driver. In the wet days, Barney often bought lots of champagne, Krug or Veuve Clicquot being his favorites. He would tip a waiter four or five dollars for two or three quarts of wine, but he would give just the same amount if his party had two cases—twenty-four quarts.

We got into the habit of putting a couple of extra quarts on his check, and presently he discovered it. After that he marked the tablecloth every time a quart was opened. One night he was entertaining a party of ten, among them Jim Jeffries and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chance, Charlie Murray the movie comedian, and Baron Long, hotel man and owner of the Vernon Country Club in Los Angeles, where the incident occurred.

Barney told Mrs. Chance to do the marking when the wine came, and just as I brought two quarts she got up to dance. I noticed she neglected to record the two bottles, and I called Barney's attention to it, saying he'd better do it or I'd get in trouble when I brought the bill. He laughed, and when she returned to the table said to her: "If you are going to count on this waiter give him a fair count. But never mind it anyhow. I think he's honest." They had quite a party, and, sure enough, he tipped me the small sum I'd have received if he had dined with one friend.

The finest woman I think I ever waited on was Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, mother of the publisher and queen among queens in western social circles. When entertaining she was a mistress of detail and ceremony, ever kind and considerate to those striving to please her. She always tipped everybody, even if one had no tip coming, and I would almost have been happy to wait on her without a tip.

Mrs. Leslie Carter was a favorite of mine. In 1912 she was on the Orpheum circuit, and I was assigned to her table in the Los Angeles restaurant where she dined. She loved to surround herself with brilliant, beautiful young people. She always came in after the night performance, when the place was about to close, and at first I was furious at having to work after quitting time. But she melted my anger and completely won me with her first few words. She would order a double extra sirloin steak for six. This takes from thirty to forty minutes to prepare, and every few minutes she would look up at me with her wonderful eyes and say: "How is the steak, waiter?" I did like to serve her and her party and listen to the brilliance of their talk.

I WAITED on ex-President Taft at a banquet for 1,200 persons in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Many of the guests nervously waited to see what the portly statesman would do, but he wasted no time—he attacked the hors d'œuvres with zest.

Uncle Joe Cannon was a customer of mine at the Cristobal Café during the 1915 exposition in San Diego, California. On rising to speak he turned to me and said: "Waiter, don't let that coffee cup of mine get empty, please." Among the guests that night were William G. McAdoo and his wife, a daughter of President Wilson; Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, and some twenty other prominent men and women.

I often waited on David Wark Griffith and Lillian Gish when they were making their great pictures. I soon learned that Miss Gish's wistful face is not a pose; she is always quiet and grave. Once a couple dancing near their table fell to the floor in a funny way, and everybody laughed except Lillian. She wrinkled her forehead as much as to say: "Oh, I do hope they are not hurt!"

I have watched these two famous people eat an elaborate meal of many courses without speaking one word from the time Mr. Griffith had ordered until they went away. I spilled a glass of champagne on Miss Gish's gloves and purse one evening and she never even raised an eyelash. Mr. Griffith had the most peculiar way of carrying money. When he learned the amount of the check, which neither of them ever glanced at, he would fish about in an outside coat pocket in an abstracted way and finally come up with a fifty-dollar bill, stuffing the change in any handy pocket without even counting it. He and Miss Gish were so generous with their tips that it never occurred to one of us to cheat them.

It was always a pleasure when I waited on Marshall Neilan or Thomas Meighan, or Wallace Reid or Kenneth Harlan, to watch their demeanor toward the women of their party. They were gentlemen under all circumstances.

There were some lively parties out there before Volstead did his stuff. I remember one in Levy's Tavern at Watts, California, in 1918. Marshall Neilan was playing the piano, Wallie Reid was twanging a banjo, Murray dancing a jig, Kenneth Harlan and Lottie Pickford tearfully embracing—he was going away to camp the next day—and Tom Mix was sitting stiff as an Indian at a table. Fannie Ward was crawling about the floor on her hands and knees gathering up some beads she had lost when her necklace broke. Mae Murray and Bob Leonard were dancing together, and the principal members from the casts of three or four studios, including several directors, were each doing some stunt and having a wild time.

What a night! It ended at seven o'clock the next morn-

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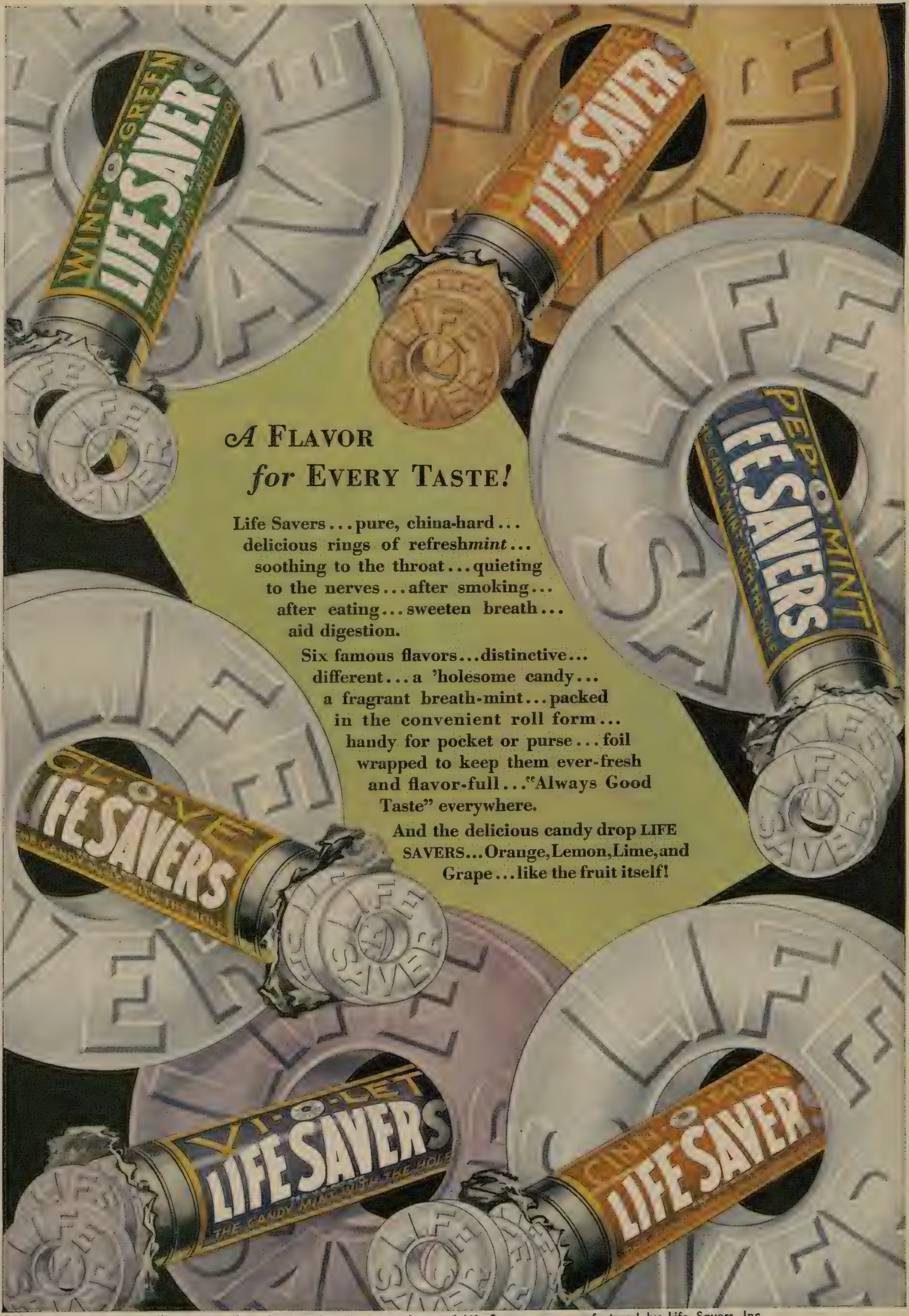

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVERS
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
CL-O-VE
LIFE SAVERS
VI-O-LET
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVER

A FLAVOR *for* EVERY TASTE!

Life Savers . . . pure, china-hard . . . delicious rings of refresh*mint* . . . soothing to the throat . . . quieting to the nerves . . . after smoking . . . after eating . . . sweeten breath . . . aid digestion.

Six famous flavors . . . distinctive . . . different . . . a 'holesome candy . . . a fragrant breath-mint . . . packed in the convenient roll form . . . handy for pocket or purse . . . foil wrapped to keep them ever-fresh and flavor-full . . . "Always Good Taste" everywhere.

And the delicious candy drop LIFE SAVERS . . . Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape . . . like the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

Irreproachable *Immaculate*

Don is just as comfortable as it is smart. It opens in the back and has a bosom so contrived that it will not bulge. The fabric is exquisite white piqué, of patterns fine as snow crystal. Don is an aristocrat in style.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

ARROW SHIRTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

ing with a big crap game in the kitchen which the waiters and musicians had started but which the famous artists got into as soon as they heard about it. We waiters hooked the boss—Baron Long—for $4,000, but I think he won even more than that from the movie bunch.

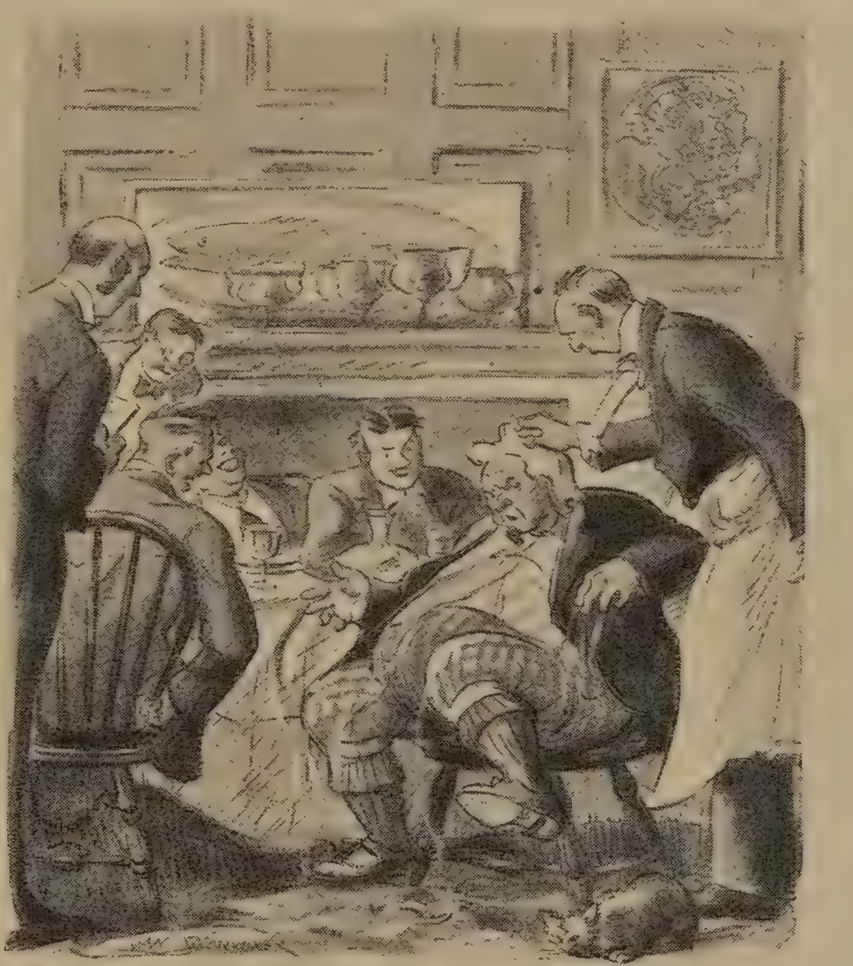
Baron Long seemed to me the prince of café men to work for. He made a million dollars in six years in the restaurant business and frankly said that his waiters were responsible for a big part of his profits. So he declared them in on 10 per cent of the profits each year. He had a board of directors composed of two waiters, a cook, a bartender, and his auditor. No executive of the company could be a director, and we really had the run of the place in everything except finances and entertainment. We had the power to fire anybody, and one night we fired the manager because we didn't think he was polite to a couple. One evening the Baron bumped into a lady and neglected to apologize. We hauled him before the board and fined him ten dollars, and he paid with a smile.

BUY NOW!

It was there I first saw Rudolph Valentino, a hungry-looking youth who was engaged to dance for thirty dollars a week. He was a splendid dancer and made many friends in the movie crowd. Eventually his name went blazing around the world. But nobody in our crowd liked him. He was a snob, and he seemed to writhe with anguish when he loosened up with a tip. Even after he was famous and wealthy he was a miser, unless he had a chance to make a grand-stand exhibition with a big tip.

Some episodes in my career are amusing and some tragic. Here is one that combines both:

In a small hotel in Denver, Colorado, we had started a dice game in the kitchen in the quiet afternoon hours. A call came for a waiter. A man ordered a steak, and while it was being prepared the waiter got back in the crap game. He forgot the patron. The boss, seeing the man sitting out there without being attended to, came in and bawled the waiter out. The latter hurried out with the steak and found his customer sitting upright, but stone dead! His heart had just stopped beating. The boss was furious. He said: "No wonder I don't do any business in this place. A man starved to death before one of my waiters brought his order."



The waiter was a quick thinker. He removed the bowl and mopped off the bald head with a napkin.

I VISITED an insane asylum in Pueblo, Colorado, once during my off shift. I noticed one section of the dining room was in perfect order: it had been attended to by an expert. I asked if an inmate had done that neat work, and the attendant said: "Yes, he was once a waiter before he went cuckoo, but that doesn't seem to have interfered with his ability as a waiter." I left by the nearest exit.

I recently worked in a night club in the Roaring Forties in New York City. An old man sauntered in one evening and bought some drinks for the girls, or hostesses, as they are called. Presently he fell asleep. He was harmless and nobody bothered him. His check came to thirty-seven dollars, but as a joke the proprietor handed him a bill for $1,700 when he woke up. The old fellow blinked a couple of times and wrote out a check for that amount. At his bank the next day, the boss thought of the big check and strolled over to the old man's bank and presented it. To his astonishment the teller paid it, remarking as he counted out the money: "Well, the old man is hitting it up again, isn't he? You speakeasy chaps sure do get the suckers."

One night in Tait's, in San Francisco, I was waiting on a man I have often served around the country, Walter Hill, son of James J. Hill, the Empire Builder of the northwest. Well, Walter will do plenty of wild things when he is in the mood; and this night had a vaudeville actress with him. The orchestra had a large vase for the reception of tips such as they usually received when playing a patron's favorite air. On this vase was painted a large black cat. Walter called for twenty-five silver dollars and began throwing them at the cat, and before this amusement palled on him he had had me change a $100 bill into silver dollars, and had thrown all of them at the cat.

When I presented the bill for his dinner and wine he said he had spent all his money and initialed the check, saying he would fix me up the next time I waited on him. I am still waiting for a chance to wait on him. He has undoubtedly just forgotten me, but I am still holding the bag, as I had to pay the check myself.

Not all the breaks are tough ones like that. A miner walked into the Mozart Café in Denver one evening in 1912, ordered a club sandwich and a stein of beer, called for the check, laid down a $100 bill and walked out. I was glad he didn't come back, for I lost that money that night flirting with the galloping dominoes.

A man in Seattle a few years ago was known to us waiters as a check dodger. He traveled with the best people in town, and we could not figure how he got away with it. So, sometimes a sporting waiter would sacrifice his tip just to force this deadbeat to pay a check, and after a while we got so hot on his trail that he would call us aside and slip us two or three dollars not to give him the check.

I had a funny experience in Tait-Zinkand's in San Francisco in 1913. I had a special table arranged for fourteen people with a very elaborate dinner ordered the day before. The party was given by the late Charlie Gates, son of John ("Bet You a Million") Gates, and I will say here to the memory of father and son that they were known as princes among the waiters of America. Charlie arrived at the proper time and sat there for more than two hours alone, drinking, not a single guest showing up. By midnight we carried him to his machine and sent him to a Turkish bath. Afterward we learned that he had ordered the dinner for the 12th of June, and told his guests to come on the 13th. They all showed up the next night, but Charlie was still in the bathhouse. He sent his check for the dinner, however.

American waiters are probably the best for the general run of restaurants in the United States. Foreigners may be really more adept in the duties of our profession, but their faulty command of our language makes us preferable. Many of us—the old school of waiters which began to flourish about the time of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893—have been through several national expositions and have worked in European resorts. Those who speak several languages usually belong to the International Geneva Association, a society which has branches all over the world, with headquarters in Switzerland.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

AU MATIN . . .

Au Matin, shown above, is accounted the most modern of fragrances by the smart cosmopolitans of Paris. It is light, gay, youthful. From $5 to $20. Face Powder, $1.50.

●

BOIS DORMANT
(Enchanted Woodland)

Bois Dormant, centre display, a lingering fragrance, sense-stirring in its intensity. $5 to $16. Purse size flacon, $1. Face Powder, $1.

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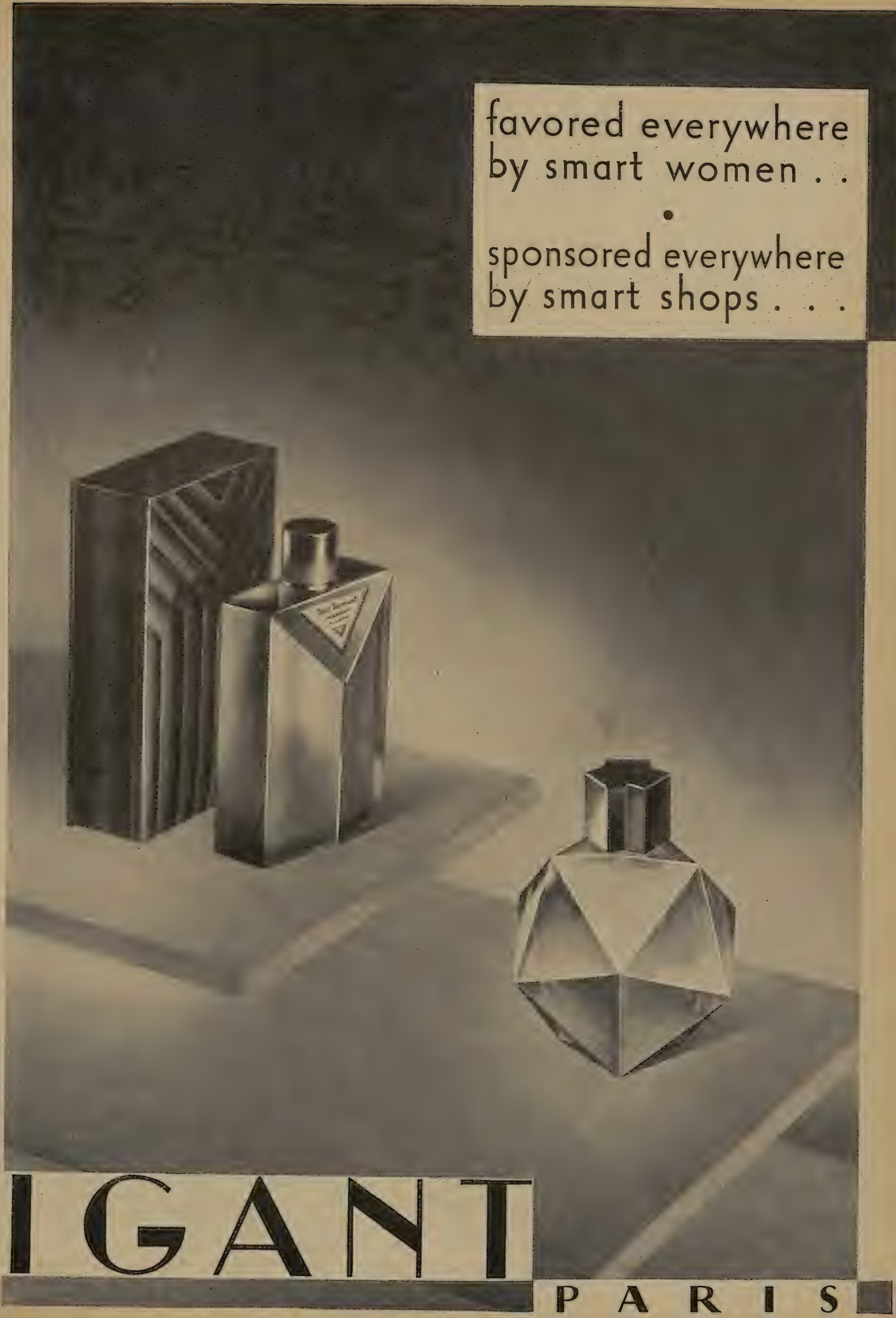
ESSENCE RARE

Essence Rare, lower right, is the most precious of perfumes, the companion fragrance for ermine and diadems of diamonds. From $25 to $125.

HOUB


favored everywhere
by smart women . .
•
sponsored everywhere
by smart shops . . .
IGANT
PARIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

This society helps us get jobs anywhere we may roam.

The better class of American waiter in this country is seldom found in hotels, preferring to work in the chop house or cabaret or night club, where tips are more plentiful and larger than in the hotels, where the guests are already thinking of their hotel bills.

Much complaint has been directed against tipping. It is not generally known that these tips make up most of the servitor's earnings, and that wages are never figured on as income that amounts to anything, except in the Pacific northwest, where union demands insure adequate pay. Indeed, ordinary wages amount to 20 per cent of the waiter's receipts—and in certain instances I have even paid the house for the privilege of tending tables there, so good was the food, so thronged the patronage, and so lavish the gratuities.

And here is something else that is not widely known: If tipping is abolished the restaurants will be forced to raise the price of almost every dish they serve, because both boss and worker understand that the tips make up for the poor salaries the former can offer.

The size of tips is rated according to the class of place you eat in, the amount of the check, and the sort of service you have received. Yet in a cabaret other factors influence the amount left on the table for the waiter, such as the prominence of a table—ringside seat—near the dancing floor; the time the patrons sit at the table after they have finished eating; and the nature of the particular law they may be violating at the moment, such as the closing hour, the curfew on entertainment, or the prohibition law, concerning which I shall speak presently.

Traveling salesmen, whose expense accounts are closely scanned by their auditors, are the chief proponents of the abolishment of the tipping system, yet they will have to pay more for their meals and quite likely will get poorer service if tipping ever is abolished.

Another widespread complaint by the public—although this is sporadic—is the use of French names on the menus. Slang has practically died out of our profession, because it is offensive to the ears of patrons in the better class of dining rooms. In fact, the modern good waiter knows none of the old-time slang words for the dishes he serves. And I would be interested in knowing how even an old-timer in a cheap place would put the following ordinary dinner in slang: assorted hors d'œuvres, Bouillon Princesse, Breast of Chicken sous Cloche, Sauce Auperigaux, Asparagus Hollandaise, Individual Baked Alaska, Fromage de Brie, and Café Noir.

Shortly after the World War the Hotel Men's Association tried to eliminate French terms from the menus. Well, possibly the foreignization was carried a bit too far in an English-speaking country such as ours; but, after all, the French words really mean the style of assembling certain ingredients. And the use of that one term is world-wide, so that you may order the dish you want in Cape Town, Paris, Moscow, and New York City merely by pronouncing it, or pointing to it if you can't say it.

For instance, if you say Chicken à la King anywhere on earth you will get it; but if that label were changed as too snobbish it would be necessary either to print on the menu "chopped white meat of chicken, green peppers, pimientos and fresh mushrooms," or you would have to explain it to the waiter *if*, say, the chicken dish were referred to as Chicken No. 8.

Lobster à la Newburg consists of large dices of lobster gently fried in butter, cream added slowly, and the yolks of eggs to thicken it. Once, alas! we used that prince of flavoring—sherry—to enrich it, but we have none now.

A man in San Francisco once said to me: "Waiter, I want some eggs like I had in a New York café once. They were good. They were on a biscuit with a piece of ham and poached egg with a creamy yellow sauce over them."

I said: "Sir, that dish is before you now," and pointed to Eggs à la Bénédictine, which is a poached egg on toasted English muffin and a slice of broiled ham, with Hollandaise sauce over the whole and some chopped truffles sprinkled on.

So with Chicken Casserole, Sauce Bourgeoise, a simple term to remember but descriptive of ingredients you might not remember—a young pound-and-a-half chicken in an earthen dish with potatoes, onions, and mushrooms cut in round balls the size of marbles.

E. M. Statler, the great American Boniface, once said it takes two to make good service—the server and the one served. From a waiter's standpoint many people simply will not accept good service. Impatience and ignorance probably explain that. For instance, in the use of the silver, not one in fifty will use the fish fork or knife placed there for its purpose. Few know a grapefruit spoon, or what to use for a fruit cocktail.

Of course, there are two or three ways a fruit cocktail or Fruit Supréme is made up in different places; but when fruit is cut in pieces there is always a teaspoon for it, and when it is left in pieces as it comes out of the orange or grapefruit there is an oyster fork provided. Another common mistake is the use of a teaspoon for clear soups, or bouillon. If there is no bouillon spoon, a dessert spoon is permissible.

Another thing that disturbs good service is the habit the dear ladies have of laying large purses, gloves, packages, etc., in the places where service must be put. And speaking of the ladies, few men realize how ill bred they appear when, to impress their fair friends with their physical bravery or their connoisseurship they snap their fingers at the waiter, or berate him, or contradict the waiter's suave efforts to prevent the said gentleman from making an ass of himself in the matter of ordering the courses or demanding their service.

IT doesn't make any difference to a waiter how a man is dressed. He may have on a red necktie and muddy boots, or he may have stepped out of a Madison Avenue haberdashery—his poise at once classifies him. The amount the customer spends for food or for tips has little to do with the quality of the service; if he is a gentleman he will get better catering, even if he orders a sandwich and a cup of coffee, than will be accorded a lavish-tipping boor.

Not so long ago, at the Rainbo Gardens, one of Chicago's largest cafés, a man and a refined young woman came to one of my tables. Their preliminary remarks told me he had not seen her for a long time but had returned from some distant point to ask her to be his wife. He at once ordered the start of a fine dinner, which I helped out on with a few carefully advanced suggestions. It was a peach of an order and a real pride to the waiter to carry so charming a message back to the chef.

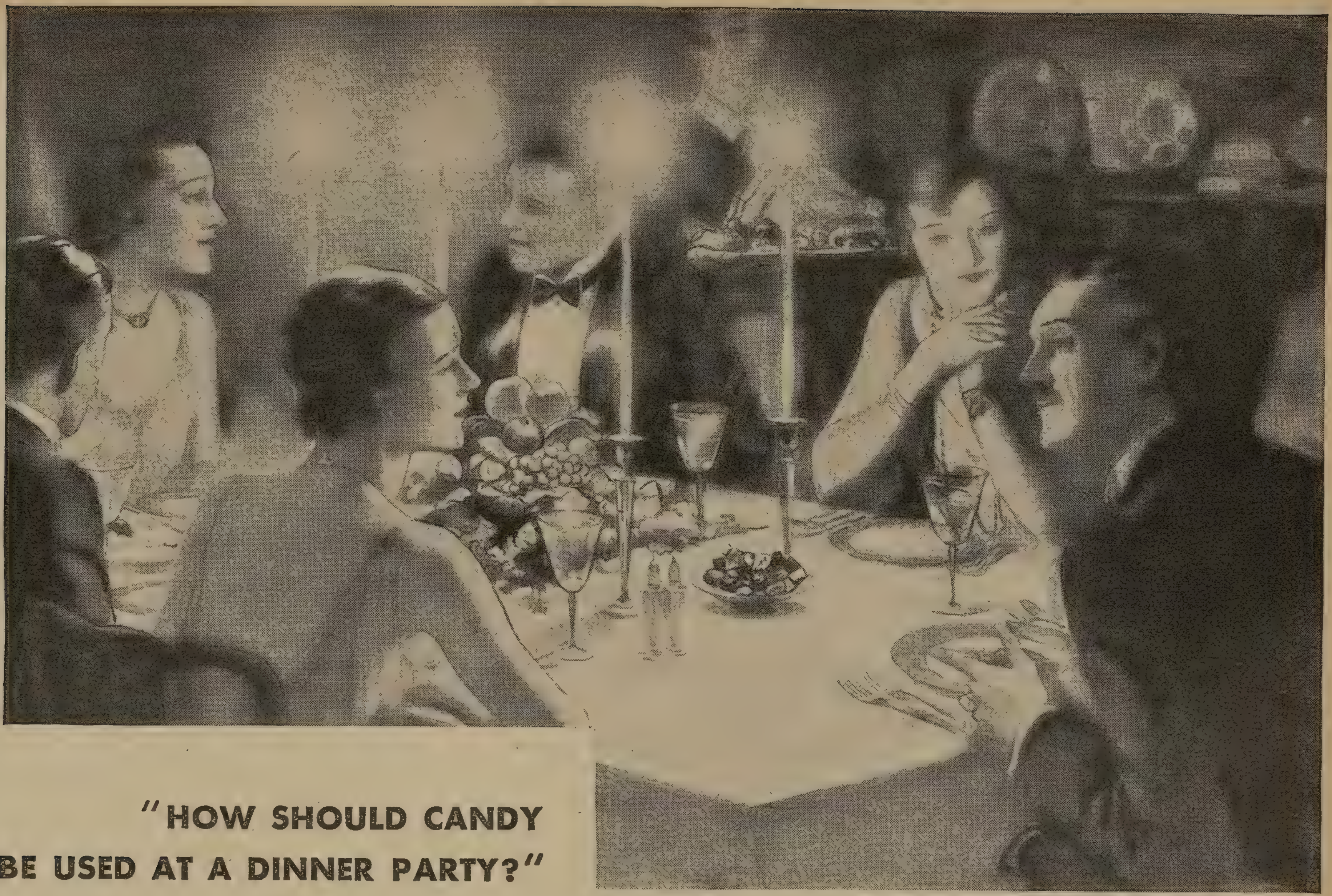
The table was laid in perfect order—but upon my return from the kitchen, he had pushed aside all the silver, his napkin had slid from his lap to the floor, and he had cigar ashes all over the snowy linen.

The lady was too well bred to notice it. As the meal progressed he would sprawl his hands and arms all over the table so I could hardly place a dish before him. He was one of those eggs who simply cannot be served properly. At the coffee he was flushed and talking loudly—and my years of experience told me that the look of disgust she no longer tried to keep from her lovely features certainly indicated that the young woman probably would never consent to marry a pig she would have to face across such a littered table during all the years.

Prohibition! How we waiters watch its atrocious workings! Booze, near beer, far beer, gin, and embalming fluids—how we love you for the money you bring us—and how we detest you in the name of good taste!

Of course, national prohibition has lessened to a considerable degree the earnings of waiters in general and made their jobs harder, for it *is* harder to serve mere

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



"HOW SHOULD CANDY BE USED AT A DINNER PARTY?"

EMILY POST says: There should be at least four dishes of candy on every well-appointed table, formally set for twelve or fewer. For a dinner of fourteen to eighteen places there should be six to eight dishes of candy. Still more for a larger table.

On an average sized table, at least four dishes should be large enough to be decoratively important. (From 2″ to 2-½″ high, by 8″ to 8-½″ in diameter is ideal.) Small saucer-sized compotiers—whether flat or on stems—are foolishly under scale except on a very little table in an equally little room.

Candy suitable to a formal dinner table is rather limited to bonbons, caramels, almond paste, chocolates—most especially chocolates—and, in a dish by themselves, chocolate peppermints. Except the peppermints, each of these candies should be in its individual paper frill.

Candy dishes must be arranged so that each dish on one side of the table is balanced by a similar one on the other. Brown chocolates balanced by chocolate caramels, pink bonbons balanced by other bonbons equally pink, etc.

Emily Post

EMILY POST is the Author of
Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage
and *The Personality of a House,* etc.

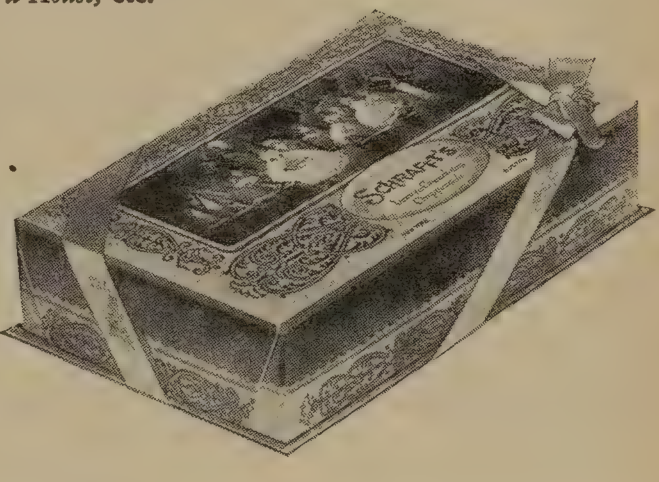
FOR THANKSGIVING

On this occasion you are apt to be more than particular about the candy you serve. Which is to say, you will surely select Schrafft's! For we are as fussy about its flavor and freshness as *you!*

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates



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"Sail for Paris immediately"

The export sales counsel for a large automobile concern was suddenly called away on a five-months trip to Europe. He was newly appointed to the position. He had scant time to arrange his affairs.

His personal fortune was tied up in investments that demanded careful supervision. Must he convert his holdings into less variable, and perhaps less profitable, securities? Should he try to follow the market while he was abroad?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES. National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

MARKET CONTACTS. National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE. He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

INVESTMENT RANGE. National City's broad lists of securities are available upon request.

These and other requirements of present day investors can be met through your nearest National City office.

The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

food than food and beverages. But it has enormously increased the imbibing of horrible concoctions which will have God knows what effect on American stomachs ten years from now.

How the young people are drinking! It is seldom in the larger cities, or in many of the smaller ones, that men and women, or either sex alone, come to our tables without either trying to get us to sell them something or without ordering ginger ale or mineral water or something else to kill the taste of the liquor they carry.

Just as many people are drinking as before 1920. If drinking has been cut among the working men whose earnings won't permit them to pay fifty cents for a drink of whisky or twenty-five cents for a glass of suspicious beer, it has increased unbelievably among the young boys and girls who in earlier years would never have desired to get drunk.

Seven out of ten persons these days carry liquor with them to public dining places, although I cannot recall that one of ten parties drank hard liquor in the wet days. It sometimes seems to us waiters as if nothing else is talked about at our tables except methods of disobeying the prohibition law.

BUY NOW!

You may be sure that we aproned chaps who hover above your tables are listening to some remarkable revelations of what prohibition has done to you.

"Why do you violate the law by serving that man over there with whisky concealed in a coffee cup?" I was asked not long ago by an enforcement officer in New York City. He went on: "Haven't you waiters any self-respect or respect for the national government and its laws?"

I shrugged my shoulders. But I'll answer him here:

I do respect myself and I do respect my government. But my customers evidently do not, and there are far more customers than waiters. Everybody wants to drink, and if my boss has it to sell and has confidence in the buyer, I am perfectly willing to convey it from its secret hiding place to the table. Particularly so when the quickly intoxicated diner is far more generous with his tips than the angry man who has been refused a drink and sees somebody at a near-by table openly being served. I have lost no self-respect when I watch dishonest politicians licking up liquor at my table and going out to vote dry at the command of the Anti-Saloon League.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Which state is bounded by the greatest number of states?

2—What is the common name for the trachea?

3—What is fool's gold?

4—Who wrote Lord Jim?

5—What is a Brahman?

6—What is malfeasance?

7—What is the name of the schoolmaster in The Legend of Sleepy Hollow?

8—What is pediatrics?

9—What is a firkin?

10—What is a cousin-german?

11—Where is the Painted Desert?

12—What is an epitome?

13—What does *O tempora! O mores!* mean?

14—What is the duration of a round under Marquis of Queensberry boxing rules?

15—What is a Singhalese?

16—What is an *entente cordiale?*

17—What is the lightest metal known?

18—What is the capital of Australia?

19—What is a plenipotentiary?

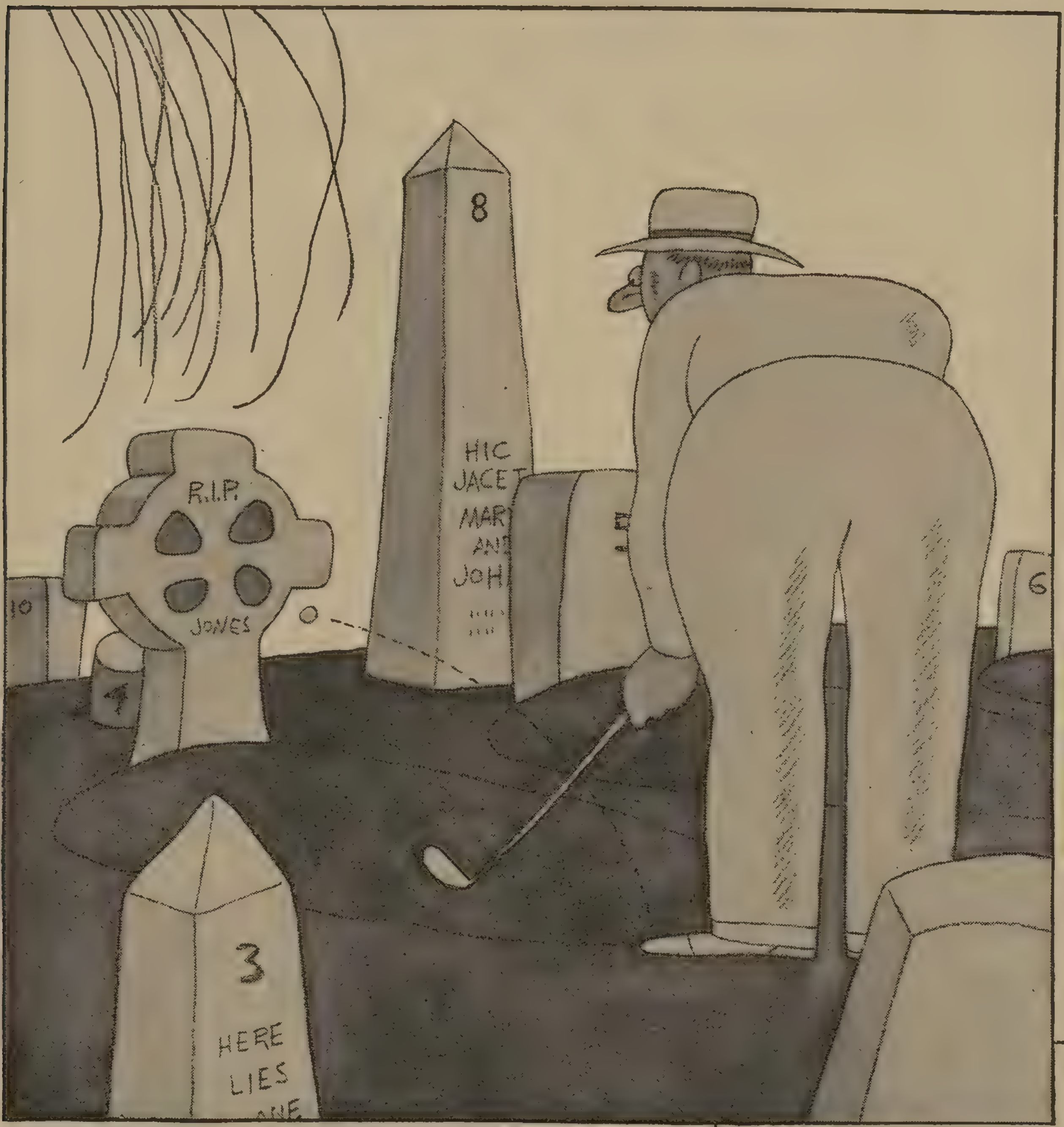
20—What is osteology?

(Answers will be found on page forty-four)

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON


8
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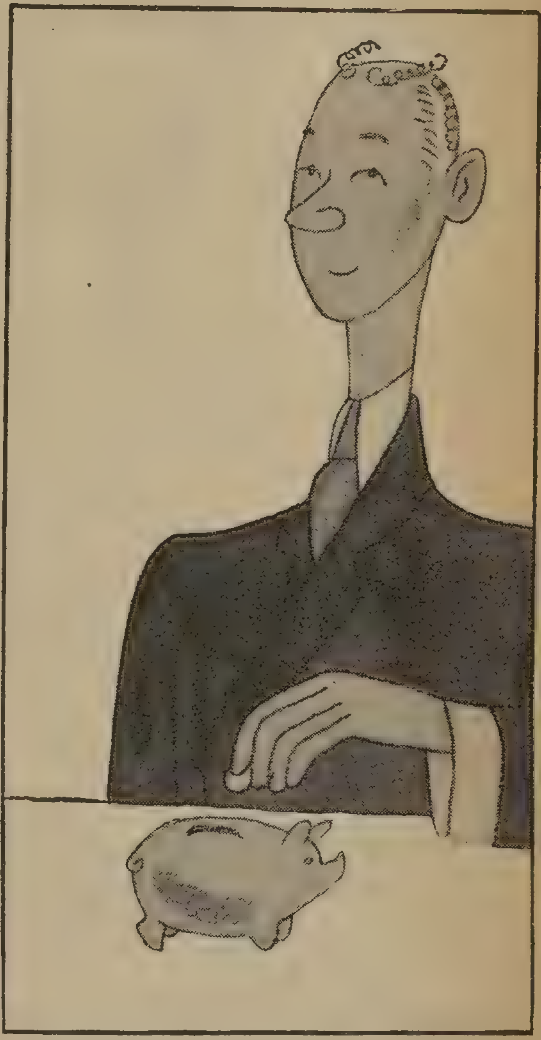
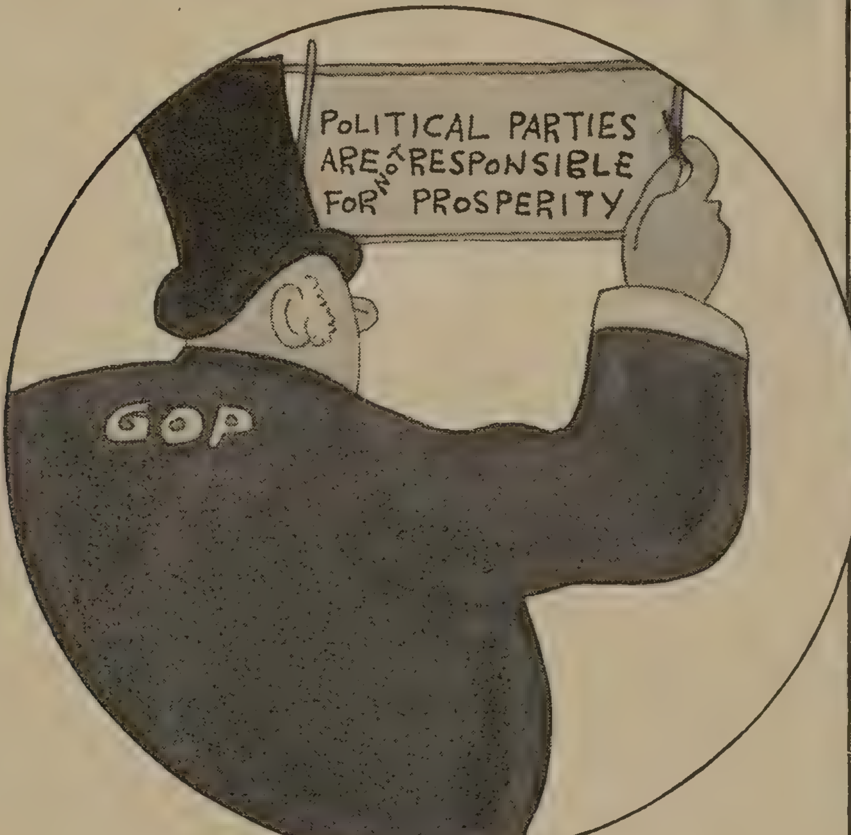
LIES

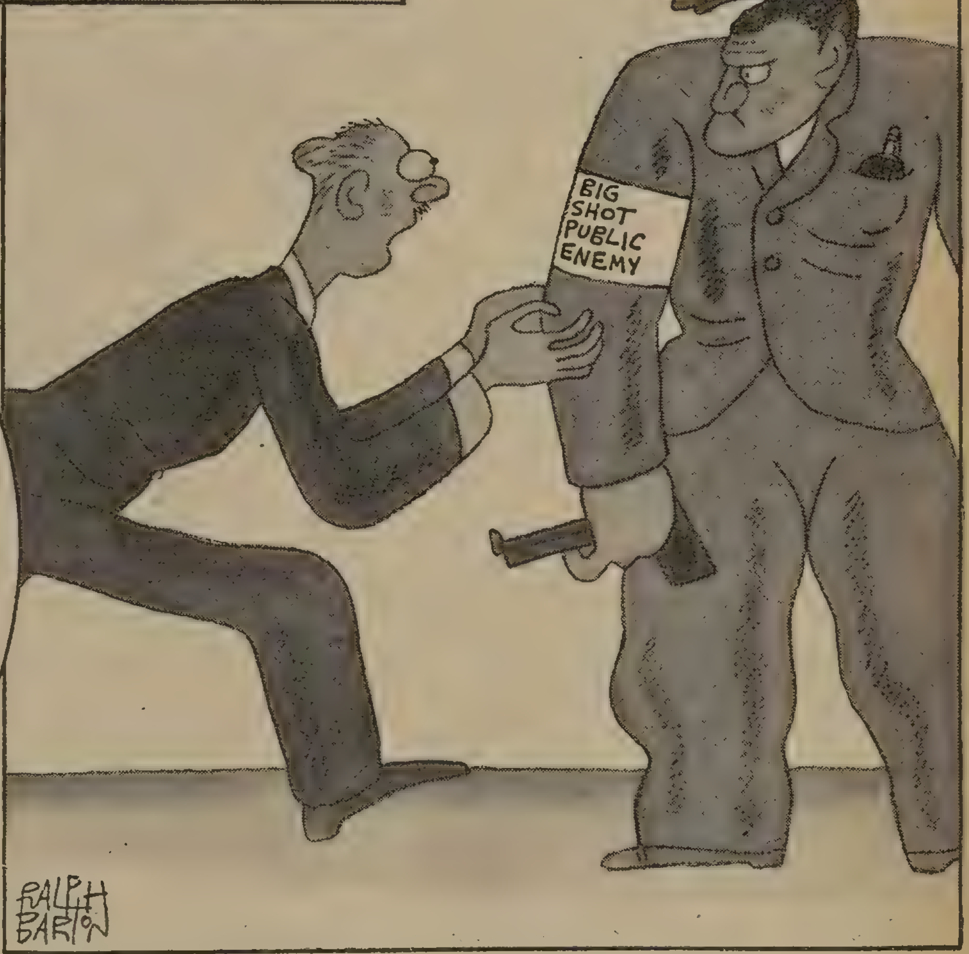
AL CAPONE is reported to be at the head of the tombstone racket and of a miniature golf enterprise, which may lead to a convenient merger next summer.



YOUNG LAWYER, just starting to practice, saves nickels and dimes to buy a judgeship one day.


POLITICAL PARTIES
ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR PROSPERITY
GOP

CORRECTING a little mistake made in the summer of 1928.


BIG
SHOT
PUBLIC
ENEMY
RALPH
BARTON

CHICAGO CITIZEN, having been slugged by a "public enemy," throws himself on the proper authorities for protection.

Four Stars for Silence

And Two for a Group of Assorted Episodes with Sound

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 35 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU

CAST

Dr. Johannes Krafft	Gustav Diesel
Maria	Leni Riefenstahl
Hans	Ernst Petersen

Produced by H. R. Sokal Film.
Directed by Dr. Arnold Franck and G. W. Pabst.

THIS is a foreign-made film—German. It is being sponsored in this country by Universal. It is different from most of our movies—first, because it is a silent film; second, because the story is so simple that it doesn't seem like a story at all. It is an adventurous experience that you are permitted, in some unaccountable way, to witness.

A pair of honeymooners attempt to scale a dangerous peak in the Alps. They are accompanied by Dr. Johannes Krafft, who has spent years trying to conquer the perpendicular north wall of Palu.

BUY NOW!

The three climbers are caught in an avalanche, and the doctor, knowing they are trapped, vainly tries to signal to a guide. The guide misses the signal, but he knows Krafft's party is trying the wall, and becomes alarmed and organizes a rescue party.

The photography is beautiful.

★ ★ BILLY THE KID

CAST

Billy	John Mack Brown
Garrett	Wallace Beery
Claire	Kay Johnson
Swenson	Karl Dane
Tunston	Wyndham Standing
McSween	Russell Simpson
Mrs. McSween	Blanche Frederici
Ballinger	Warner P. Richmond
Donovan	James Marcus

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by King Vidor.

Billy the Kid introduces us to the new process called Realife which Metro has been working on for some time. It is designed to be shown on a wide screen.

We have been hearing so much about the wider film and such miracles of photography have been promised as a result of it that the actual sight of it can be nothing short of a great disappointment. It is a wider film and outdoor scenes do take on a greater beauty and majesty, but the interiors gain nothing much by it. That third dimension which we have been hearing so much about is conspicuous by its absence.

Perhaps, if the story of Billy the Kid had been more alluring, the disappointment of the Realife process wouldn't have been so keenly felt. I might have thought it was grand. But Billy, as smart as he is, is old stuff.

Of course there is a lovely lady in distress, and she is creditably played by Kay Johnson. Brown is a little too leisurely of movement and speech to be a quite believable Billy.

The lovers in The Santa Fe Trail, Rosita Moreno and Richard Arlen.

Victor McLaglen with two armfuls in A Devil with Women: Mona Maris and Luana Alcaniz.

★ ★ A DEVIL WITH WOMEN

CAST

Jerry Maxton	Victor McLaglen
Rosita Fernandez	Mona Maris
Tom Standish	Humphrey Bogart
Dolores	Luana Alcaniz
Morloff	Michael Vavitch
Alicia	Mona Rico
Don Diego	John St. Polis
General Garcia	Robert Edeson

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Irving Cummings.

With civil war being the order of the day down South America way, and soldiers of fortune from this country finding opportunities for their talents in Brazil and Chile and Uruguay, A Devil with Women comes as a timely piece.

McLaglen is like a Richard Harding Davis hero seen slightly out of focus.

He meets Tom Standish (Humphrey Bogart). The two men are antagonistic at first, but later become friendly rivals for the favor of the

Leni Riefenstahl in a scene from The White Hell of Pitz Palu.

The heroine, Kay Johnson, and the bad man, John Mack Brown, in Billy the Kid.

Joan Bennett and Edmund Lowe, the latter playing a double rôle, in Scotland Yard.

beautiful Rosita Fernandez. There is plenty of shooting, our two brave heroes do some splendid fighting, lovely ladies dance and coquette.

This is Humphrey Bogart's second picture and he walks through it like a veteran. McLaglen is the blustering, comic fighting man, but always, in his own estimation, a very devil with women.

★ ★ SCOTLAND YARD

CAST

Sir John Lasher	Edmund Lowe
Dakin Barrolles	Edmund Lowe
Xandra, Lady Lasher	Joan Bennett
Charles Fox	Donald Crisp
Dr. Deon	Georges Renevant
Sir Clive Heathcote	Lumsden Hare
Captain Graves	David Torrence

Produced by Fox.
Directed by William K. Howard.

This is a smoothly acted melodrama. The picture is made from the stage play of the same name by Dennison Clift. It is the not very original theme of two men who resemble each other and one masquerading as the other. Except for a few minor details, it is well directed. Edmund Lowe does extremely well by the part of Barrolles, but he is not quite so convincing in the character of Sir John Lasher. That part doesn't seem to fit his own personality so well. Joan Bennett is very beautiful, but her face lacks that plastic quality which is vital to an actress. An emotion scarcely ever registers upon it. Donald Crisp and Lumsden Hare give convincing performances.

★ ★ THE SANTA FE TRAIL

CAST

Stan Hollister	Richard Arlen
Maria	Rosita Moreno
Doc Brady	Eugene Pallette
Emily	Mitzi Green
Old-Timer	Junior Durkin
Marc Coulard	Hooper Atchley
Juan Castinado	Luis Alberni

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

The directors who collaborated on The Light of Western Stars and The Border Legion made this story by Hal G. Evarts, originally called Spanish Acres, into an interesting and amusing adventure picture. There is nothing original about it, but it is good healthy entertainment.

Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin are an engaging pair of youngsters and their bits together furnish some of the delightful moments of the picture.

There is the usual love story with Richard Arlen as the brave hero and Rosita Moreno as the charming heroine of it. Eugene Pallette, with his blundering manner but heart of gold, is good as usual.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

The scene is the great southwest in the days when Santa Fe was something other than a railroad.

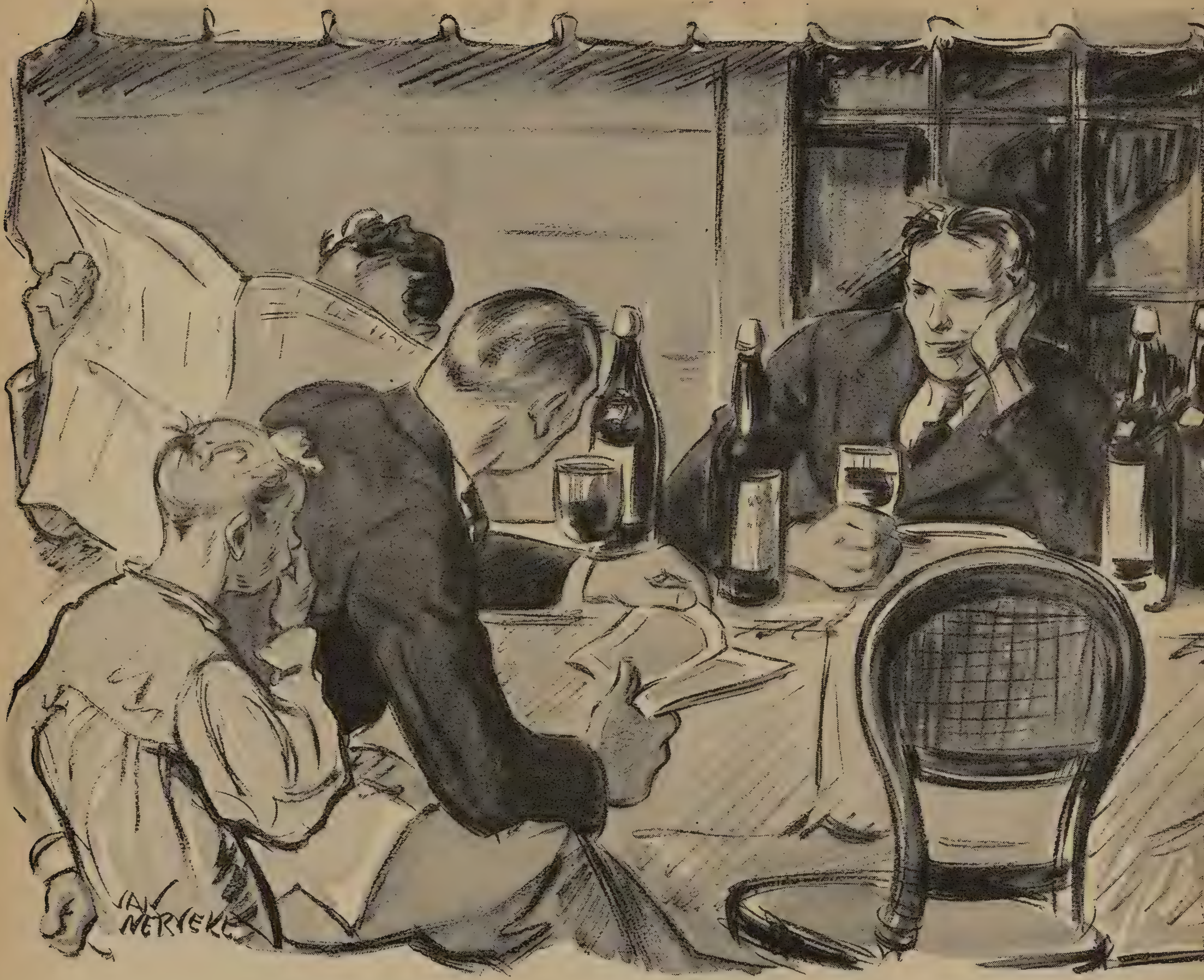
Do you know that—

Myrna Loy was introduced to the movies through Mrs. Rudolph Valentino when at the latter's request she was given a small rôle in What Price Beauty? Before that introduction Miss Loy was a student of Ruth St. Denis and was planning a career as a dancer?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Outward Bound.

★★★—Atlantic, Sinners' Holiday, Young Woodley, Once a Gentleman, The Office Wife, Africa Speaks, Her Wedding Night, What a Widow.



Another Story of NIKKI *and*

The Episode of the

(*Reading time: 23 minutes 25 seconds.*)

By JOHN MONK

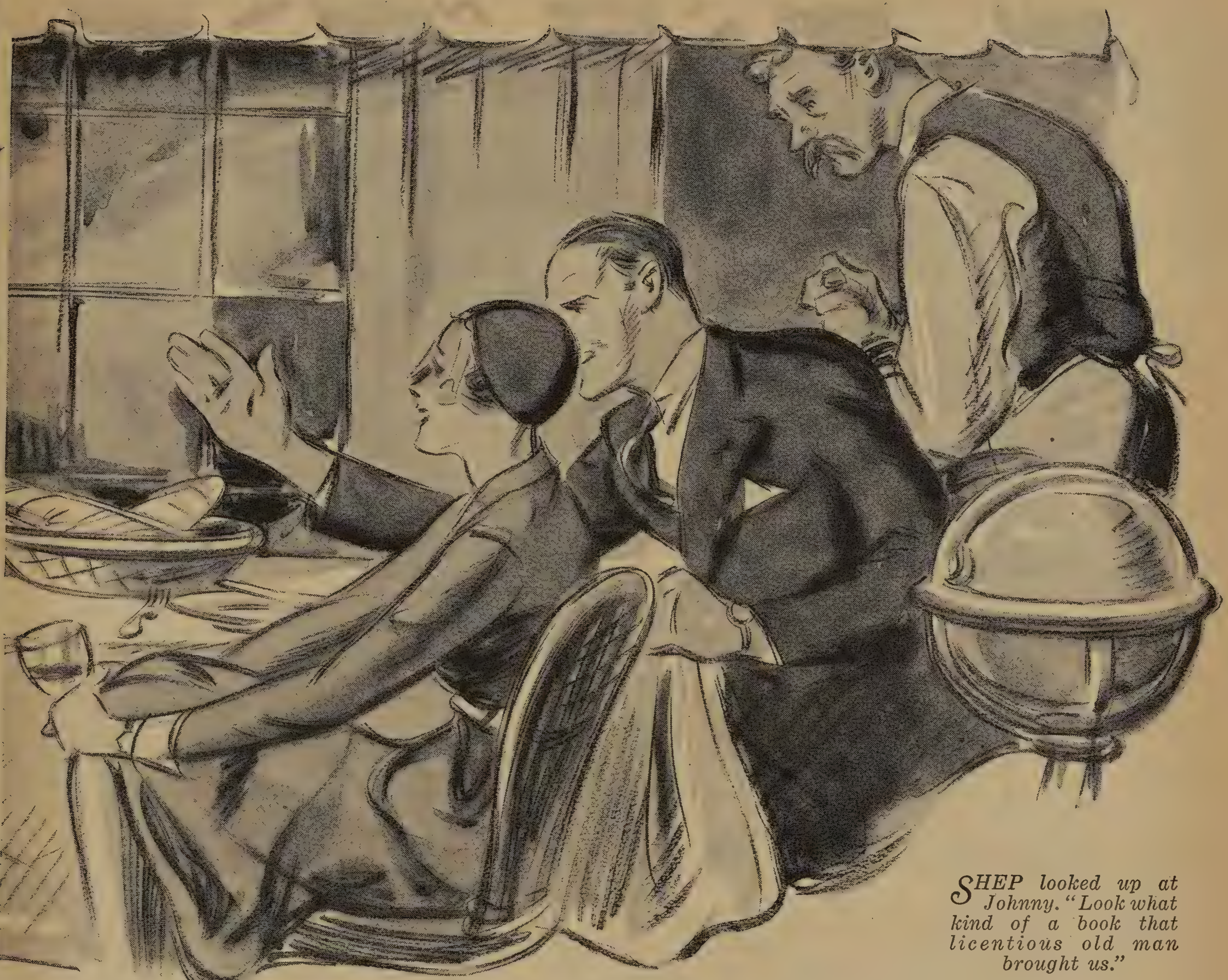
A BROKEN-DOWN Russian was waiting faithfully outside Claridge's in his broken-down cab. He was a big moon-faced Muscovite, who had sensed Shep Lambert's tender-heartedness and followed him around like a whipped puppy. He didn't know Paris very well and his speaking-French was pretty terrible and other taxi drivers grimaced at him and he had a large, dog-eared, folding, colored map of Paris. Shep borrowed the map once and left it somewhere and that did it. Helpless without his map, Serge attached himself to the man who last had his map.

In time Shep had become fond of both the cab and its driver. He was very happy about the cab; it was a great, roomy, wheezy old vehicle, with a bend in the middle like an old sway-backed mare. The number on the license plate of the cab was 1-4-9-2, so Shep called it, obviously, the Santa Maria. Shep said that once he gave three Jews a lift and the sea gulls deserted the cab at the Place Vendôme.

"What are Versailles anyway?" Bill Talbot demanded as he and Nikki and Johnny Swann got into Shep's cab. "And let's pull down the top, so we can catch a lot of breeze."

"If we had Cary along he could tell us," Shep said, "and look out for your fingers, here she comes."

"Where is Cary?" Nikki asked,



SHEP looked up at Johnny. "Look what kind of a book that licentious old man brought us."

Her War Birds

Pictures by
George van Werveke

King's Mistresses

Saunders

"Went off somewhere. I think he's got ideas. He gets ideas."

"Did he *have* to leave us?" Nikki asked.

"No, I don't suppose so. But he's like that."

The others could see that Nikki was disappointed. She looked wistfully along the boulevard.

"Now, now," said Shep, "don't be downhearted, darling. You'll see him when we get back."

"I wish he hadn't left us," Nikki said.

"Say what is this?" Shep demanded. "Are you getting that way about Cary? What's the idea? Trying to make the rest of us feel like a lot of ninety-eight-cent jewelry? Now ducky, don't be like that."

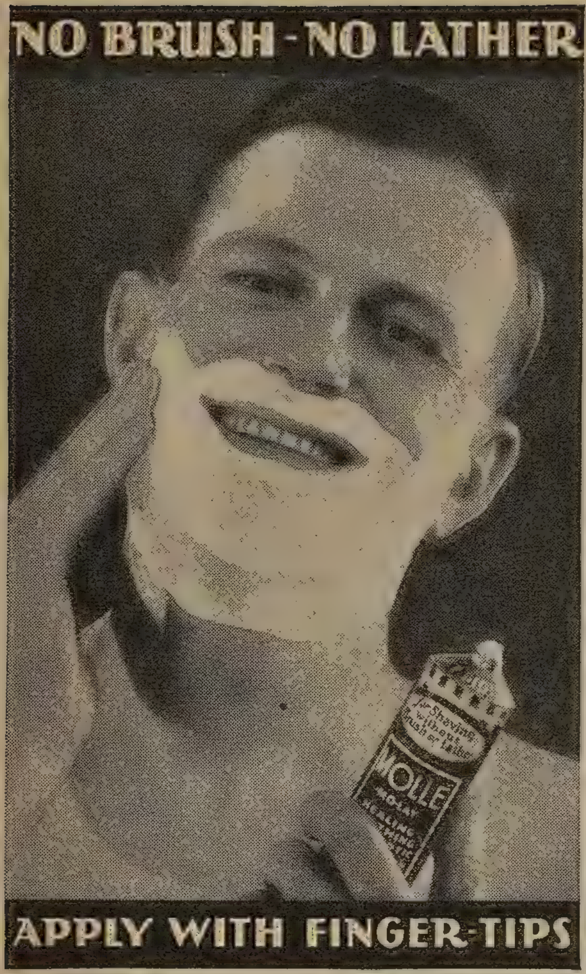
"All right," said Nikki, "I won't be like that. Where's Francis?"

"I don't know what happened to him," Shep said. "Went off to have hysterics I guess. He likes to be by himself when he has hysterics. Are we all set?" They had the top down now. Nikki sat in the middle between Shepard Lambert and Bill Talbot. Shep made Johnny sit on the jump seat again on account of, he said, Johnny was a licentious old man. Johnny protested, feebly, as usual, and Shep invited him to keep still and told the driver to take off for Versailles. Nikki wanted to know if it was really true that Francis had been an aviator in the war.

"Tsure," said Shep, affecting Francis' manner of speech.

"Now, tShepard."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The Best Shave in Your Life or Money Back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a comfort shave—a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before. Here's our guarantee:

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

THE EPISODE OF THE KING'S MISTRESSES
Continued from page thirty-one

"Tsweetheart!" exclaimed Shep. It was very easy to fall into that way of talking once you got it on your tongue. Shep told Nikki that Fwancis had really been one of the tsweetest pilots at the front; that he had been a tsuperb marksman, that he had half a dozen official and unofficial victories to his credit and that he had abruptly lost interest after his team mate had been killed.

"Oh, he's a rare tsoul," Shep said. "You all don't appreciate him; especially Bill here."

"What does Francis hang around for?" Bill said. "Why doesn't he stick to his own?"

Shep tried to explain to Bill with very indifferent success why Francis hung about. "He's trying to be normal," Shep said. "He is cultivating the society of normal people in order to keep his balance."

Bill snorted with derision. It seemed damn' funny to him; Francis trying to find a balance amongst their strange, disordered lives. Normal people! But Shep assured him that that was the case. The Washout was lonely and all he wanted was a little normal association.

The People in the Story

NIKKI, an American girl, "pitifully young and tender and wise," who has found her way into the strange disordered lives of five American war flyers left astray in Paris after the Armistice.

And the flyers—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, known as Shep,

BILL BRONKO TALBOT, all-American half back,

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford,

FRANCIS, otherwise The Washout, who is always falling asleep in the daytime, and

JOHNNY SWANN, the youngest of the crowd—all of them "like swimmers at night on a shoreless sea, fearful to let their legs down, swimming blindly onward and onward to self-destruction."

But Bill suspected him of some sinister design. "Where does he go at night?" Bill wanted to know.

Francis had a strange habit of disappearing without explanation, at night. He was always on hand in the mornings. Once he had come back pretty well scratched and torn up.

SHEP said he could explain that, too. There was a strange group of people, men and women who met secretly at night somewhere in the Bois de Boulogne. The exact spot and the hour remained a secret until the last minute when the word was passed around. It was something like the mysterious floating dice game on Broadway. Only these ones did not convene for gambling.

BUY NOW!

Shortly before the appointed time, taxicabs could be seen to leave various of the smart hotels headed in a mutual direction.

The cabs would arrive almost simultaneously at the prearranged spot in the Bois. Lights were turned off. Mysterious figures debouched from the tonneaus and flitted into the darkness.

Bill wanted to know what happened then.

"Brother," said Shep, "it ain't no Church Social."

It was understood that whoever embarked upon these midnight excursions was morally emancipated and committed to any consequences.

Nikki burst out laughing. "It all sounds so silly," she said.

"Would you like to go?" Shep said.

"Thank you," said Nikki.

"Do you mean to say that Francis goes on those things every night?" Bill demanded.

"I don't know," Shep said.

Shep thought it was a sly idea to make out Francis as mysterious a creature as possible if only to intimidate Bill. To Shep's way of thinking, Francis was an emotional defective, likely to become violent under the stress of anger, fear, or passion.

So that was why Francis was always so sleepy during the day, Bill reflected. That was why Francis carried that little chiming watch to wake him up at odd moments.

"HOW does he keep awake at all?" Bill asked.

"Sleeping tablets," Shep said. He knew they would think that he was joking, when, as a matter of fact, he was telling the truth. Shep had once seen Francis privily drop a tablet in a glass of carbonated water at the Claridge bar and that told him the whole story. It was probably allonal or luminal or, anyhow, some derivative of barbituric acid. Taken in charged water it had quite the opposite of its intended effect. It made you spin.

So Francis and his chiming watch went spinning, light-headed, through his days, spinning, spinning, faster and faster. But Shep did not attempt to explain this to the others. Maybe he was wrong; and whose business was it if you went in for a little light drug-using?

They stopped at several cafés on the way out for drinks, so it was after two before they arrived at the Esplanade. Shep espied a little open-air café with clean white tables under a white and green awning and with garden boxes of red geraniums. The name of the place was the Café Restaurant de Londres (Place d'Armes).

"Now let's have some good food," Shep said, "and sort of get in training for this here expedition."

They all settled about a long table for eight. It gave them room to sit sidewise and put their feet on the rungs of the other chairs.

"You know," Shep complained, "I've noticed that when people go places they have books. We haven't any books."

That's right they agreed, and they thought it would be a splendid idea to send Johnny over to get a guidebook or something. Shep said he would order for him.

Johnny went off and came back after a while with a book. The others were still drinking cocktails, but were getting ready for some assorted hors d'œuvres.

Shep took the book from Johnny, opened it at random and began to read:

"'Other rooms afforded discreet refuges for certain persons of the fair sex.' Hey, what is this anyway?" he demanded of Johnny. "'Madame de Mailly, who used to constellate her head with diamonds as a preparation for sleep, had sometimes a logis there, and so had one afterwards, her sister, Madame de la Tournelle and Madame de Pompadour in the early period of her favor. A lot of the lesser mistresses, grisettes and common girls were also put up in the Little Closets. Indefatigable Le Bel would hunt out the creatures, bathe and scrub them, if required, inspect their teeth and neatly dress them before introducing them to the King.'"

Shep began to shake his head sadly and looked up at Johnny. "Look what kind of a book that licentious old man brought us."

Johnny blushed and protested about that. He said he wasn't a licentious old man.

"Have you got references," Shep demanded, "no two of whom are relatives?"

Johnny said he got the book at the bookstall at the gate.

"You're an old lecher," Shep accused him sternly, and went on reading:

"'One of the King's greatest delights was to get the Post Office to bring him his subjects' private mails which he would seal and re-seal after having enjoyed the love affairs they disclosed, and ascertain what people thought and wrote of him.'"

Bill wanted to know how about a bottle of wine?

"'His favorite cat, a huge white angora, used to sleep every evening in front of the fireplace on a crimson satin cushion.'"

Shep said to give him the wine card.

"Gimme that there book," said Bill.

"*Vins de Champagne,*" Shep read. "Nope, nothing gassy. *Vins de Bordeaux Rouges*—who wants red Bordeaux? No? Good, no Bordeaux Rouge.

"Do you know what they call a lady from Bordeaux?" he inquired as an afterthought. "A Bordelaise. And do you know what they call a man? A Bordello. That's naughty. Nikki, you aren't supposed to know about that."

NIKKI never seemed to be paying attention when things like that were said.

"Rhine wines and Moselles," Shep continued. "Could anybody go for some Rüdesheimer nineteen twenty-one at thirty-eight francs the one-half *bout?* No? Chablis? Graves? Barsac? Sauterne? Sauterne? Oh, here is a beautiful wine. Château Yquem. That's the best wine they is going. Not too sweet. Not too dry. Make you laugh and play. How about it—for a hundred and eighty francs the *bouteille?* Sold? Sold. Make you laugh and play. Gimme back that book." He took the book away from Bill.

Bill was nervous about letting Shep go on with the book. He kept eying Nikki to see if she minded.

"'It was to this room,'" Shep read, "'wherethrough flitted numberless mistresses of passage, that Louis Fifteenth, aged sixty-four, was carried back. He had been suddenly stricken down by infectious smallpox communicated by a joiner's daughter on the preceding day.'"

"That's what you get for opening other people's mail," Johnny pointed out. "Maybe we might go take a look at that room."

"It says these rooms are of no admittance to the public. That's always the way it is," Shep lamented.

"'Like the building of palaces, a King's amours add to his fame.' Why only a King? 'Francis I, the Roi Cheva-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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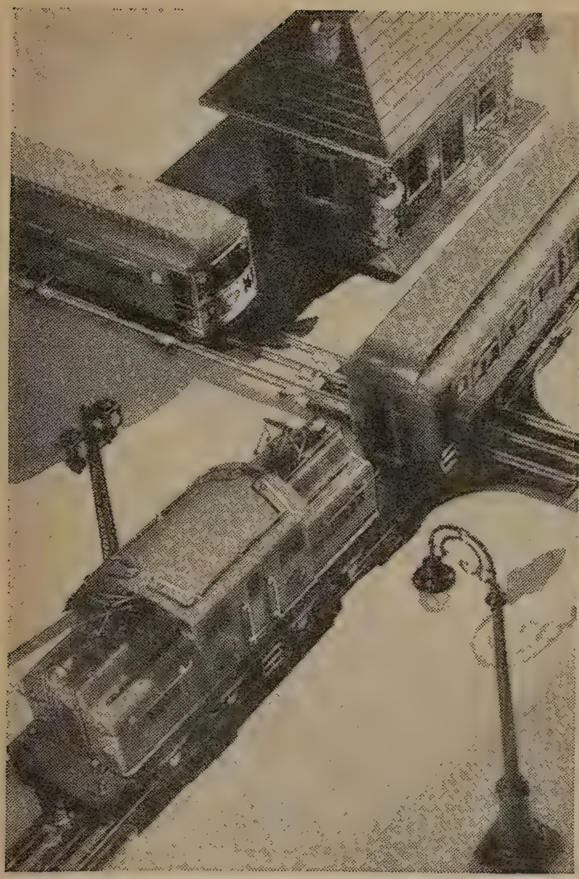

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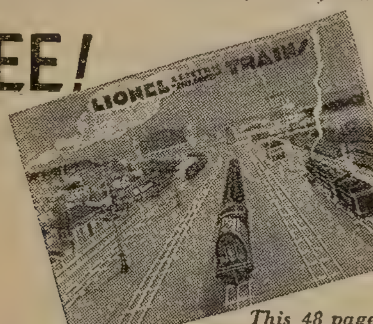

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THE EPISODE OF THE KING'S MISTRESSES
Continued from page thirty-three

lier, could not count the number of his mistresses, scattered about everywhere.' Here comes the soup. 'A year had scarcely passed since his marriage when Louis the Fourteenth began to notice one of the maids of honor. . . .' Hey, this is good soup. 'Sweet seventeen, a native of Touraine, petite and slender, with no figure to speak of—' No figure to speak of—well, we'll let that pass for a minute. 'Teeth not so pearly, a somewhat thick-tipped nose and a slight limp.' . . . Outside of that," Shep said, "the gal was a knockout. 'The girl was yet extremely winsome due to an abundance of silvery fair hair, and blue eyes from the limpid depths of which shone Love Expectant.' Love Expectant," Shep repeated. "How's that for a Title?"

"How about pouring out some more of that Château Yquem?" Bill inquired.

"Right-ho. Fling your lip over that."

Shep went on with his reading. "'Anne of Austria attempted to check her son's growing passion; at which he wept, but declared that he neither had the strength nor the wish to overcome his attachment or resist his feelings.' That's the way to express yourself, isn't it? How's the fish?

". . . 'As for Mlle. de La Vallière, who was attracted quite as much by the man as by the Monarch, she glided of herself into his arms . . . . the King gave a carrousel in her honour . . .' Well, I didn't s'pose she had any by now."

"NOT after that glide," Bill said. "' . . . which took place in the inner court of the Tuileries—'

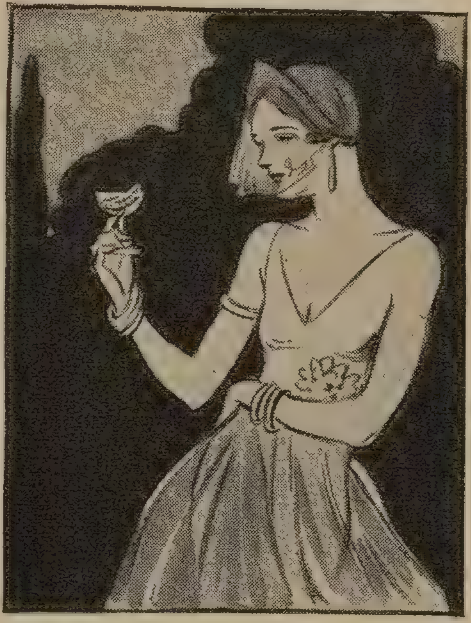
"Now look—Little La Vallière can no longer suffice the increasing pride of the old boy, so he begins to look sidewise at Madame de Montespan. She is blonde, but of a fiercer hue. A fierce blonde, can you beat that? It says her shape is perfect and listen: 'Like all other persons both men and women, she made use of strongly scented rouge, powder and perfumes to disguise a neglect of personal cleanliness, a common failing in those days, of which the King himself was not guiltless.'"

Nikki made a face.

"That's not like our little girlfriend," Shep said.

"I'll bet the King gave the blonde a carrousel too," Johnny said.

"Oh sure. Only you pronounce it carrous*el*. He gave her a carrous*el* that cost eighty thousand dollars. It says here they had 'an artificial hill with caves full of cold meat and ham. On a second stood tiers upon tiers of cups, and goblets of sherbet, wine and brandy.' Those were the days, eh, Johnny? 'The other buffet supported a pyramid of preserved fruits, a miniature castle built of almond paste and a rock of caramel. Between these sideboards stood, in silver or china flowerpot holders, small trees covered with other kinds of preserved fruits tied to their branches with ribbons. Rows of melons and jars of jam were arranged alternately on grassy banks all around the grove. Oranges, cherries, apricots, peaches, currants and pears had, by the skill of gardeners, been forced to ripen at the same time—'"



Nikki was standing with a glass in her hand—as usual.

"READ about the mistresses," said Johnny Swann, "that's more exciting."

Nikki wanted to know what time it was. She was getting a little worried about the time. It was after one when they left Claridge's and they'd been an hour and a half getting out there.

Each time they were ready to make a start, however, they discovered that one of the party was missing. Whereupon Shep would order another bottle of wine and launch into further conversation. Nikki was afraid they might not start before it was too late.

Finally the party was complete and Shep paid the account and they started for the palace gates.

A cab driver standing by the entrance waved to them.

"*Fermé!*" he called.

Shep stopped short. "He says it's closed," he said hopefully.

"Well, let's go see anyway," Nikki said. "We've come this far."

"I'm sure it's closed," Shep said. "See, everybody is coming out."

"Well, let's make sure."

They finally compromised on sending Johnny over while the rest sat on the curb. Shep sent Bill to fetch the Grand Duke and his cab, so they wouldn't have to walk back. Nikki was glad to sit down. She was a little dizzy with all that Château Yquem.

Johnny came back just as Bill arrived on the running board of the cab.

"Closed for the day," Johnny said.

"Well," said Shep, "we made a noble effort, didn't we?"

Nikki saw that there was nothing to do now but go home. Maybe they could start earlier next time.

"It certainly was a good effort," Shep said over and over again on the way back, reminiscing over the Versailles excursion.

They all agreed that it was a jolly good effort to visit Versailles. They had read all about it in a book anyway, so what the hell.

When they got back to the Carlton Nikki said she wanted to take a bath and change.

"How about tonight?" Bill asked.

"Take me dancing?"

"Sure," said Bill.

They left her at her door and went off down the corridor.

A moment later the telephone rang in Shep's room. Shep picked up the transmitter.

"Allo," he said in his best French manner.

Nikki's voice came floating uncertainly over the wire. "Shep?"

"Yes, darlin'."

"Was there anything intoxicating in those drinks this afternoon?"

"Certainly not. Why?"

"I tried to unlock my door with a pocket comb is all. Thanks."

At seven Shep collected Bill and Johnny and Cary and Francis and went back to Nikki's room.

Nikki looked very mysterious and alluring in a Venetian dress with a tight silver bodice and swelling skirt of silver-tipped black tulle. At her waist she wore a little bouquet of flowers with multicolored ribbons. She was wearing tulle wristlets and a green jade bracelet about her upper arm. She had on a black hat fitted closely to her head and with a sheer black veil that fell below her chin. Slender jade pendants hung from her ears. She carried herself like a princess on her high pointed heels.

BUY NOW!

"Gosh," said Shep when he saw her. "You look like something out of the Tales of Hoffman."

"Yessir," said Johnny Swann, "she looks just like the Barcarolle sounds."

Nikki looked so lovely they decided to take her to the Ritz for cocktails.

AT the Ritz they had a lot of dry Martinis and smoked any number of cigarettes. While Shep was talking, Nikki interrupted to inquire pointedly of Johnny, who was sitting beside her on the wall seat: "Just what are your plans?"

Johnny blushed and withdrew his hand from beneath the table.

They all looked at him severely.

"You will have to watch that lad," Shep said.

Bill was sore. "You know better than that," he told Johnny.

"Your behavior, sir," Shep announced, "is unseemly, unethical, indelicate and lousy. Have I made myself clear?"

Johnny Swann said that it was all a mistake; he felt like a brother to Nikki.

A boy was sitting all alone along the wall beside Johnny. He was quite young and pale and handsome in his dinner clothes. He bent his glance on people with the stern fixity of the very drunk. Everybody avoided his eyes. He had spoken to Shep when they first came and Nikki asked who he was.

Shep said he was a drinking acquaintance.

"Somebody gave him a case of absinthe," Shep said, "and he's drinking his way through it all by himself. He won't give anyone else a drink."

"Well," said Bill, "I hope he makes it."

"He sees everything green by now," Shep said. "He looks at things through a green mist. He's living in a green dream."

The boy finally managed to fix Johnny with his eyes. "*I'm* all right," he said as if Johnny had accused him, "but *you've* got a green parrot on *your* shoulder." He snicked the parrot off Johnny's shoulder.

Johnny thanked him and said, "Be careful. Don't knock the parrot's hat off."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE EPISODE OF THE KING'S MISTRESSES
Continued from page thirty-five]

"Where are we going for dinner?" Nikki asked.

"Château Madrid," Shep said. "Ever been?"

"No."

They had some more cocktails and then climbed back into the Santa Maria. It was a long, cool ride out to the Château Madrid. They found a table under the colored lights in the trees beside the out-of-door dance floor.

Cary and Bill and even Shep danced with Nikki during the cool April evening. They strayed away, though, one by one, on vague errands. Finally Nikki, herself, went for a stroll.

When Shep and Bill came upon her she was standing beside a great flowering hydrangea bush at the far end of the garden with a glass in her hand—as usual.

She made a lovely picture in her black-and-silver dress against the giant pink-and-white blooms.

"Hi, Nikki," Shep said. "What are you doing all by yourself? Where's everybody?"

"They all kind of wandered off," Nikki said.

"Well, that's no way to treat a lady. What've you got in that glass?"

"Teeth."

"Teeth?"

Nikki held out the glass for them to see.

"Can you imagine that?" Shep said. "It's teeth."

"Full set," said Bill, "upper and lower."

"What a beautiful smile," said Shep. "Nikki, how come you to win those teeth?"

"Well," said Nikki, "I was just standing here and a young gentleman came up and begged my pardon and asked would I mind holding his teeth for a minute."

"What did he want you to hold his teeth for?"

"Said there was somebody he wanted to biff."

"And?" said Bill.

"And I said. 'No not at all.' There wasn't anything particular doing at the moment, I said, and it seemed like a good idea."

"Good ole Nik."

"He said thank you and he took out his teeth and put them in my glass and then he went off."

"Yeah?" said Bill, his face lighting up. "Which way did he go?"

"Around to the right," said Nikki, pointing.

"Come on, Shep," Bill said. "Maybe we'll see a fight."

They left Nikki standing wistfully by the hydrangeas.

The orchestra was playing tango music and people were dancing on the floor in the center of the garden.

CARY and The Washout came along. "What's that?" The Washout asked, looking curiously at Nikki's glass.

"Teeth," said Nikki.

"*Teeth.* For heaven's tsakes! Whose teeth?"

"I don't know," Nikki said. "Somebody came along and asked me would I hold his teeth a minute."

"What did he want you to hold his teeth for?"

"Said he was going to biff somebody."

"Which way did he go?" Cary said.

Nikki pointed.

The Washout and Cary started off in the direction indicated by Nikki's finger. "Come along, Nikki."

"No," said Nikki, "I have to stay here and mind the man's teeth."

After a while Shep and Bill came back. Nikki was standing in the same place. Her glass was empty.

"We missed it," Bill said.

"Did something happen?"

"They carried somebody out. What did you do with the teeth?" Shep said, looking at the empty glass.

"Oh, the man came and got his teeth."

Shep and Bill looked at her interestedly.

"What did he say?"

"He said could he have his teeth back now?"

"Was that all he said?"

"Well, he said he thought I was kind of sweet to help him out like that."

"WHAT did he look like?" Shep wanted to know.

"Oh, he was very nice-looking," Nikki assured them.

"Was he old?"

"Oh, about twenty."

"Twenty?"

"I think he fell in an airplane in the war and got his teeth knocked out."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, his jaw was kind of cut up—like it had been smashed."

Shep was interested.

"Why do you think he was in the war?"

"Well," Nikki defended, "he had a kind of little striped ribbon in his buttonhole."

"Well, what makes you think he was a flyer?"

"His eyes," she said simply. "He had the same kind of look in his eyes that you all have—and Francis."

They all laughed at her. "You can tell flyers better by their ears," Shep said.

"He had the niceth lithp," Nikki said dreamily.

When it was time to go home they couldn't find Johnny. They hunted all over the place for him and finally left without him.

Going back in the cab, Bill pointed off to the right.

"That certainly is a beautiful lake," he said.

"Lake," said Shep, "that there's a palm tree."

"Palm tree," Bill repeated stubbornly.

"Lake."

"Palm tree."

"La—a—ake."

"Palm tree-e-e-e."

"All right," said Bill, "stop the cab. I'm going to jump at it. And if it splashes it's a palm tree."

"O. K.," said Shep. They stopped the cab and got out.

"It isn't a palm tree nor it isn't a lake," The Washout confided to Nikki.

"I know," said Nikki quickly. "It's a hoax."

They went back to the hotel, took Nikki to her apartment, and said good night.

Another story of Nikki and her war birds, more of these goings-on, will be found in Liberty next week.

NEXT WEEK—

An extraordinary
short story

The Man Who Remembered His Wife

by the late
PERCEVAL GIBBON

—AND—

A flyer's estimate
of women who fly

Lady Birds

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"Well, it makes a feller feel better to have a little money in his pockets."—Mrs. W. E. Wells, 4540 Lyndale Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

Candy?

Sonny, aged four, and grandma were looking at the pictures of the frog who would a-wooing go in the old Mother Goose book.

"Sonny," said grandma, pointing to the package the frog had tucked under his arm, "what's that?"

"Why, grandma," said Sonny, "that's his wooing-go."—Mrs. A. M. Hall, 19 10th Ave., San Mateo, Calif.

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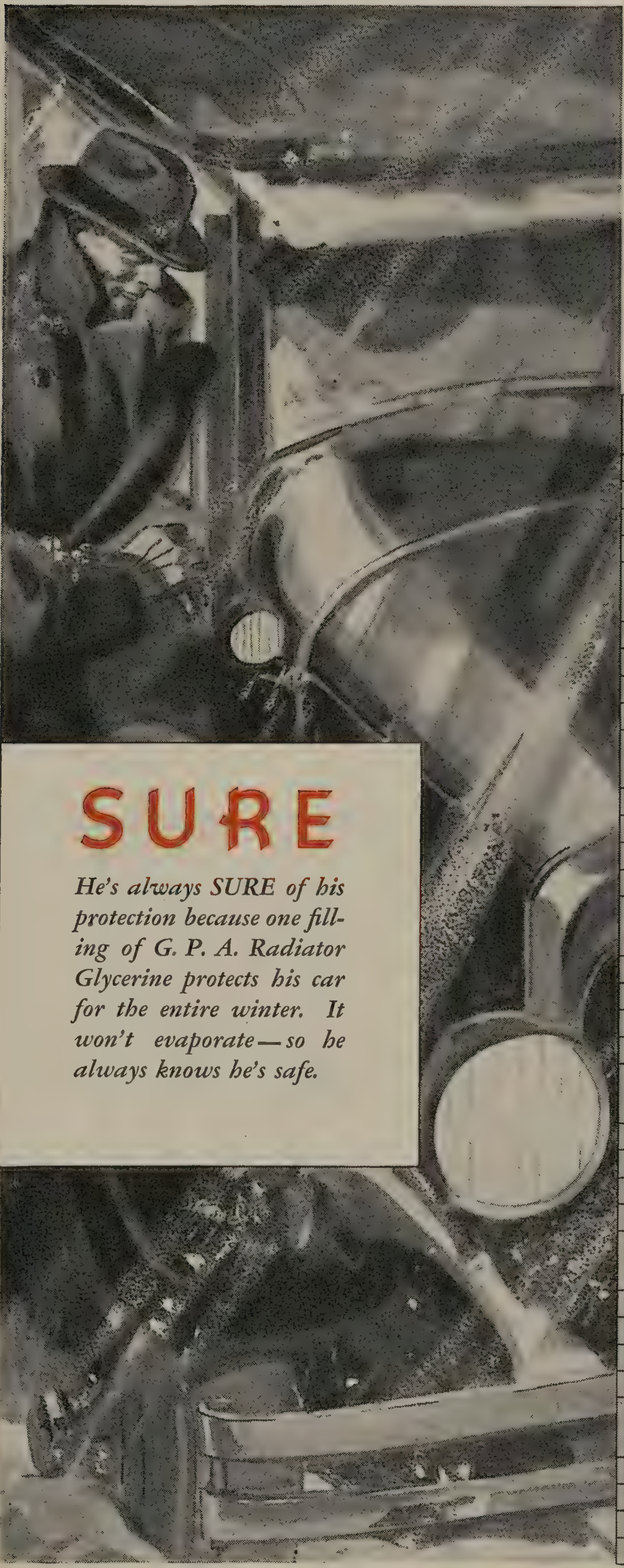

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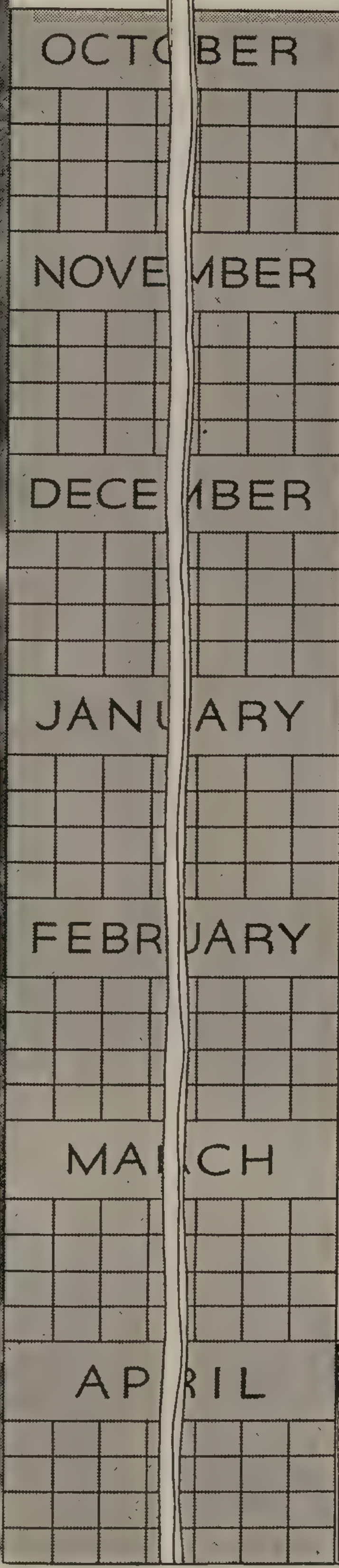
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International photo

General Villa, wearing a big hat and a pre-defeat smile, flanked by aides.

The WATERLOO of Pancho Villa

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 19 min. 12 sec.)

HELLO everybody! The last battle of Pancho Villa changed the fate of Mexico. It also had its effect on American history. It was one of the decisive battles of this continent . . . yet it remains unheralded and unsung.

I can still remember the moans of the wounded and the dying, the groans of dying horses.

But standing out in the picture is Pancho Villa himself, in his American cowboy hat, his silk shirt open at the throat, biting into oranges, spitting out the skin.

General Obregon, the late president, who was assassinated by a young boy, lost his arm in that battle. I saw the shell that did the dirty work.

I told the story of the first day of that battle in my last yarn. Night and exhaustion had brought a respite in the battle, which was continued with renewed fury the next morning.

It was almost one o'clock of that morning when Dr. Wichman and I reached the base of the little mountain hill called El Mirador, which was on the left of Villa's lines and was his headquarters for that night. We slept in a ravine which protected us from stray enemy shots and which permitted us the luxury of a fire and hot food. My thoughts went back to the poor devils who were lying out between the lines. That battlefield was about 6,000 feet above sea level and, in Mexico even the summer nights seem bitterly cold.

BUY NOW!

In the morning we climbed the rocky slope of El Mirador and in the shade of the little cement round house on the very top we watched the opening of the day's artillery duel. Inside the cement house, maps were spread out on roughly constructed tables, over which staff officers bent and fixed tacks or made markings with different colored pencils. Three field telephone instruments were affixed to the wall and there was a continual flow of messages and reports and orders.

Pancho Villa sat on a rock on the outside of the round house and looked down on the battle in the valley below. Frequently he raised and lowered his field glasses as he brought them to bear on different sections of the irrigation ditches, where the bombardment seemed the most intense.

HE wore a gray felt cowboy hat of American manufacture. His cream-colored silk shirt was open at the throat. His bulky waist was girded with the cartridge belt and ever present revolver. At times he would lower the glasses with a violent exclamation—at the same time gritting his teeth and clenching his fist. He would bark out an order which a waiting officer would immediately transmit by telephone. At other times he would sit and noisily suck the juice from an orange. He ate an orange as if it were an apple—bit through the skin into the pulp, chewed the pulp, and spat out the skin. Then he would wipe his mustache with the back of his hand and pick his teeth with a straw or a sliver of whittled wood.

Beside this primitive bandit, seated on his right, was a military officer and a gentleman of the old school of Mexico. He was General Felipe Angeles of the faculty at Chapultepec—the West Point of Mexico. Angeles was the greatest artillerist in Mexico, and it was he who directed the fire of the Villista cannon throughout the battle. These consisted mostly of three-inch Schneider guns and it was the concentrated effect of their bombardment that registered one casualty that day which might have spelled the difference between victory and defeat for Pancho Villa—and which might have changed the history and complexion of Mexico.

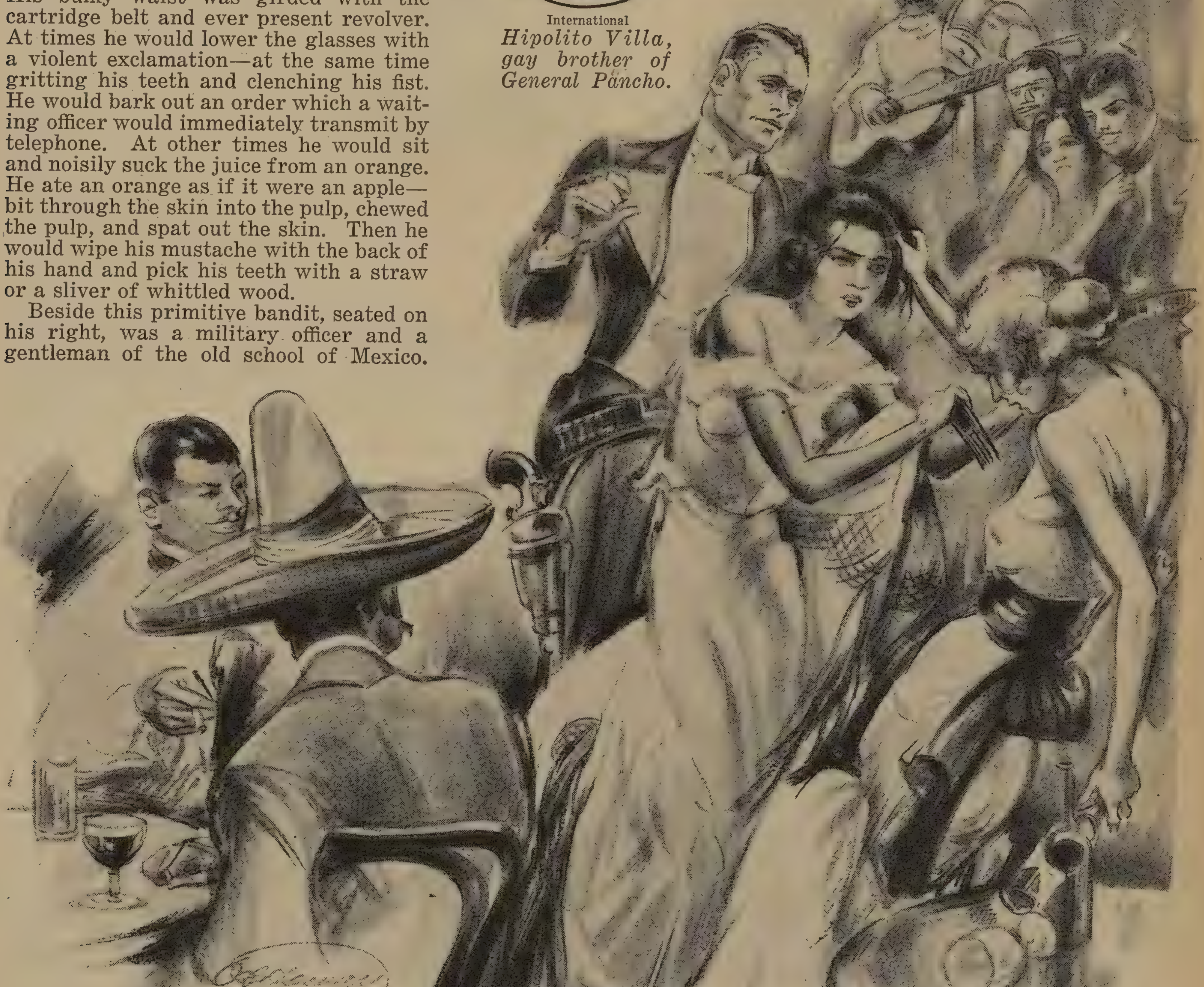
None of us on the Villista side knew what happened behind the enemy lines that day, when General Angeles concentrated all of his cannon on the railroad station at the little village of Trinidad, not quite two miles away and quite easily to be seen from our position on the mountain top.

But one of those shells, bursting on the station platform itself, almost killed the commander in chief of the Carranzista forces—General Obregon. Shell splinters

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International

Hipolito Villa, gay brother of General Pancho.



Picture by O. F. Howard

The fight threatened to assume serious proportions when the Mexican girl pulled a steel-pronged comb from her hair.

THE WATERLOO OF PANCHO VILLA
Continued from page forty-one

so riddled one of his arms that amputation was necessary. That picturesque empty sleeve figured most importantly in the subsequent election in which Obregon became the president of his country. It will be remembered, of course, that he met his death two years ago by an assassin's bullet.

That afternoon, Doc Wichman and I, descending from the mountain lookout, were riding our horses across the valley toward the railroad line which ran down the center. We thought we were a safe distance behind Villa's front-line trenches, but to our dismay found that we had miscalculated the range of Obregon's artillery, which opened up a heavy fire against the Villista front lines and back areas.

We left the horses in an irrigation ditch and proceeded on foot. In the center of a plowed field, not a hundred yards from the railroad track, we both threw ourselves flat on the ground as a shell whistled overhead and landed some fifty yards behind us. On the track was a stationary train of some twelve or fifteen freight cars, with the locomotive in the rear. The front car was a flat car, on which stood a three-inch field piece with a gun crew that kept sending shells toward the enemy line. To the rear were box cars. As another shell fell close by in our field, Doc Wichman stuck his head up out of his furrow and shouted:

Photo by Bain

General, later President, Obregon (in the white uniform) with members of his staff, about the time he routed Villa but before he lost his arm. The three officers standing are Yaqui Indians.

"Come on! We'll make a run for the railroad embankment. It's safer."

We both tore across the intervening hundred yards and I followed Doc as he dived under the third or fourth box car. I followed him also as he wriggled in over the bumper and brake beams—right over the wheel trucks of the car. Doc explained his smartness as follows:

"It's quite safe under here—a little greasy and dirty, but they can't touch us. These steel wheels on each side of us will prevent any shell splinters from hitting us. This is a real armored dugout."

BUY NOW!

This explanation made me feel safer because for the next ten or twenty minutes several dozen shells fell in the field beside the car, and several times we heard the ping and crash of pieces of metal as they struck against the steel wheels protecting us. In fifteen minutes the downpour of shells subsided. We waited another five minutes to make sure and then crawled out from under the car on the side opposite to that from which we had crawled under it.

As we stood erect, both of us noticed that the side door of the box car was open. In the doorway, a man was seated on a box, with his back against another wooden box, and his feet resting on another box in front of him. The man looked to be about fifty years old. He had gray chin whiskers like a Dutch comedian, and he was smoking a villainous-looking corncob pipe. He greeted our appearance with the following demand:

"Who the hell are you and what the hell are you doing under my car?"

Dr. Wichman barked right back at him:

"Who are you and what are you doing up here with your car right in the middle of this battle?"

"Who am I?" repeated the man with the corncob pipe. "I'll tell you who I am. I am the chief of Pancho Villa's *dinamiteros* [dynamiters], if you can understand that, and I'm up here delivering the twenty thousand pounds of dynamite field mines in this car to the front."

Suffering firecrackers!! I looked at Wichman and he looked at me. And the next time we looked at each other we were some four or five hundred yards away from that car of explosives and we were both out of breath.

We lost no time in reaching the irrigation ditch where we had left our horses and on them we returned to headquarters. Villa was not there and there were glum faces among the staff officers. We learned that the day had gone badly on both ends of the line and that an attempt to make an enveloping movement around Obregon's right flank, for the purpose of cutting his communications, had resulted in a dismal failure, and heavy losses in men and horses. There was every indication that the battle had definitely turned against Villa.

That night I returned to the city of León, sickened with the thought of all the useless slaughter that I had witnessed, sickened also by the thought that this slaughter was to continue.

WHAT I am about to tell you now I have never made public before, and I can only do so now for the reason that the principal actors in this intrigue, with the exception of myself, are all dead.

That night in the headquarters of General Angeles—and in all the city for that matter—the feeling of defeat was in the air. I felt it deeply myself. I asked Dr. Wichman if there was anything that could be done to stop the strife and prevent the impending disaster and widespread loss of life. I asked him if there was anything that he could think of that I, as an American, could do that would bring the prospect of peace any closer to war-ridden Mexico.

Dr. Wichman conferred immediately with General Angeles. We were alone in his room and we talked in whispers. Wichman explained as follows:

"If word of this should get to Villa, he would shoot you and me and General Angeles as well. He would consider it a plot against him. As a matter of fact, it is something you can do to help him, as well as all Mexico. But he is too much of a primitive fighter to understand that and he would only consider it treason.

"The situation is like this. Villa's reserves are all used up. His forces have been cut in half. Desertions are increasing. We are almost completely out of ammunition and supplies. Our communications with the American frontier are threatened and may be cut at any time."

"What can I do?" I asked.

Wichman replied: "Get to the States as quickly as you can by any logical pretext or excuse that will prevent Villa from thinking that you are deserting him, or that you might be leaving him because you think he is losing. If he suspected that, it would be fatal to you. When you get to El Paso, get the news to Washington as soon as possible concerning the exact condition of affairs down here, and then suggest that the State Department, or the Pan-American Union or some group of the Latin-American nations, propose a truce to both sides and a settlement of the Mexican question by a conference of South or Central American nations."

That was the peaceful mission on which I left for the north two nights later. I can tell this now because it will not result in the execution of anyone in Mexico. General Angeles is dead and so is old Doc Wichman, although I did not know of his death until recently, when I received a letter from his niece—Virginia Douglas Wichman of 1454 Fargo Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

It seems that Dr. Wichman disciplined a house servant in his house in Chihuahua City, Mexico, and died the following morning, March 18, 1919, from a sudden and mysterious malady which was diagnosed as acute indigestion. But in the minds of his surviving brother and niece there has always remained the thought of poison.

And old Pancho Villa himself is also dead—ambushed and assassinated, but that was after he had made his peace with the Mexican government. I can recall most vividly now that he was very much alive, however, during that long two days and nights' journey. Call it desertion, or escape, or whatever you will, I felt that I was acting for the best interests of both Villa and Obregon, as well as the valiant sons of Mexico who would have paid with their lives for a continuance of the bitter strife.

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

I obtained permission to hook my private box car on the northbound train on the pretext of going to Juarez to purchase more supplies. Bob Dorman, my photographer, an interpreter, and the two Chinese servants — Murphy and Schultz — went with me. We reached Juarez safely, although I had the constant fear of being held up by telegram at every railroad station where the train stopped.

Juarez represented the last barrier and if I passed that I knew that I would be safe once I reached the other side. The Villista official received me most courteously in Juarez and I thought it wise not to make a precipitate move to get across the river in a hurry.

WHAT a wild town that Juarez was in those days!

The tall office buildings and modern business blocks of El Paso, Texas, looked down upon the drab splotch of flat-roofed and one-story adobe houses, the crooked streets and winding alleys that made up the Mexican city.

Across the sand bars and stagnant pools called the Rio Grande, Americans seeking relief from asphalt pavements, clanging street cars, whizzing elevators, and the stifling casque of "lawanorder" could slip back a century into the past by means of a five-minute walk.

For the man who enjoyed an occasional permission to dine in his shirt sleeves, for the fellow who would deliberately throw ashes on the best rug or rest his feet on the mantelpiece, for the formality-ridden and convention-sickened human being—for such a man, Juarez was the Mecca of a real atavistic excursion.

They lived fast in Juarez—they burned life. "Wide open" would be an expression of puritanical exactitude were it applied to the freedom, the license, the abandon, the recklessness of that revolutionary frontier city in the land of *mañana*.

Juarez had applied a coat of vermillion hue to the well known blue laws. The city's very air bred in one the impulse to tear off that choking white collar, open the shirt at the neck, and step ankle deep into the next mud puddle with joy in the ruined polish.

That picturesque, if not eminently respectable, element of humanity which comprised the red-blooded attractiveness of Juarez was drafted from the world over. From all places where men dared, Juarez had drawn a quota of the most daring. The town was the haven of those whose daring had clashed with convention or laws.

There was no formal registration of these citizens. Back in the places where they dared, their names might have been found on indictments; or maybe if the black defacements of some social registers could have been removed, they would have revealed the names of some of the gayest habitués of Juarez.

The man who had left suddenly with the funds of the bank or the church or maybe departed as precipitately with the neighbor's wife, was likely to be found in Juarez. Under conditions at that time, the Mexican-United States border was as responsive to extradition papers as Davy Jones' locker. Whether they were thieves or gamblers, absconders or confidence men, home wreckers or wife deserters, they met on an equal plane in Juarez and in safety. The Elba of those exiles who wanted to be forgotten was not without its joys. Jaurez entertained the wildest inclinations of its sojourners.

If gambling would replace the interest of other scenes and other places, it was there. There were the races, the bull ring, the cockpit, and the gambling halls, where any and all methods of fortune tempting were open to the highest as well as the lowest wagerers. There were cafés, white lights, music, cabarets, wine, women, and song. The dance halls were ever going, ever crowded. One staff of entertainers succeeded another, one orchestra relieved another, one assortment of tired, painted faces faded to give place to a fresh galaxy.

In one of the cafés one night I saw a one-sided fight between an American lass and a Mexican girl, and the prize of the combat was the favor of Hipolito Villa, the brother of the general. Hipolito was supposed to be in charge of supplies at Juarez for his brother at the front, but frequently when the ammunition and supplies failed to reach the front, Villa suspected otherwise.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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RALPH HITZ, Managing Director

THE WATERLOO OF PANCHO VILLA
Continued from page forty-three

On the night in question, Hipolito was arrayed in full dress attire, with swallow-tailed coat, and was wearing his trousers outside of his boots. In spite of his ceremonial garments, he wore the inevitable broad leather cartridge belt, from which was suspended a holster and a revolver halfway down his right leg.

The fight between the two women took place in the center of the floor. It started in a hair-pulling match, but threatened to assume serious proportions when the Mexican girl pulled a long steel-pronged comb from her hair and began stabbing at the American girl. Hipolito Villa intervened and stopped the fight.

If the wild life of the cafés failed and forgetfulness was hard to woo in old Juarez, there were still the bars, the *cantinas*, and the opium joints. The whole gamut of dissipation, from chancing a quarter in a slot machine to a wild orgy over the lamp and the long stem, was available to all comers.

"Corre!" ("It runs!") the undersized swarthies at the roulette wheel would sing out. The shining nickel-plated disk would spin on its way to win or lose—laughter or curse. The wheel-tender's singsong was the first sound to reach your ears as you passed the broad green-painted entrance of the Monte Carlo Turf Exchange, the official gambling house of Francisco Villa.

At the rear of the large hall a forty-piece Mexican orchestra made tuneful demonstrations, but above it came the hum of voices, the whir of the fortune wheels, the rattle of chips and dice, the clink of silver dollars, and the ready running talk of the game tenders.

You heard the hysterical false laugh of a woman who was losing—a woman who was laughing a lie, pretending she did not care, as she placed the last of her chips on her chosen number. Those about the table nodded and smiled their admiration for her sportive recklessness. When she lost the last chip, another person would eagerly squeeze into her chair.

ONE wall of the hall was covered from ceiling to floor with the racing board on which were marked the odds the bookmakers gave on the horses. The progress of all races in the country was reported by telegraph and the results were chalked on the board for the edification of the children of chance.

A low counter before the wall board was punctuated at convenient intervals with cashiers' cages, into which the betters handed money and received race tickets from the bookmakers. Another slanting counter held the dope books, the racing forms, the records of steeds and jockeys, and such information as whether Bessie B. ran 2:10 in the mud at Savannah in 1907.

This was the board of trade of the race-track tout. It was there he sold his tips, his puts and calls on the next race. About the hall were scattered other games. The roulette wheels were the centers of buzzing crowds. By each playboard sat a cashier who cashed the bets and changed money for chips. The base of the wheel was stacked high with silver dollars, placed there as visible assurance of the stability of the bank. Any amount from a nickel to twenty dollars could be placed on a number.

The dice tables, lined with green baize and bordered by a high bounding board, against which the dice had to be bounced each throw, afforded amusement to dusky devotees of the bones.

At other tables pock-marked Mexicans were dealing stud and draw poker and cashing in the antes for the house. The faro box and the layout held the attention of other throngs of men and women. Chuck-a-luck, Chinese lottery, and *chunis*, a Mexican card game, were in constant operation. If the blasé excitement seeker craved any particular form of gambling, from betting on the number of the next automobile to a suicide duel with poison pills, he could find accommodations.

BUT the only thing I wanted in Juarez was to get out, and on the second day after my arrival I crossed the line into the United States with a great feeling of relief. I reported the military situation at León to the headquarters of General John J. Pershing and handed over to his intelligence section an oiled paper map showing the Villista and Carranzista positions in the battle of León, which was still in progress.

Then, through United States intelligence officers at El Paso, and the Washington Bureau of the Chicago Tribune, I reported that Villa was almost licked and that if a truce was proposed at this time by friendly nations, he would accept it and peace would be restored.

The rest is written in history. Villa's forces were completely routed at León, driven north through Aguascalientes until they were broken up into small bands. And then, too late to be of advantage to him, the truce and peace conference was called by the following South and Central American nations: Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala. Although the results of this conference were not entirely satisfactory and far from complete, it was recognized as one of the biggest steps toward restoration of peace in the republic of Mexico.

This concludes Mr. Gibbons' reminiscences of campaigning in Mexico. In Liberty for December 13 he will resume his series of Headline Hunter adventures with a change of scene to France and the arrival there of the first American forces in 1917.

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

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Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

BUY NOW!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Tennessee.
2—Windpipe.
3—Iron or copper pyrites, resembling gold in color.
4—Joseph Conrad.
5—One of a priestly caste among the Hindus.
6—An illegal deed.
7—Ichabod Crane.
8—The science which treats of the hygiene and diseases of children.
9—A small cask.
10—A first cousin.
11—In northern central Arizona.
12—A concise summary.
13—O the times! O the manners!
14—Three minutes.
15—One of the principal race of Ceylon.
16—A friendly understanding, particularly between nations.
17—Lithium.
18—Canberra.
19—A person vested with full authority to transact any business.
20—The science dealing with the bones of vertebrates.

On Old Squaw MOUNTAIN

A Short Short Story

By

PAUL ELLERBE

who was born in Alabama and educated in Tennessee. In 1918 he was made assistant chief of the Americanization section of the Council of National Defense. He is author of a steady output of fiction, often with his wife as collaborator.

(Reading time: 4 min. 52 sec.)

TIMOTHY CRIM, the rural mail carrier, sat on the edge of his chair and wet his lips with his tongue—a smallish man, inclined to stoutness and mildness.

"Sam ain't comin' at *all.* S-Sam's dead!" he said, and pulled a big faded red handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his face, though the room was very cold.

The man propped on his elbow in the bed stared hollow-eyed above a four days' rubble of red-brown beard.

"Dead!" he said slowly, and shivered. "So *that* was it—he's dead!"

He sank back on the pillow and stared at the ceiling. His name was Fred Beavers, and for fifteen years he and Sam MacKean, prospectors, had been the only inhabitants of Old Squaw Mountain, whose gaunt and lonely side could be seen through the cabin window, stretching up into the bluish winter twilight.

"I kinder knowed it. I tried to make out I didn't, but I did. I knowed when he didn't see any smoke comin' out o' my chimney he'd come down if he could get here. Sam MacKean dead! I can't believe it, Crim. It was his heart, of course."

Timothy Crim rose abruptly.

"Got anything to drink?"

Beavers pointed to a cupboard.

Crim drank from the bottle and handed it to the sick man.

"It warn't his heart, Beavers. Sam's up there settin' in his chair in the kitchen with the top of his head blowed off and his six-gun lyin' by him on the floor."

Fred Beavers set the bottle down and covered his face with his bony hands.

"My God!" he whispered. "Killed hisself!"

"Killed hisself," Crim said, and sat down heavily.

There was silence in the little cabin except for the cracking of the beams as the cold took hold of them.

"Why you reckon he done it?" Crim said, and spat into the middle of the fireless hearth.

"Sick—no money—gittin' old. Like me," Fred Beavers said, and closed his eyes.

Timothy Crim sat staring into the fluffed-up wood ashes, and then—he was chewing tobacco—he spat again.

"I brung him his registered letter Wednesday—the one his sister sends him every month. You reckon that had anything to do with it?"

"HMM," Beavers said. "It might 'a' had, if it was jest the fifteen dollars she gen'rally sends. Sam warn't in no state to stand any more disappointin'—what with his heart an' everythin'."

Everybody knew what Sam MacKean had been hoping from his sister: money enough for his debt down at the store in town and a railroad ticket back to the little house she lived in in the State of Maine—the little house where Sam had been born and had hoped to die. She had promised to send it when she could.

"Poor old Sam!" Crim said. "I never knowed a kinder man. An' you been lyin' there three days, you say, with the fire out and nobuddy to tend you?"

Beavers nodded.

"I come down Tuesday night with a terrible misery in my back, an' I ain't been up since. I was hopin' you'd have somethin' for me Wednesday."

Crim came but twice a week.

"No," he said; "an' the mare'd throwed a shoe, so I didn't stop."

"Fire went out Wednesday night. Reckon I'd 'a' froze if this here overcoat hadn't been hanging where I could reach it."

"I'll fix you some soup," Crim said, and went into the little lean-to kitchen.

He lit one burner of the oil stove and opened a can of soup and put it in a saucepan over the flame.

Then he stood thoughtfully in the middle of the room and turned himself around twice studying its contents. Systematically and quietly he went through cupboards and drawers.

WHEN the soup boiled up he was standing rubbing his stubby chin in perplexity. He poured the soup into a bowl, put it on an old tin tray, and had a last look around. This time he found something—a bit of yellow paper in a corner of the wood box. He took it out, examined it, and laid it on the tray beside the bowl of soup. With the color high in his face and his hands shaking a little he carried them in to Beavers.

"An' you been here *three days* without a fire!" he said.

"Yeah. You ain't got any idee—" Beavers began, and stopped.

For a long moment he stared at the bit of yellow paper. Then Beavers' hand began slipping upward toward his pillow.

"No, no," Crim said. "Leave your gun be!" And produced one of his own.

The perspiration sprang out on Beavers' face.

"*Gun,* Crim? I warn't reachin' for no gun! What's eatin' you? I wanted to blow my nose."

"You can blow it in jail," Crim said. "That's a part of the envelope I took to Sam from his sister on Wednesday. She'd always used white before."

Beavers laughed harshly.

"Shucks! That's a part of an advertisement you brought to *me* a couple o' months ago!"

"Turn it over," Crim said, and he turned it over, revealing the remains of a postmark: a segment of a circle and the abbreviation "Me." for Maine.

"An' listen," said Timothy Crim. "Listen good. No fire for three days, huh?" And spat into the ashes again. There was the faint sizzle of live coals.

"You can tell the rest," Crim said, "to the sheriff."

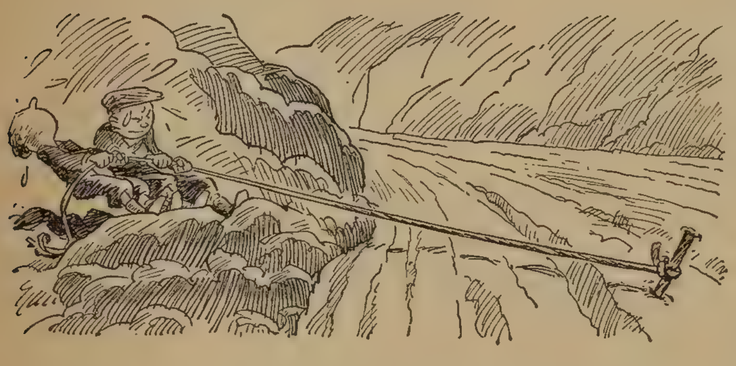
THE END

Vox

This Fantastic Glacier . . . Now You've Got Us All Mixed

New York, N. Y.—The height of gall was reached in your editorial, "Russia and the Next War." In it you had the effrontery to speak of "this fantastic nightmare called Sovietism."

All progress that is lasting is slow. Russia is moving slowly but surely along the path of her carefully planned economic policy. To say that she is going backwards or standing still is as ridiculous as to say that a great glacier, with its deliberate but powerful progress, is standing still.



Yes, Russia's progress is like a glacier, and your attitude is just as logical as if a lot of silly little boys should attach ropes to a glacier and try to keep it from moving.

Give Russia time.—*Lover of Fair Play.*

It's Certainly a Break for Mr. Benchley

Chicago, Ill.—Good old Robert Benchley! He's going stronger than ever, now. I thought "Special Anthropological Extra" was a wow, boy—a wow. If it had been any funnier I'd have had to be tied.

And Peter Arno swung a mean pen in the pictures. Pete and Bob—wotta team!

Now, don't go getting the idea that I'm just a wild enthusiast and praise from me don't mean anything. Because, if you'll bend that editorial ear of yours very, very close, I'll whisper something in it: I'm a brass knocker taking a vacation in honor of Benchley.—*Howard.*

BUY NOW!

So That's What These Women Wets Are Up To!

Milltown, N. J.—This is written in reply to some of the women whom Grace Robinson quotes in her article, "Women Wets."

There seems to me to be an analogy between the present wet propaganda and that put out between August, 1914, and November, 1918, against the Germans. All evil was laid at the Germans' door, just as, now, all evil is being laid at the door of the Eighteenth Amendment. And the wet propaganda appears to be going over, just as the war propaganda did.

Do not imagine there are many thinking people today who believe much of the stuff sent out against the Germans in general. And, in a dozen or more years, especially if the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, it may appear that the present agitation is no more true and fair than the other was.

In contradiction to the idea that it is the drys who are fanatics, I generally note that it is the wet or wet sympathizer that starts, or tries to start, an argument. Recently I had a total stranger accost me on the street and, without excuse, begin an "anti" tirade.—*Chris. Crafrel.*

Reader Reaction on Roumanian Royalty

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Just between brother morons, why in heaven's name cannot you give us biographies of someone not a hooch-hound, narcotic victim, or general hell-raiser?

From the wonderful story of Ruth Draper which you ran some months ago to that of the sap King Carol was too much of a stretch. There are so many interesting people in the world who can and do earn a legitimate living in a decent way, and whose life stories would be most interesting, that I think you fool yourselves and cheat your readers in running most of the so-called biographical sketches which you carry from time to time.

The best this Carol ever rated was the bum's rush, though he escaped it in some countries, and the most that others whose stories you have carried really could expect was a place to sleep it off. —*G. A. Murphy.*

Washington, D. C.—I feel impelled to write and thank Liberty and Dorothy M. Russell for that excellent, comprehensive story of Carol of Roumania.

We in America hear so much about our rotten politics and graft that we come to believe our country is rapidly going to the dogs, but a glimpse into the workings of the Roumanian government makes me, for one, give thanks for having been born and raised in the U. S., among decent, middle-class people.—*A Cover-to-Cover Reader.*

Boston, Mass.—What an interesting chronicle that "King Carol II of Roumania," by Dorothy M. Russell, has turned out to be! Oh for a new Gilbert and Sullivan to make a comic opera out of the intrigues and emotional orgies of that colorful and unhappy court!

Carol himself, of course, would be the hero of the musical burlesque—Carol whose too-frequent excursions into the realm of love ended by making his protestations of love seem highly diverting to those with even a mild sense of humor.

Get busy, composers and librettists! Don't miss this chance.—*L. Parker.*

They're Nice Names, Though

New York, N. Y.—I have enjoyed every novel by Warwick Deeping that I have ever read; yet his "Three Fools" was disappointing. The plot was stereotyped and the writing, unlike Deeping's usual work, seemed strained.

Gibbs deserves a fairly high rating as an author, but "Fellow Prisoners" left a flat taste in the mouth, as though the tale had not been finished.

Rudyard Kipling compares favorably with the best, but "The Debt" was one of the worst stories I have ever read. And Benchley, the inimitable, the satirical, the ofttimes belly-laugh-getter, and the hitherto always faintly humorous, has apparently no compassion for his admirers and goes about writing as soberly as he possibly can.

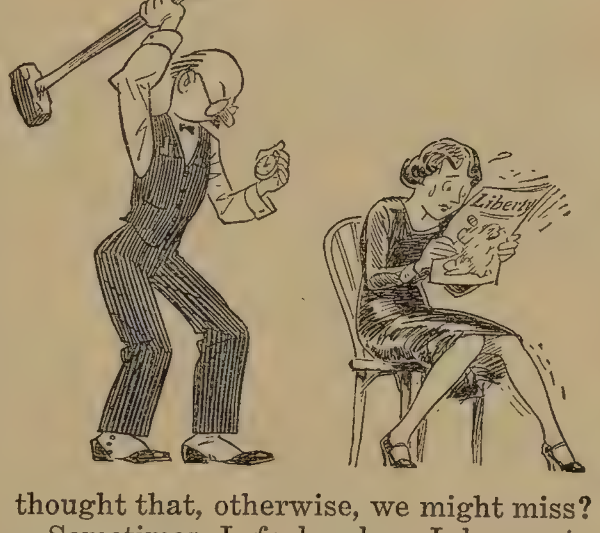
Mr. Editor, I find you guilty of buying names, not articles.—*John Smith.*

Well, They Do Say Most of the Joy in Life Is Anticipation

Los Angeles, Calif.—Do you want to know why I read you, Liberty? It's because you're so bad that I have a lively curiosity as to when you'll hit bottom. I'm watching you.—*Sue.*

Probably Just a Complex, Lady

Boston, Mass.—Why hurry us so with your reading time? Don't you realize that, by dawdling and sometimes rereading a sentence here and there, we may gather flowers of style and thought that, otherwise, we might miss?



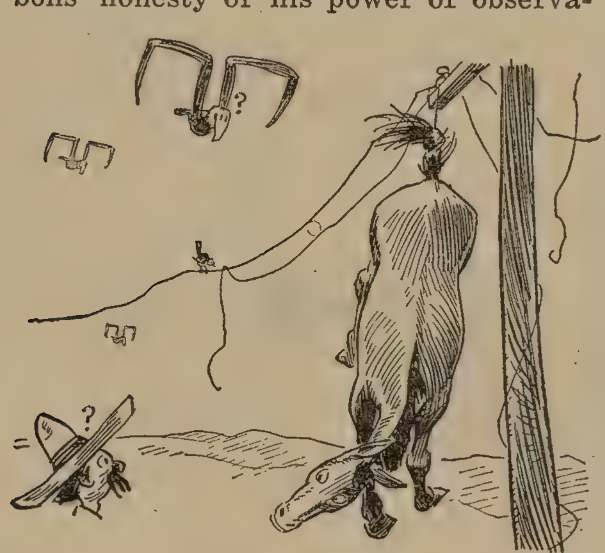
Sometimes I feel, when I hurry to finish a story so I can conform to the reading time, as if Liberty's editor were standing over me with a sledge hammer in one hand and a stop watch in the other, ready to strike me a mighty blow if I didn't complete the reading of the story in the specified time.—*A Miss from Mass.*

Pop

They Do Have Peculiar Wars in Mexico, Rather

Chicago, Ill.—I quote from Floyd Gibbons' article, "How Villa Robbed," in Liberty for October 25: "A dozen or more dead horses and broken telegraph wires dangling from the poles completed the scene."

I do not wish to question Floyd Gibbons' honesty or his power of observation, but it seems it would be a very rough war where they would have horses dangling from telegraph poles. Of course, this might be due to the fact that Mexican horses are reputed to be small.—*Miss Verne R. Mileski.*



What Author Doesn't?

Indianapolis, Ind.—Sometimes you print a story that clicks, rings the bell, or what have you. Such a tale was "Dog in the Manger," by Fred MacIsaac. Good plot, good dialogue, good handling. And, wonder of wonders, the author seems to know something about women!—*Satisfied Reader.*

Mostly for Mr. Rogers

Flint, Mich.—Just finished reading your November 1 issue of Liberty from cover to cover and it's one of the best you've ever put out.

"The Nape of Her Neck," by Bogart Rogers, was *great*. Give us more of him.

His modern style of writing has "it." And imagine getting Warwick Deeping also in the same mag—*and* Robert Benchley—*and* Floyd Gibbons—*and* Walton Green! Words fail me!

But I'll continue to read Liberty as long as you publish it, as I have for five years past.

Best of luck and success.—*Mary Rose Adams.*

New Bern, N. C.—Congratulations! Both to Liberty and Bogart Rogers. Never have I had the privilege to read, in any magazine, such a story as "The Nape of Her Neck."

Mr. Rogers' descriptive powers are unusual; to quote: "With a silence as loud as a sixteen-inch gun his engine missed a shot . . ." Only association with high speed motors could enable Mr. Rogers to make such a convincing statement.

Let's have more stories by the same author.—*C. H. H.*

What Men Need

Sedalia, Mo.—I have read your editorial entitled "The World Does Owe Us a Living." I am not clear in my mind and I don't think you are clear in your article as to whether you really are advocating a five-hour day in a five-day week. If advocacy you meant it for, I would wish you had put more punch in it, for, to my way of thinking, it is the only solution.

Man works too long anyway. Always has. What is he working for? Ask him. Ask any ordinary ten-dollar-a-day workman. You'll find he hasn't the ghost of an idea. Why? Because he works too hard and too long to have the time and the strength to find out anything.

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

What he needs, and what he wants, if he did but know it, is education. Not dry bones to gnaw at, but live facts to devour. It's what his wife wants, too. Give them the right sort of night school and he and his kind would jam it to the doors.

And they would like their hands trained, too. They would like to paint a little and draw a little and hammer and saw and make a party of it.

Get the vision, Liberty, and advocate it. Push it. You could put it over.—*Will W.*

Thoughts on a Short Short

Newport, Ky.—I have read the short short story entitled "Old Stuff," by Christopher Hawthorne, and wish to state that I was indeed surprised that a magazine would print a story of this caliber.

To think that anyone would compare the teachings and persecutions of Christ with the present-day types and operations of gunmen and racketeers!

There may be some people who think that this form of fiction is broad-minded, but my opinion is that it is pure blasphemy in its worst stages.—*A Lover of Decent Fiction.*

Newport, R. I.—We've just finished reading the short short story, "Old Stuff," and want to commend Liberty for finally publishing a story that is really good.

For months we've been wading through insipid stories, hoping to find at least one that had some point to it, and at last you've produced the goods.

We'll be on the lookout for more like this.—*Peg and Mac.*

O. K. Ma'am

Brooklyn, N. Y.—May I beg of you, please use a 1931 calendar for your cover, for your first edition in 1931?

The 1930 calendar cover has served me so very well all year that I crave another, equally compact!

Folded in half, it has proven invaluable in my check book, for reference, thus bringing Liberty before me many, many times!—*(Mrs.) Edna F. Johnsen.*

Wanted: a War for Women

Chicago, Ill.—I second the motion to U. S. Gobette's letter in Liberty for November 1. Let us have an army and navy for women. And by all means let us have another war. And trenches, and dugouts, machine guns, and cannons, and gases.

Let us see how the women can make a twenty mile hike with a big pack on their backs, on the high hills, on a empty stomach, on the way to the battlefield.

Instead of having breakfast served in bed let U. S. Gobette get up at five in the morning to scrub the deck. Only another war—one for women only—will upset their present sophisticated delicate standard.

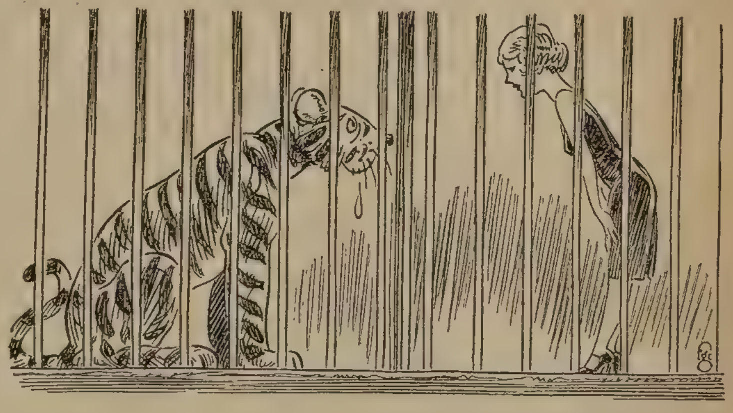
We had a taste of war. It is your turn next, girls.—*William J. Ressell, a Ex-Dough Boy.*

Wise Crack for the Week

Washington, D. C.—If I enjoyed reading Liberty as much as I enjoy missing a copy of it, I'd be a regular subscriber.—*Just a Mean Guy.*

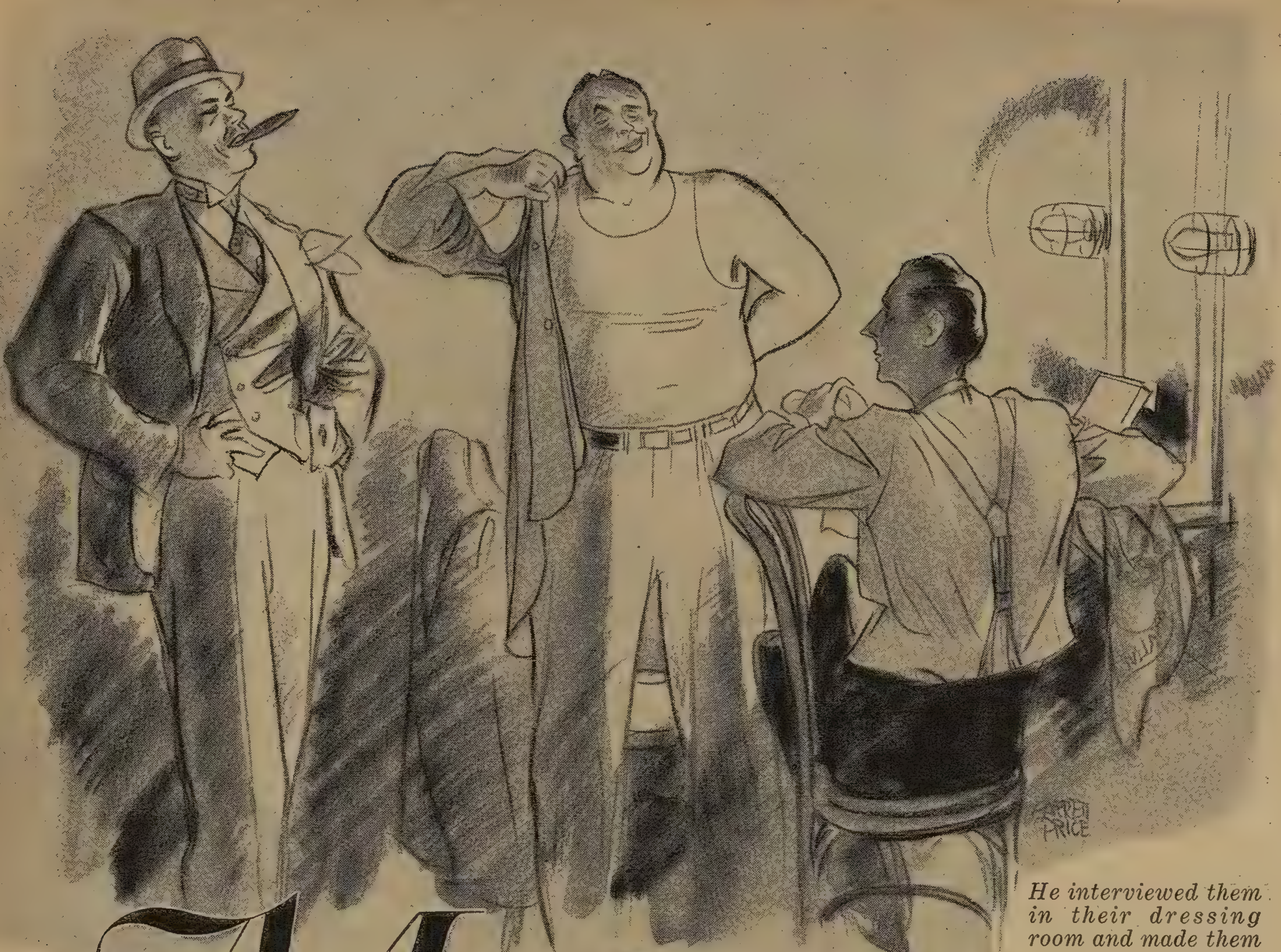
Mr. Johnson Is Disillusioned

St. Louis, Mo.—Say, Pop, that article by Roy Chadwick, "Meet the Moll," was one of the best in his series. I'll admit I was one of the suckers who idealized gangsters' girls and thought of them as wronged, and trying to make their men go straight.



But, after reading "Meet the Moll," I'd like to put all thieves' women in cages, ship them to the zoo, and park them next the tigers.

The big cats and the human cats would understand each other so.—*G. Johnson.*



He interviewed them in their dressing room and made them a proposition.

Male and FAN MAIL

A Story of Static in a Radio Romance

(Reading time: 25 min. 5 sec.)

By

EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

a Mississippi man who lives in a cove near Cape Fear writing fiction, raising tobacco and terriers, and tending a pet alligator. He has three children and a wife who writes too.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

DUNCAN TRIPP and Billy Fall were sure-fire singing comedians, and they had excelled in vaudeville with a machine-gun line of patter that kept an audience teetering on its risibles. But they were only moderately successful on the two-a-day, in comparison with their later triumphs.

Their radio début was one of those accidents. They were drafted by WNOK, a little fifty-watt station out in Ohio which had exhausted its supply of local talent and exhausted the talent, too, calling upon them to sing, play, and talk so consistently for nothing and civic pride.

That was before the day of widespread hook-ups, and WNOK had to go largely on its own. The announcer, general manager, and studio manager, J. Harlow Everman, was sent scouting among the theaters for reasonably priced geniuses.

He attended a Lyric Theater matinée during what happened to be the last of twenty weeks having honorable mention in the contracts of Messrs. Fall and Tripp. He liked this pair. They were clever and spontaneous ad libbers, just the type for a small and intimate radio family of WNOK's radius. They were billed as Billy Fall and Duncan Tripp.

"My stars and tripe!" muttered J. Harlow Everman in his rich barytone. "What a bet they're overlooking. Tripp & Fall! Tripp & Fall! The name alone is enough to put them over."

He interviewed them in their dressing room and made them a proposition. Billy winked at Dunc as he pulled on a jade-green shirt. Billy was the stoutish and jovial tenor of the team, and he had a quick little throaty laugh, infectious and natural.

"Radio?" chuckled Billy. "That's a howl of glee, Dunc. What would B. F. Keith say if he heard we had a radio offer?"

"Or O. K. Orpheum either," added Dunc solemnly. "He'd never speak to us again."

"They'll all speak to you, and they'll speak to you in four figures and upwards, one of these days," said Everman earnestly, "if you ride on our kind of waves. The big-time future of the entertainment business is in radio."

"Goose grease! Why, I never saw one of the tin hell-boxes I could hear music out of, yet."

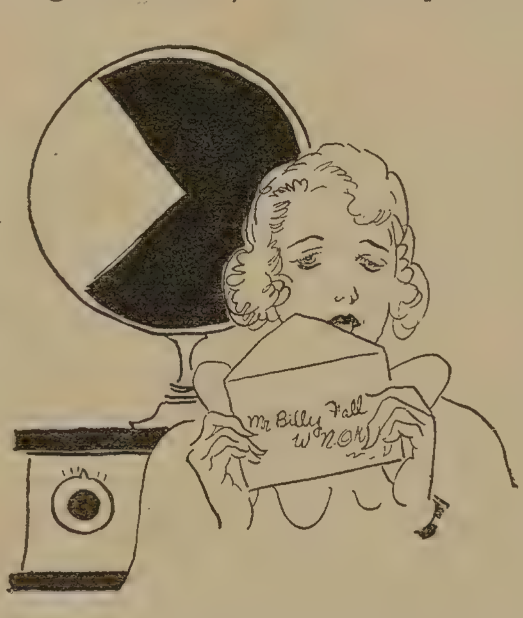
"They're improving receivers every day," went on Everman with religious zeal. "And just wait till they get loud-speakers perfected! Come over to my place; I'll show you a set you can hear over."

"Guess we will, at that," said Duncan Tripp, who quietly decided everything for the team.

The result was that they started with WNOK as Tripp & Fall, the Merriment Mixers.

They missed the applause and laughter out front. It was like rehearsing to empty seats, at first. But the fan letters and phone calls made up for a lot. And telegrams. They had never had anything of that sort in vaudeville. This radio dingus had its personal phases, after all.

Billy began getting letters on pink, perfumed stationery with the monogram MK. They were signed Totsie, these messages, and Billy averred that they were cute as hell, though Duncan found them very ordinary. At first they were merely requests for Totsie's favorite songs. Then they began to take on a more intimate tinge, and demanded to know why the papers didn't print Billy's picture, so she could see what he looked like. The papers did. His laugh was the sweetest thing she had most nearly ever heard, asserted Totsie.



Billy began getting letters on pink, perfumed stationery.

BILLY, who pretended to be cynical, sophisticated, and "wise" in the manner of most of his profession, had a streak of sentiment as wide as his forty-four chest. He got so he could detect a pink envelope with the naked eye at forty yards. One of them brought him Totsie's photograph. Duncan kidded him about it a little.

J. Harlow Everman was enthusiastic. The messages came from a town fifty miles distant, and that was splendid reception for a fifty-watt station. And they touched the imagination of the owners of WNOK, who saw more worlds to conquer if the station stepped up to one hundred watts, which it shortly did.

The salary of Tripp & Fall stepped up, too. Clients began bidding against each other for the privilege of sponsoring them. Fan letters came in scores, telegrams in dozens, to the Merriment Mixers. And, alas for WNOK, they were promptly grabbed off by WISP, a thousand-watt station in Cincinnati, which doubled the obesity of their pay envelopes.

Everman went, too. The announcer had made a name for himself. His style of opening greeting to the air audience—"Harlow, Everybody!"—became a byword. He and the burgeoning firm of Tripp & Fall were responsible for the growing prosperity of the Cincinnati station, which before many months had ten thousand watts of power behind it.

Then J. Harlow Everman was summoned into the big league of radio activity. He went east under contract.

It wasn't long before he brought Tripp & Fall in his wake. The Smile-Awhile Tooth Paste people were casting about for a pair of entertainers who could represent them creditably on the yellow network, national hook-up, and Tripp & Fall were elected. They became big-timers. They had reached the heights.

Billy Fall bought him one of those imported cars with the chauffeur sitting out in the rain. Tripp was content with a concert grand piano. They lived in a triplex apartment on Park Avenue which cost them—well, nobody would believe it but the real-estate agent.

But there was a villainous cloud lurking on the horizon; static brewing. Two secretaries spent all their time attending to the fan mail of Tripp & Fall, and Billy bought them a box of chocolates apiece every week to sharpen their vigilance for pink letters, which were to be turned over to him personally. There were many pink ones, but none from the right locality.

Totsie had quit writing to Billy Fall.

It was just as well, Duncan Tripp reflected complacently. That Totsie business had worried him. She had seemed to have a taste for sad and doleful songs—Absent, Forgotten, Oh, Dry Those Tears, Good-by to Summer—and Billy had insisted on singing everything she requested.

But Billy grew bilious—he didn't feed the lines back to Dunc with the old-time snap on the ball.

"Who's died in Billy's family?" Everman inquired of Duncan Tripp. "He's muffing his stuff."

"I know," said Duncan gloomily.

"He sprawled over that gag about 'Nothing over ten cents.' How does it go?"

"'Nothing over ten cents,'" answered Tripp morosely. "'Said Mrs. Smith as her husband stepped on the dime.'"

"Yes. That's the one. Did you notice he said the husband *picked up* the dime?"

"I know. He's loony."

"And he never laughs any more. That kittenish chuckle of his used to be a riot. What's the matter with him, Dunc?"

"Pink letters," said Duncan sourly.

"What? No! I thought that was over long ago."

"No. He says to me night before last, he says, 'Dunc, there's only one way about it. I've got to go to Siluria.' I says, 'What's that—a new show?' And he says, 'Siluria, Ohio, you ignorant bum!' And I says, 'Oh, my golf pants, that's where the pink letters come from!' And then he got mad as a hornet, just over nothing."

"And what about the pink letters?"

"The girl's quit writing to him. Got tired of kidding him along. Maybe she's married—but for Pete's sake don't tell Billy that."

"A boomerang radio crush, eh?" Everman shook his head incredulously. "And he's never even seen her?"

"Photograph. Pretty kid, all right. But he doesn't even know her name. MK is her monogram, but she signed her letters Totsie. All Billy can do is to go to Siluria and stand on a street corner and wait for a girl with this face who answers to the name of Totsie. It's a laugh. Or it would be if it wasn't knocking us cuckoo."

Billy, as it more or less happily turned out, did not have to go to Siluria. He received a pink letter from Totsie. It said:

Where are you, Billy Fall? Why aren't you on the air any more? They've got a stupid old wheezy tenor in your place

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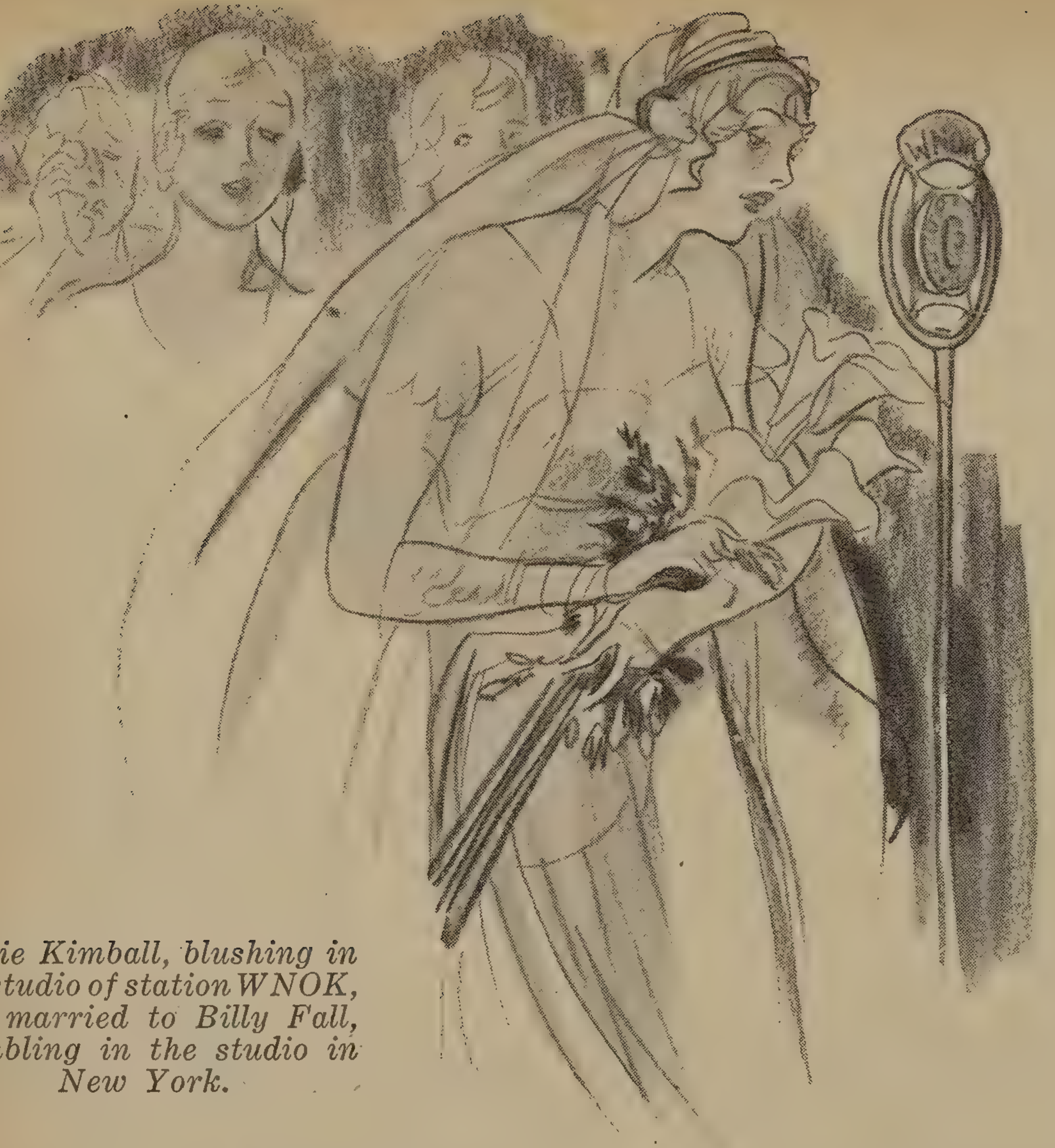


Totsie Kimball, blushing in the studio of station WNOK, was married to Billy Fall, trembling in the studio in New York.

MALE AND FAN MAIL
Continued from page forty-nine

and he sounds like he's blowing through a comb. This is the third time I've written you since you quit singing, and I'll bet those mean old people at WISP just throw my letters away. But anyhow, if you ever do get this one, I've put my real sure-enough name and address on it, so maybe you will write to me and tell me why you quit singing over the radio.

Her real sure-enough name seemed to be Maurine Kimball.

"Can you match that—can you beat it?" Billy kept demanding querulously of his partner. "Why am I off the air? And us hooked up with forty stations! Why don't I sing over the radio any more? And fifteen or twenty million sets tuned in and waiting for us every Thursday night! Wouldn't that put poison in your power tube!"

"The lady thinks," suggested Duncan Tripp, "that there are no radio stations outside the state of Ohio. What kind of set has she got? Did she ever tell you?"

Billy started, stricken dumb.

"THE poor little thing!" he said tragically. "She's only got a little four-tube set her brother built for her out of stuff he bought at the ten-cent store. It's all she can do to get Cincinnati, and those bums—"

"Don't hook in for our program," furnished Tripp. "Exactly. They're sore at us for jumping."

"I'm going to Siluria," vowed Billy with a sob in his voice, "to buy her a decent radio. I'm going there tonight."

"Oh, no, no," counseled Duncan. "You don't want to do that. Just wire a dealer in Siluria to deliver a good set to her house, with the compliments of Tripp & Fall."

"Tripp your eye!" said Billy indignantly. "Where do you come in on this? She's never written letters to you, has she?"

"Oh, well, have it your way, Billy. I just thought she'd come nearer accepting it that way."

"She'll accept it, all right."

But she didn't. The radio dealer wired back in an injured tone advising that the lady would not accept delivery of the nine-tube beauty, and had said there must have been some mistake.

Then Billy was crushed by a pink letter from Totsie Kimball in which she set forth that neither her conscience nor her mama would permit her to accept an expensive gift like that from a stranger to whom she had never even been introduced.

"Stranger!" muttered Billy. "Wouldn't that paralyze your grid-leak!"

"Well, there's something to that line of reasoning," conceded Duncan Tripp. "Send her a simple gift, like a new hundred-foot aërial and directions for improving her ground."

"Aw, shut up!" snarled Billy. "No reason you got to get funny about it, is there?"

AND that was the way it went for weeks, while Billy's disposition steadily grew sourer and his unseen radio admirers grew more steadily inclined to twist their dials in search of better things than Tripp & Fall, the Merriment Mixers, whose dough had gone sour. Their fan mail began to reflect it.

The manufacturers of Smile-Awhile Tooth Paste sent in gentle hints to the effect that there were better ways of spending umpty thousand dollars a week than to make their customers sore.

"Something's got to be done about it and done quick," moaned Tripp to his friend the announcer.

"I've been thinking about it," confessed Everman. "Maybe I've got a plan. We've got to fox things around so WISP or WNOK will hook in for your Thursday night programs."

"So what?"

"So Billy's Totsie will hear his manly voice over her cute little pale pink four-tube radio some more. She can hear those stations, but that's all she can get. See?"

"It can't be done. They're sore at us in Cincinnati."

"All right. But there's still our little one-lung friend, WNOK. What you and Billy want to do is to go to the company with tears in your adenoids and say that for the sake of sentiment and auld lang syne and allied hokum you've just got to have that dear little WNOK in the yellow network. See?"

"I see all right. It's the company's got the astigmatism."

But the company proved to be kind-hearted and it was done. The Merriment Mixers went back home by wire every Thursday night; back to their own little cradle station, WNOK, out of sheer sentiment.

Sentiment was good. It fairly oozed from the tones of Billy Fall's amorous voice. He was getting pink requests again now. Totsie wrote him that the programs were coming in just grand, and she didn't really need that beautiful set he had offered her.

And Billy very soon reached the stage where he called Siluria by telephone twice a week, which was just preceding the stage where he hopped a train every Friday morning and went to Siluria to see her. He did this so he could be introduced to her and maybe marry her so she could accept a nine-tube Italian Renaissance radio and other things from him. The maybe came true. Totsie capitulated. It was J. Harlow Everman, that repository of giant-power ideas, who suggested that they be married by radio and sold them on the plan. Twenty-two million sets—the estimate was the company's—tuned in to hear it well done, and it crashed into the front page of a thousand newspapers.

Totsie Kimball, blushing in the studio of station WNOK, was married to Billy Fall, trembling in the studio of the Continental Broadcasting Company in New York. The preacher and others intimately concerned had to use headsets for reception purposes, but it worked out marvelously. The nuptials were relayed to forty-four stations. From Harlem to Hollywood you could hear the bridesmaids and Totsie's mother crying.

Billy grabbed an airplane afterward and flew to Ohio with Duncan Tripp, his best man, to get his best girl. Duncan, in the customary course of such affairs, went back to New York alone. He felt pretty let down. Nothing would be the same after this.

BUY NOW!

As Genevieve Grimsley, the sweet-faced little studio artist who followed Tripp & Fall on the Thursday program, said to Dunc, there is nothing like having a true friend you can tell your troubles to.

Genevieve had told all hers to Dunc. He had been lingering in the studio after the Smile-Awhile half hour of late—Billy was no fit companion to go home with, mooning and sulking as he had been. Genevieve was an audition product. She had ranked fifth in a contest of five amateur singers bidding for fame before the microphone. She had won a two-hundred-dollar prize and had stayed on in New York. She was a minor figure now among thirty-nine artists employed by the studio for fillers in.

She helped Dunc get the triplex apartment straightened up for the bride and groom—for Dunc himself had volunteered to move out and leave them this prefeathered nest.

"My, but you boys had a lovely place!" sighed Genevieve. "It must be kind of sad for you and Billy to give up batching together, after all these years. Does a man think of silly sentimental things like that, like a girl does?"

"I wouldn't fool you," said Duncan huskily. "It's hell on wheels, Jenny."

"I KNOW. Well, cheer up. You got five million dollars' worth of publicity out of Billy's getting married that way."

"Everybody ought to know it, eh?" He grinned. "Maybe they'll quit writing him pink mash notes, now."

"Didn't anybody ever write you any?"

He shrugged. "I never noticed. I'm a sort of foil for Billy, I guess."

"I wrote you one once," said Genevieve.

"Go on. You didn't."

"I did, too. Don't you remember? I asked you to sing That's My Weakness Now. And you and Billy sang it."

Dunc considered. There had been at least seven thousand requests for That's My Weakness Now.

"Sure, I remember it now." He broke into a laugh. "And that was you, wasn't it? Small world! I hope to tell you."

They went to a musical show and a night club that night, and Genevieve managed to cheer up Duncan Tripp almost every night until Billy Fall came back with Mrs. Fall.

Billy's wife was a sweet thing—big gray eyes and a tiptilted nose—and stupendously proud of Billy. She sang nicely herself; but when they had people in for a musical evening, she made Billy do nearly all the singing. To please her he sang arias from Faust, Rigoletto, Bohème, Traviata, Eugene Onegin—which Duncan pronounced Eugene One Gin—and a couple of heavy stomach punches from the more academic opuses of Haydn and Mozart.

"Judas Priest!" muttered Duncan Tripp to Genevieve Grimsley. "Do you hear what I hear?"

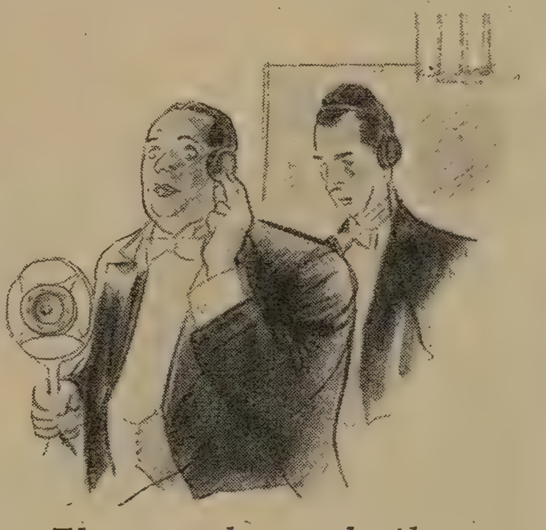
THE whole country was to hear it before long. For Billy, a little nervously at first and then more boldly, broached the suggestion to Duncan that maybe they ought to have a little really good music on their program—"You know, maybe I'd sing the Sob Song from Pagliacci—you know, just something to elevate the public taste. We've got a swell chance to get in some educational work."

"Swell chance. You said it. Whose idea is this, Billy? Not yours."

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Billy, swelling slightly.

"Your wife suggested it, didn't she, Billy?"

"Why, er—"



The preacher and others intimately concerned had to use headsets.

"She thinks Otto Kahn ought to be busting a ligament running you down to get you in the Metropolitan, doesn't she?"

"Listen here, Dunc." Haughtily.

"No, you listen here, Billy. You know this well as I do—you ought to, after nine years in the business. As far as our work is concerned, that heavy stuff is out. Sing it all you want at home. But don't pick on the mike. It's sensitive."

"Say, Tripp, where do you get this upstage chatter?" Billy was mad. It was the first time he had ever called him Tripp that Duncan could remember. "This team of ours is a partnership, not a corporation with you as president and me as office boy. I've got as much right to say what we put in as you've got. For my solos I'll sing what I want to. Get your teeth into that."

Duncan looked at him with cold weariness. "Oh, all right, Billy. If you've got to wreck us, go on and do it quick."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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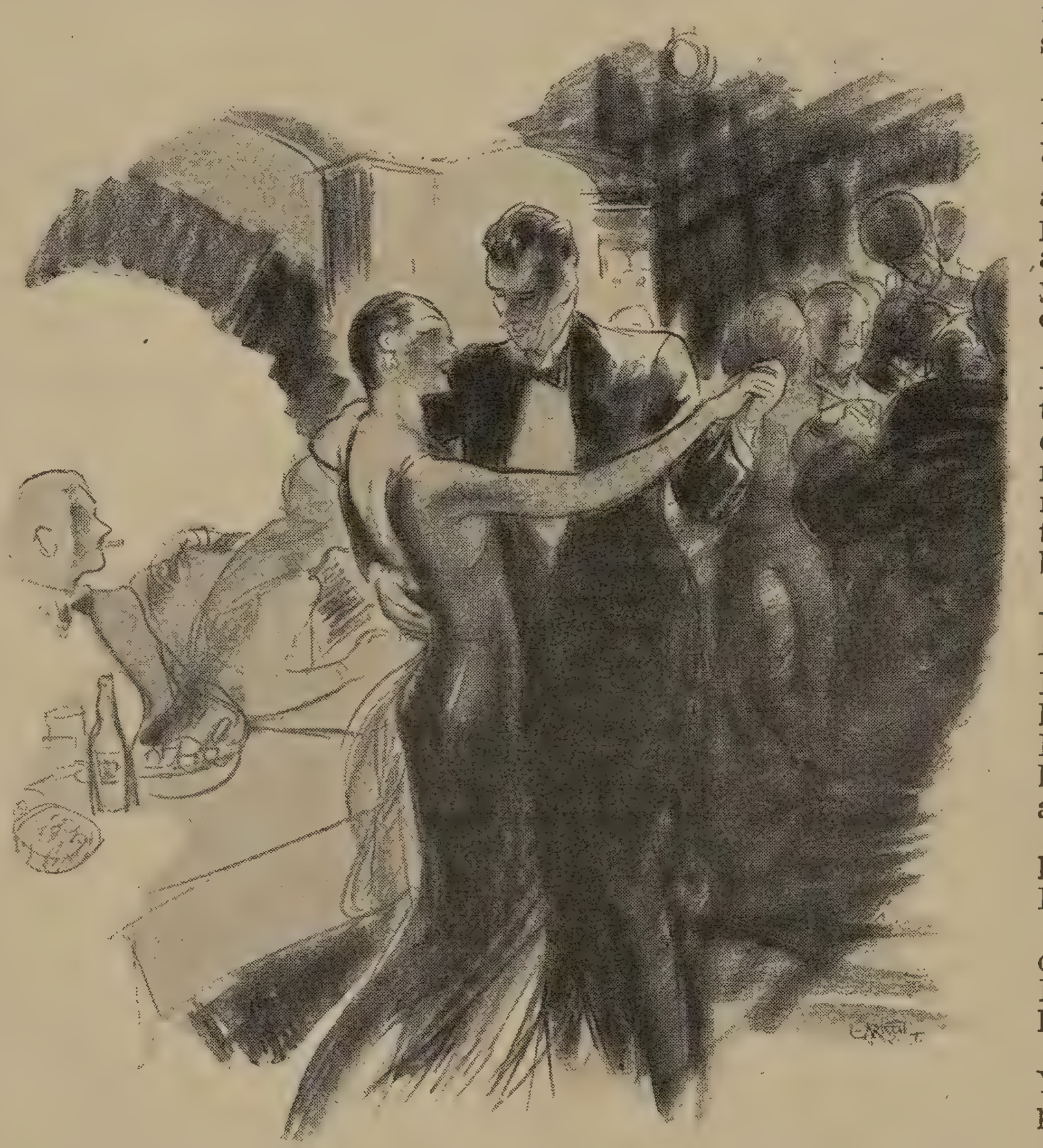
[MALE AND FAN MAIL
Continued from page fifty-one]

"And what's more," said Billy, gathering choler, "I want you to keep your mouth shut on the subject of my wife. Do I make that clear?"

There was tension after that. It made itself felt all through the Smile-Awhile program. A new listener wouldn't have noticed it, but there were millions of invisible hearers who through long acquaintance had grown familiar with every nuance of the tones of Tripp & Fall. They had lost their spontaneity. Before they had been two chums on a lark; now they were two performers, trying. Duncan had to try very desperately, for Totsie was in the studio every Thursday night now, and that made him nervous.

And Billy, true to his threat, sang things operatic. He also sang German *lieder* and one or two of the more difficult things by Grieg. If Billy could have heard the dials whirring noiselessly away from the yellow network—

Announcer Everman, consoling Duncan Tripp, showed him a letter from a Kansas school-teacher, praising Billy and suggesting that they have a piano solo every Thursday to lighten the program. Something by Brahms. Maybe they could get Rachmaninoff to play it for them.



Genevieve managed to cheer up Duncan Tripp almost every night.

"Yeh," said Duncan dully. "Then maybe we could get Paderewski to do a Pole vault."

If it hadn't been for Genevieve Grimsley patting him on the back every day—or almost every day, anyhow—Dunc would have blown up before he did. As it was, he contained himself up to the Thursday evening when Billy took him aside and told him there was something he wanted to talk to him about.

"It's about," said Billy after some uncomfortable sparring, "the name of the team. You know when we were in vaudeville it used to be Fall & Tripp. Somehow I've always thought that sounded a lot better than Tripp & Fall—sort of vulgar, don't you think, making a sort of pun on our names like that? And besides—"

"Besides, you're the most important member of the team, eh? Say, Billy, whose idea is this? Not yours."

Stiffening: "What are you trying to insinuate?"

BUY NOW!

"I'M not insinuating anything. I'm talking straight from the shoulder. It hasn't been you running your end of the team. It's been Totsie."

"I warned you," said Billy menacingly, "to leave her name out of our discussions."

"Yes, but I'm leaving it in. Not a nickel's worth of disrespect intended. Totsie's wild about you, and I don't blame her. She's ambitious for you. She wants to see you get ahead. But you know, better than Totsie knows, what our public wants—"

"Do we make it Fall & Tripp, or don't we?" demanded Billy coldly.

"We don't. You can make it Fall & Fall, if you want to. Or Fall, Fall & Fall. The Tripp is out. I'm through."

"All right. I think it's for the best, anyhow. I've got a fistful of offers right now. What about our contract?"

"It's cancelable—luckily for the public."

In such manner the firm of Tripp & Fall, the Merriment Mixers, faded suddenly off the air.

Genevieve Grimsley was so sorry for Duncan that she married him to console him.

"And now that that's over," chaffed Harlow Everman, "you can start life anew. What are your plans, Dunc? I know a bunch of programs you can fit into, right off."

"Not me," said Duncan Tripp. "I'm through with radio. I don't know but what radio's through with me. I'm going back to the two-a-day. It'll be fine for a change."

EVERMAN spoke privately to Mrs. Duncan Tripp: "Give him his head, Jenny. Don't argue. Somehow I think this is all a mistake."

"I know it is, Harlow. It's dreadful. It's so idiotic."

"I think it'll work out all right, though. It may take time. I have a plan."

"Good old Harlow! You always have a plan."

"But you've got to help. And we've got to work on that pink persimmon, Totsie. She's not such a bad egg, is she?"

"Not as bad," said Jenny, "as she's painted."

Billy Fall, unlike his ex-partner, was not through with radio. But he found to his growing surprise during some weeks of negotiations that radio was not going to offer him what he wanted. He was no slouch, of course not; but everybody wanted to know where his partner was. Tripp & Fall was a shibboleth to millions, but William Fall—he had discarded the flippant Billy—well, just what did he propose to do by himself? Something a little more serious? Ah! They would let him know.

They were so slow in letting him know that Billy went into high dudgeon and then into musical comedy. He gave up his chauffeur and traded in his Spanish car for a smaller Michigan car that his wife could drive. For Billy's company went on the road. So did Duncan Tripp, in vaudeville.

Dunc found himself in Cincinnati one bitterly cold Thursday night. It was not quite half-past nine when he left the theater. They had spotted him second on the bill. In New York it would be ten thirty—the thought was a pang—ten thirty Thursday night. He felt forsaken. Genevieve had not come with him; she had not wanted to give up her work at the studio.

His footsteps turned by instinct toward the building that housed the old familiar studio of WISP. He caught himself up with a growl of disgust and turned back in the direction of the hotel. Radio! He couldn't get it off his mind.

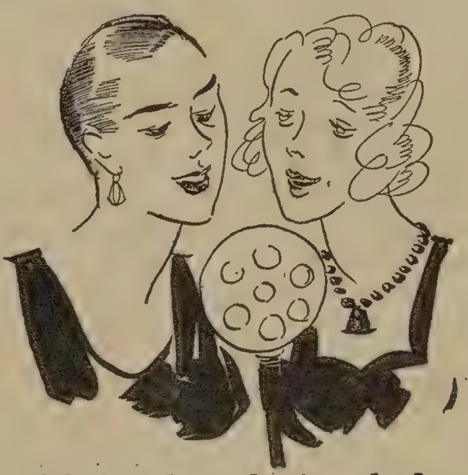
Damn radio!

But when he got to his room he snapped it on even before he had thrown his overcoat on a chair.

He heard a voice that sent a shock of nostalgia through him:

"Harlow, Everybody!"

Old Harlow Everman, his voice as big as life and as friendly. In presenting the new program of the Smile-Awhile Tooth Paste Company, Mr. Everman had a surprise in store for the radio audience—a surprise he had hinted at last week, but now it was ready for springing. Tonight's program marked a return to the air of two names of nation-wide eminence:



Their talented wives had consented to fill in for them.

Tripp & Fall!

"The crazy nut!" shouted Duncan.

Two girls began to sing:

Whoop-ee! Who are we?
We haven't been introduced at all.
Why, don't you know? You're running slow!
We're Jenny Tripp and Totsie Fall!

There was no doubt about it—Jenny's winsome soprano voice and Totsie's cooler contralto—and they blended as two voices seldom do!

Harlow Everman cut in for a word of explanation before they had proceeded further. Tens of thousands of letters of inquiry and protest had poured in, he said, since the temporary retirement from the air of Duncan Tripp and Billy Fall, who were using their leave of absence in a characteristic manner. They were taking advantage of the opportunity to respond to thousands of requests for personal appearances. To cover the ground more thoroughly they were personally appearing singly. And in the meantime the popular demand for their return to the air had become so importunate that their talented wives, Jenny Tripp and Totsie Fall, had consented to fill in for them.

"The infernal liar!" gasped Tripp, with suspended jaw.

HIS eye caught a copy of the Billboard he had flung on the bed. He leaped at it, thumbed its pages until he had found the directory of road shows that would tell him where Billy Fall was tonight. Wilmington, Delaware. He would be at the DuPont. Billy had an early spot in the show. He might be back at the hotel by now.

A call buzzed in Duncan's ear as he grabbed the telephone.

"Wilmington, Delaware, is calling Mr. Tripp. Is this Mr. Tripp? Mr. Fall is calling and wants you to pay for the message."

"Billy!"

"Dunc!"

"Do you hear what I hear?" They shouted the question in unison.

"Who put 'em up to this—you?" shouted Billy.

"No. I figured you did. I was just calling you."

"Gee, they got a crust, haven't they? Are we gonna stand for this, Dunc?"

"How can we help it? They've got as much right to the names as we have. The kids are good, too. Listen to that crack! Are you listening in?"

"I'll say I am!" Billy's famous chuckle trickled over the wire. "Wow! That gag went over, didn't it?"

They were silent momentarily. The girls plugged another song.

"Say, I know who's doing this!" broke out Duncan.

"Who?"

"WHO else! That scheming speakeasy specialist, Harlow, Everybody. Don't you see it, Billy? He figured this was one way to get a couple of damfools to come to their senses."

"We've *been* a couple of damfools, Dunc."

"You said it, fellow. Say, what the heck! We're burning up a lot of tolls."

"What do we care? We're going back on the yellow network!"

"Who said so?"

"Didn't you hear Harlow? We've just been off on leave. Say, Dunc! Meet me in New York Monday, will you? My show is closing—your bill can fill in with some other ham."

"But what'll we do with the other Tripp & Fall?"

"I got an idea. Say, Dunc—not mad still, are you?"

"No. I never was."

"Listen. That deep stuff wasn't Totsie's idea."

"Whose was it? Toscanini's?"

"It was mine. I just got the swelled head. I'm cured. Do I come home now? Is all forgiven, papa?"

"Say, listen to that—the kids are good!"

"Cute little sign-off, hey? Boy, when we did marry a couple of live ones, didn't we?"

"We're not the half of it, dearie! See you Monday, Billy—or Monday week if I can't make it."

"Oke!"

Dunc paid the long-distance bill of thirty-six dollars and forty cents. But in the long run it was worth it.

For the Smile-Awhile Tooth Paste Company now consumes a solid hour on the yellow network every Thursday night from ten to eleven, and the Merriment Mixers it sponsors are known wherever radio is receivable as the team of—

Tripp, Tripp, Fall & Fall.

THE END

FOR COUGHS
FOR HOARSENESS
FOR CIGARETTE DRYNESS
SMITH BROTHERS' S.B. COUGH DROPS
TRADE MARK
S.B. COUGH DROPS
5¢

S.B.'s give your throat long lasting, soothing medication. They calm the soreness—relieve congestion—and before you know it—the cough is *gone*.

If your voice goes on strike, try S. B.'s. Quickly they clear the vocal cords—and relieve the bound, tight feeling.

When your palate is dry as dust from smoking... when your cigarette tastes stale and flat... then an S. B. Cough Drop spreads refreshing coolness

TWO KINDS
S.B. BLACK
& MENTHOL

AUTUB KODE!

WHEN RED-AND-GOLDS OF AUTUMN JUST MEAN BED-AND-COLDS FOR YOU . . . AND YOU'D LIKE TO ENJOY A GOOD SMOKE . . . REMEMBER THAT ONE GREAT CIGARETTE . . . WHICH CLEARS THE WAY TO OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

IT IS SMART TO BE COMFORTABLE

The only answer to exposed ankles and cold weather is Spats. It is smart to be comfortable—and Spats are both comfortable and smart. There is only one way to make sure that your Spats are right in design, fit and color—insist upon "Standard" Spats.

S. RAUH & COMPANY
650 Sixth Ave., New York

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"Standard"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SPATS

Thanksgiving

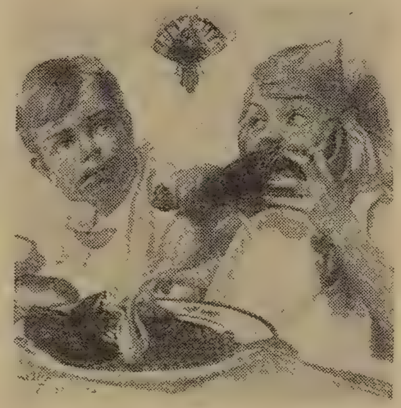
A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

RAGAMUFFINS in torn pants and dented-in high hats went around the neighborhood ringing doorbells. The Salvation Army was handing out chicken wings and pumpkin pie. Ministers were listing national, state, and personal blessings. And congregations were asked to remember the poor, the halt, and the sinners in poorhouse, hospital, and gloomy prison cell.

"I'm never goin' to church again," Gwendolyn was telling her mother on the porch of St. Paul's. "I went in feelin' thankful, but I feel sick now."

"You'll feel sick about something else if you don't quit talking like that!" Mrs. Smithers said. "Today's Thanksgiving and President Hoover invited everybody in the country to go to church. See?"

"I see Ulysses," Gwen giggled, squirming away between women shaking hands with the minister. She ran down the steps which the Ladies' Auxiliary had had painted in October for eight dollars, across a bed of dried-up hydrangeas, and slapped little U. on the top of his cap.



This week's cover picture.

"Happy Thanksgiving," he said politely. "I'm takin' a walk to get up a good appetite for dinner."

"I've been takin' a nap in church," she said, "but my appetite's good. What time are you having dinner?"

"We're goin' to have dinner at half past twelve," he told her. "Turkey, an' crankberries—"

"Crankberries?" she shrieked. "You go in a store and ask for them an' see whatcha get instead! You'll get a kick. You're lucky to have dinner so early. I got to wait until four o'clock for mine. But I won't starve, 'cause I'll invite myself to your house first."

Gwen stopped suddenly. She and U. were right in front of the Jenkins house, and Lil was there beckoning.

"Dinner's ready!" she called.

"Happy Thanksgiving," Gwen said sweetly as she walked up the path. "Can I eat, too?"

Lil was quite used to feeding stray cats and dogs and shaking the tablecloth out of the side window for starving sparrows, but she didn't see why she had to take this plump child of her very plump neighbor and gorge her.

"Let her come in," U. begged. "She's starved."

"Indeed she may," Lil told him. And she pushed them ahead of her through the doorway.

"Hiss!" a tramp whispered to his pal under the lee of a linden tree. "They're takin' in the public. Come on an' ring the door bell fur coffee an' such."

Lil's table looked like a display at the armory when the Food Show is in progress, and Sandy had already carved the heroic turkey and spilled gravy on the cloth.

"Who wants what?" he demanded, waving the carving knife in the air. "Leg, neck, tail, fin?"

"The two legs for me," Gwen announced. She sat right down and tied a napkin around her neck.

"Crankberries for me," U. piped up. "Nice red ones."

"I'm starved!" Gwen shouted. "I want the first plate! I could eat everything on the table, on the platter—"

"Here," Sandy told her so that she would keep still.

"I'll start right in," she laughed, grabbing up the turkey leg from her plate. "I can't wait."

"Where are your manners?" Lil asked her.

"How do I know?" Gwen giggled, cramming the leg into her mouth. "I'm too starved to know. I'm too starved to think of manners or knives or forks or—but fingers were made before forks, anyway!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Toothache.)

Problems of Conduct

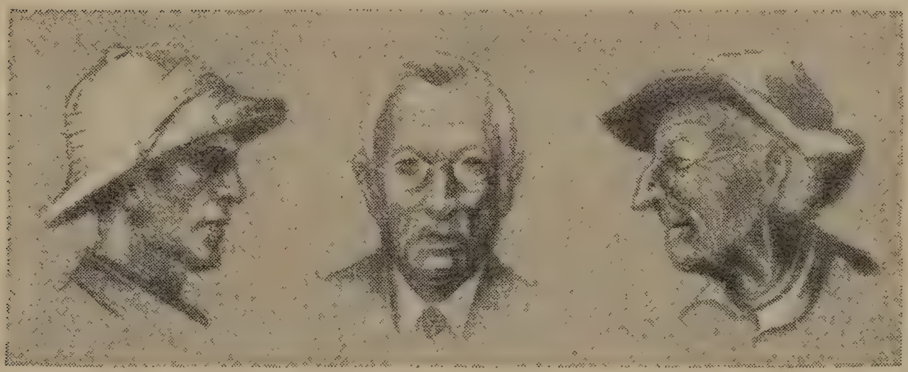
What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
ISOBEL FRASER
Stonewall Hotel, Charlotte, North Carolina



If you were a young man of eighteen and fate gave you these three different lives to pick from, which would you choose—

1. A life crammed full of love, travel, and high adventure, to end at thirty-eight,
2. The life of an everyday business man, quiet, industrious, medium circumstances, to end at sixty, or
3. The life of a common laborer, always hard up, always poor, but continuing to extreme old age?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, December 6. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for October 25, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

What would you do if you were a woman, and shortly before your marriage to a man who loved and wanted children you had to have an operation, and the doctor told you that you could never have a child? Would you—

1. Give a flimsy excuse and break the engagement, or
2. Marry and say nothing, or
3. Tell him the truth and allow his reactions to decide the matter?

The Winning Answers

By HAZEL SAYERS
50 Peterboro St.
Boston, Mass.

BY all means, tell him the truth!

This is a true entry in the Log of Life. Twelve years ago my engagement was announced, and a fall from my horse and subsequent operation made our old family doctor tell me I could never have a child. The man I was to marry loved children and we had often discussed a little

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

family. I told him the truth, and went away for a month to give him the chance to make his own decision. At the end of three weeks he came to me and said that he wanted ME, children or no children—that he would rather have me, and me alone, than any other woman who could help him carry on his name!

We were married shortly afterward, and for two years we were ideally happy—at least I was—until at the home of more fortunate friends we assisted at the "tucking-in" rite of their sons and heirs. Then my husband would sit tight-lipped and vacant-eyed while the happy fathers and mothers prattled on of Jackie's latest trick or Susie's accomplishments.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

After we had been married five years my husband met another woman of whom he became fond almost against his will. She, too, loved children and in her he saw the mother of his children—then, too, she looked very like his own mother, whose memory he had always worshiped. Just as I had done earlier in our lives, he came to me and told me the truth.

I gave up my plans to adopt a child whose ancestry I had had traced, and divorced him. He later married "the other woman," and here is the first "joker" in the pack—they have never had a child! There are not usually two "jokers" in a pack, but I must add this: Three years ago I married again, at the age of thirty, and am the happy mother of two boys, two and one years old—and I have never been sorry I told the truth to the man who might have been their father!

By MRS. LEROY KINYON
Guttenberg
Iowa

I WOULD most certainly give him a flimsy excuse and break the engagement.

Yes, a lot sooner than have him gallantly sacrifice his dreams and plans. He would have to live what to him would be an empty life. He would feel burdened, his love would turn to hate as he gradually realized fully that I was blocking, even though unwillingly, his path to happiness.

Better by far to hurt his feelings with the excuse. He would most likely recover from the hurt in time to find someone else who could gratify his wishes and make him happy with a home ringing with children's laughter.

Of course giving him up would hurt me greatly. But around the tears in my heart would be a song, because I was strong enough, big enough, brave enough to give up everything for one I loved.

Maybe some day God would be kind enough to heal the wound in my heart and give me peace and contentment.

By DOROTHY KATZ
1814 North Normandie Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

I CERTAINLY would not willingly give up the man I loved, nor would I enter marriage with a lie in my heart.

Before my marriage, I would cultivate some friends who were childless and had found the joys of parenthood in an adopted kiddie. I'd take my fiancé there often. I would take him to various orphanages and show him the darlings that needed love.

I'd try as subtly as possible to prove to my sweetheart that environment and training, not heredity, are the great forces that mold human lives.

When I thought he was at least well enough informed to be open-minded, I'd tell him my story.

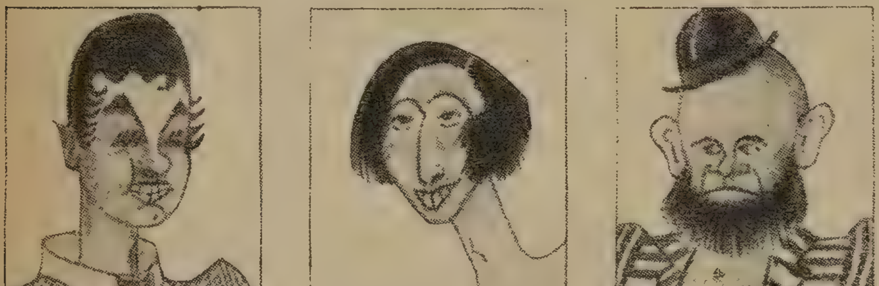
I think I could make him feel as I would—that we could be happy together and enjoy parenthood even though we did not bear our own children.

If I failed—at least I fought.

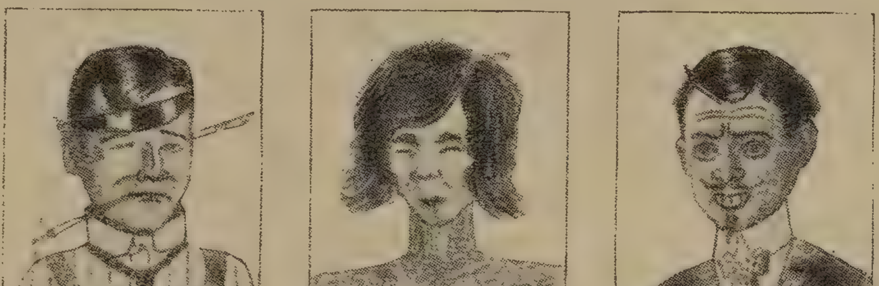
Answers to the question in Liberty for November 1 will be published next week

FUNNY FACES give way in this issue to a new game. See page 67. Meanwhile, here are the PRIZE AWARDS

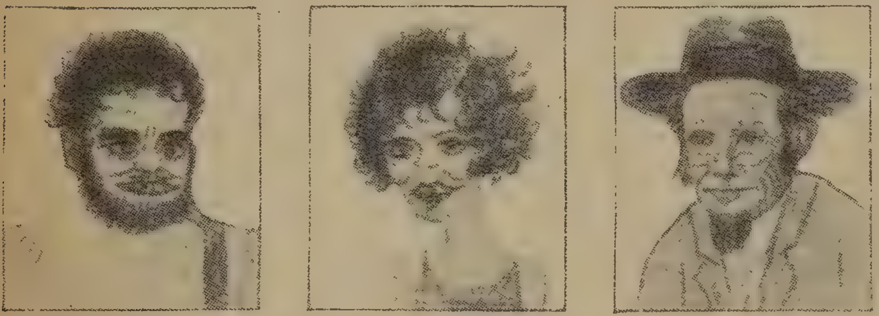
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Neil Hamilton, Claudette Colbert, and Bert Green, in our October 25 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Walter B. Adams, 22d and Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by William Husenitza P. O. Box 5, Togus, Maine

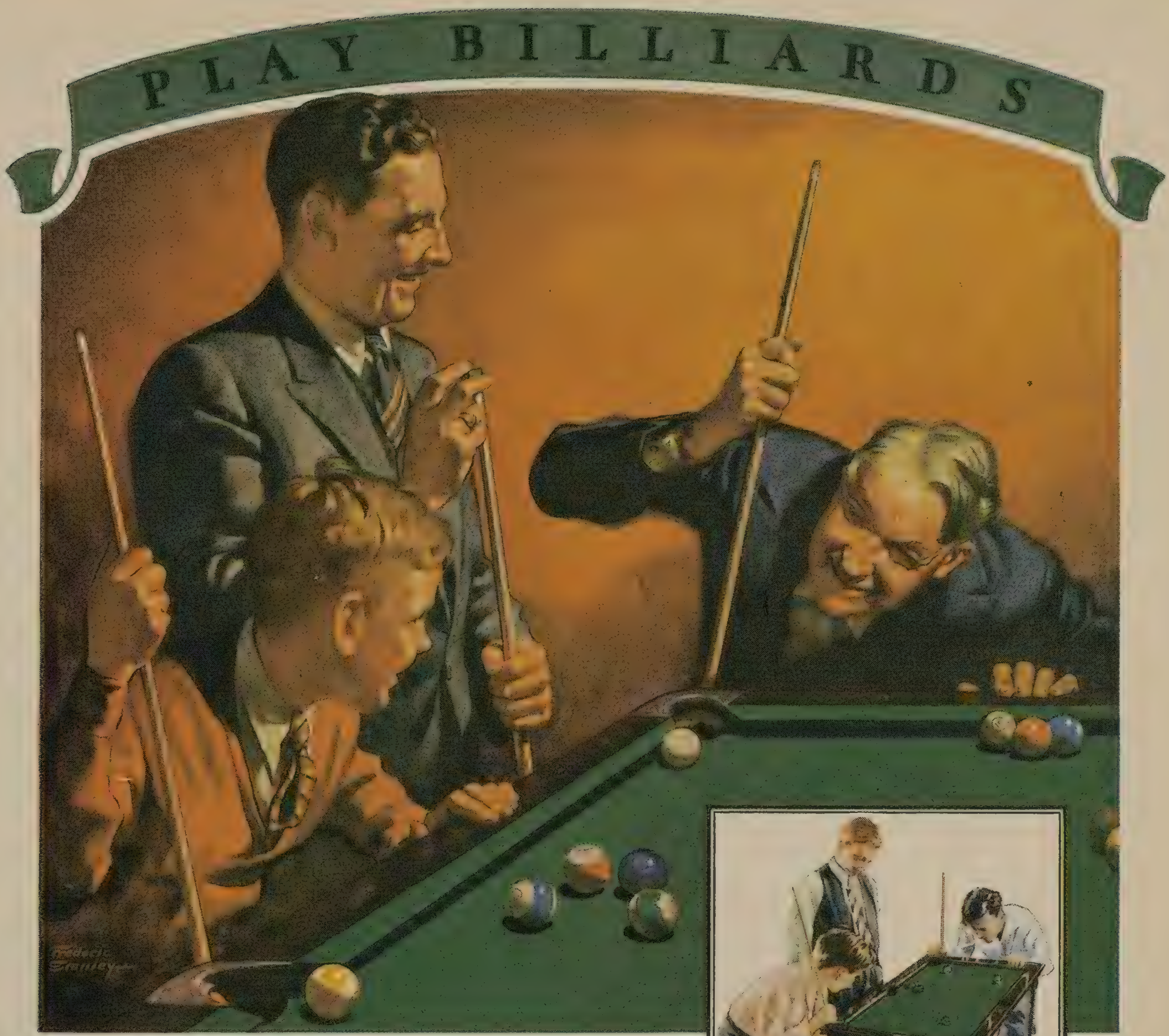


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Emily E. Mainwaring, 442 Cypress Avenue, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to O. A. Anderson, Portland, Ore.; Bertram N. Beal, Casper, Wyo.; Joseph Bergman, St. Paul, Minn.; Paul Boomhower, Hatchville, Mass.; Joe Brassill, Gloucester City, N. J.; Samuel F. Brooks, Petersburg, Va.; Fay C. Burke, Denver, Colo.; Roy Davis, Louisville, Ky.; Deedie Dunlap, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mrs. E. L. Easterling, Hamlet, N. C.; G. L. Ford, Bridgeport, Ala.; Mrs. J. A. Graham, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary T. Hallam, Dallas, Tex.; Marjorie Jepson, Neenah, Wis.; B. Mier, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. D. H. Milne, Berwyn, Ill.; F. G. Poli, Detroit, Mich.; Edna Porcherson, Hartford, Conn.; Ida Sander, New Orleans, La.; Arthur E. Schnitker, Baltimore, Md.; Genevieve Sullivan, Moundsville, W. Va.; Ben F. Tipton, Hollywood, Calif.; William E. Vice, Dayton, O.; Mrs. Howard Waller, Nashville, Tenn.; Herbert F. Waters, New Port Richey, Fla.; Margaret D. West, Indianapolis, Ind.; S. H. Willson, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. W. Woolsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. F. C. Wright, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Lorraine E. Zapf, Dubuque, Ia.

More Funny Face prize winners next week



Getting a Line on His Boys

Billiards is fast, exciting, so it holds and attracts youth, but in a healthy, wholesome manner. And it provides a pleasant, natural means for fathers to maintain a relationship with their sons that will benefit both, and which both will enjoy. Easy to learn, billiards thrills the novice just as it does the experienced. It is inexpensive to play, irrespective of where it is played—at home, at one's club, or in the splendid surroundings of the modern Billiard Room or Recreation Center.

The smaller and less expensive Brunswick Tables for the home are sold by leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores everywhere—the larger Brunswick Tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan from Brunswick branches located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer. There is no obligation implied.

A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters, $7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable with folding legs and complete playing equipment —available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*), at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 2D, 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet"—a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name..

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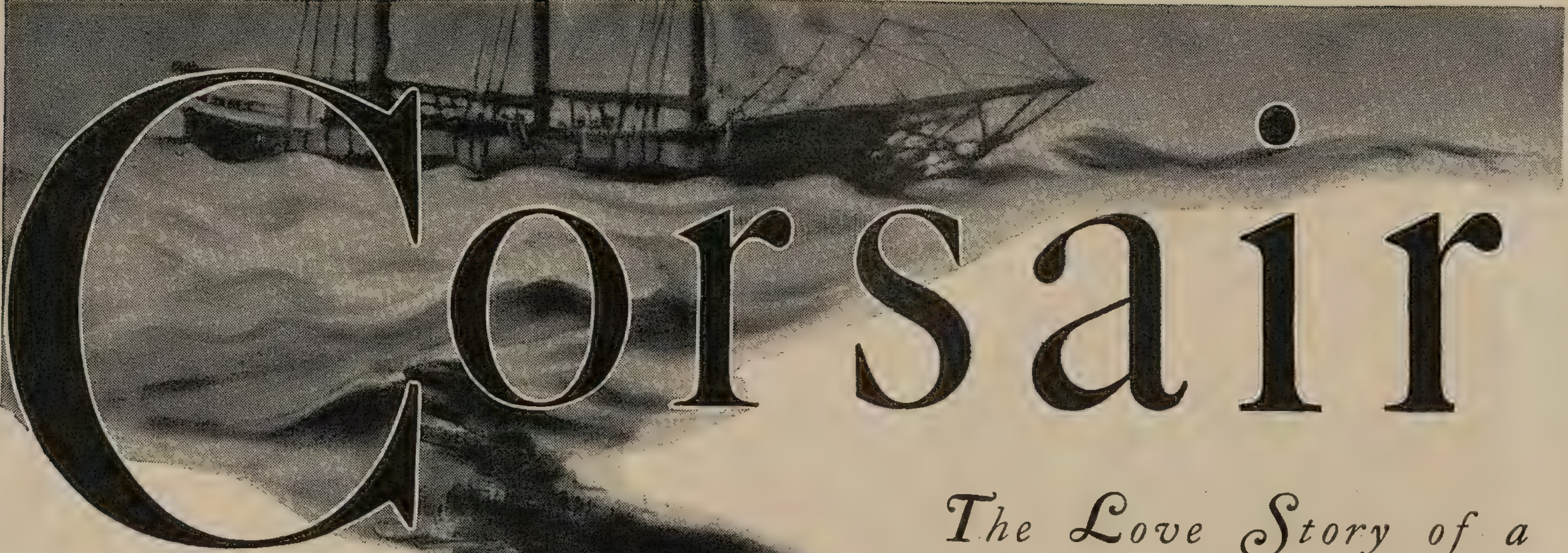
City.................................... State.....................

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Toronto



Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 30 minutes 6 seconds.)

THESE are the exploits of John Hawks, gentleman ocean hijacker. The rich Chub Hopping is his partner, and Slim Hermann and Sophy Kolof his underworld helpers. At this point in the story, the heiress, Alison Corning, and her fiancé, the Honorable Bentinck, are his passengers on his yacht. You can begin here and still enjoy what follows.

PART ELEVEN—COUNTERPLOT

ON the following morning, which was of a Thursday, the yacht Nosila was steaming southward again. They had put in to Miami for a brief hour the night before; or, rather, the ship had anchored in the outer roadstead, while Mr. Hopping had taken the launch through the tortuous sea-walled and canal-wide ribbon of water which goes—thanks to the opulent imagination of the Miamians—by the name of ship channel.

Mr. Hopping had completed his telephone call to Tampa with entire satisfaction to himself and to his owner. He had returned to the boat within the hour, and they had put to sea once more.

And now it was nine o'clock of a bright and beaming morning off the Florida Keys. Young Mr. Hopping and the Corning girl had been on deck and had breakfasted a full hour ago. The Honorable Bentinck had not yet turned out. John Hawks was with the captain on the bridge.

Miami lay far astern. The weather was made to order for the Nosila, which is to say that it was a trifle smoother than a mill pond, and the good ship was bravely breasting the currents of the Gulf Stream where they race northward through the Florida straits.

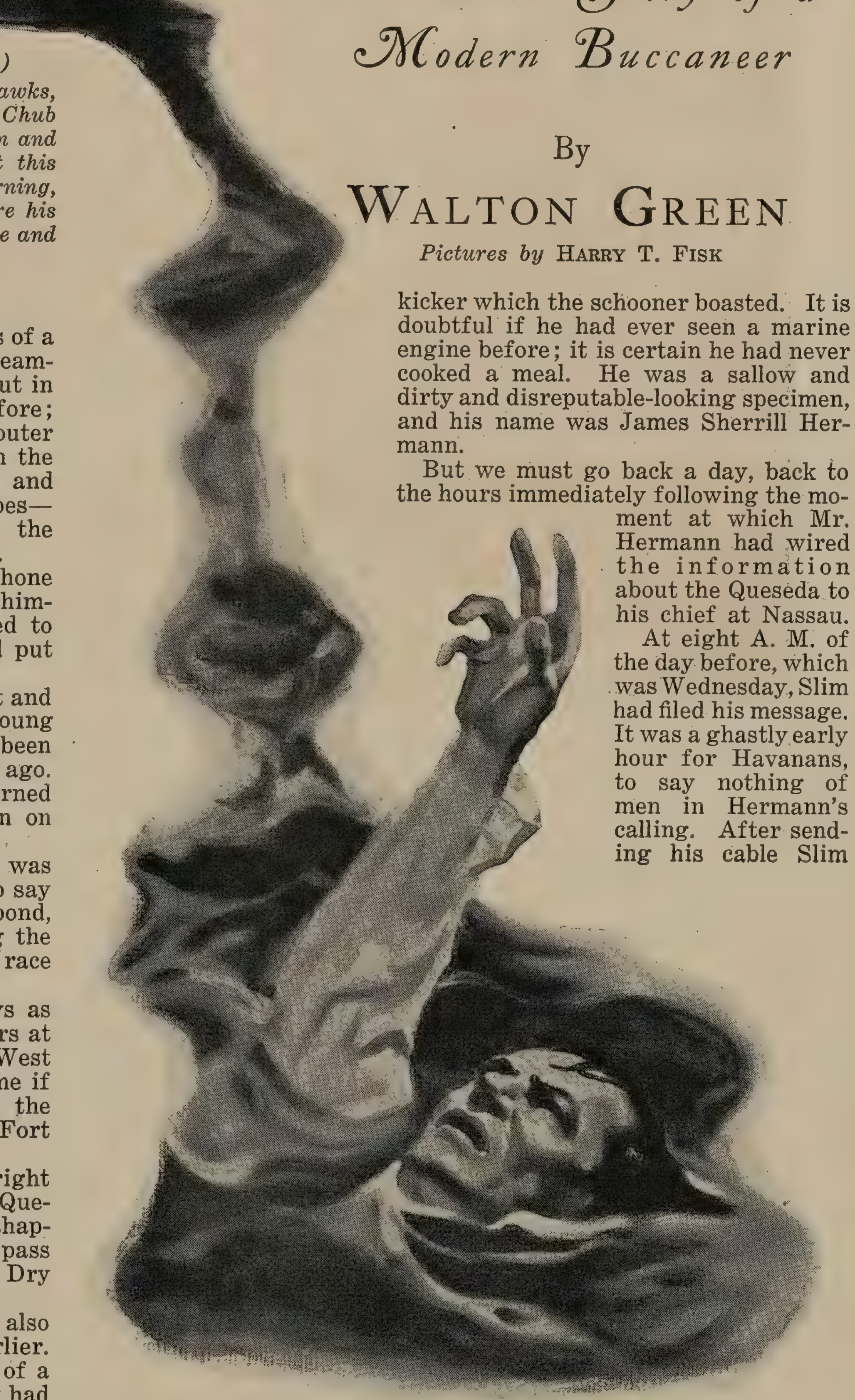
Captain Runker was hugging the keys as closely as he dared, cutting his sea corners at every chance, in the effort to round Key West by noon. For they had not too much time if they would be in position to intercept the schooner at a safe offshore distance from Fort Myers.

It was nine o'clock of the same bright Thursday morning on the rum schooner Queseda, outward bound from Havana, and shaping her course north quarter east to pass about midway between Key West and Dry Tortugas, which lies to the westward.

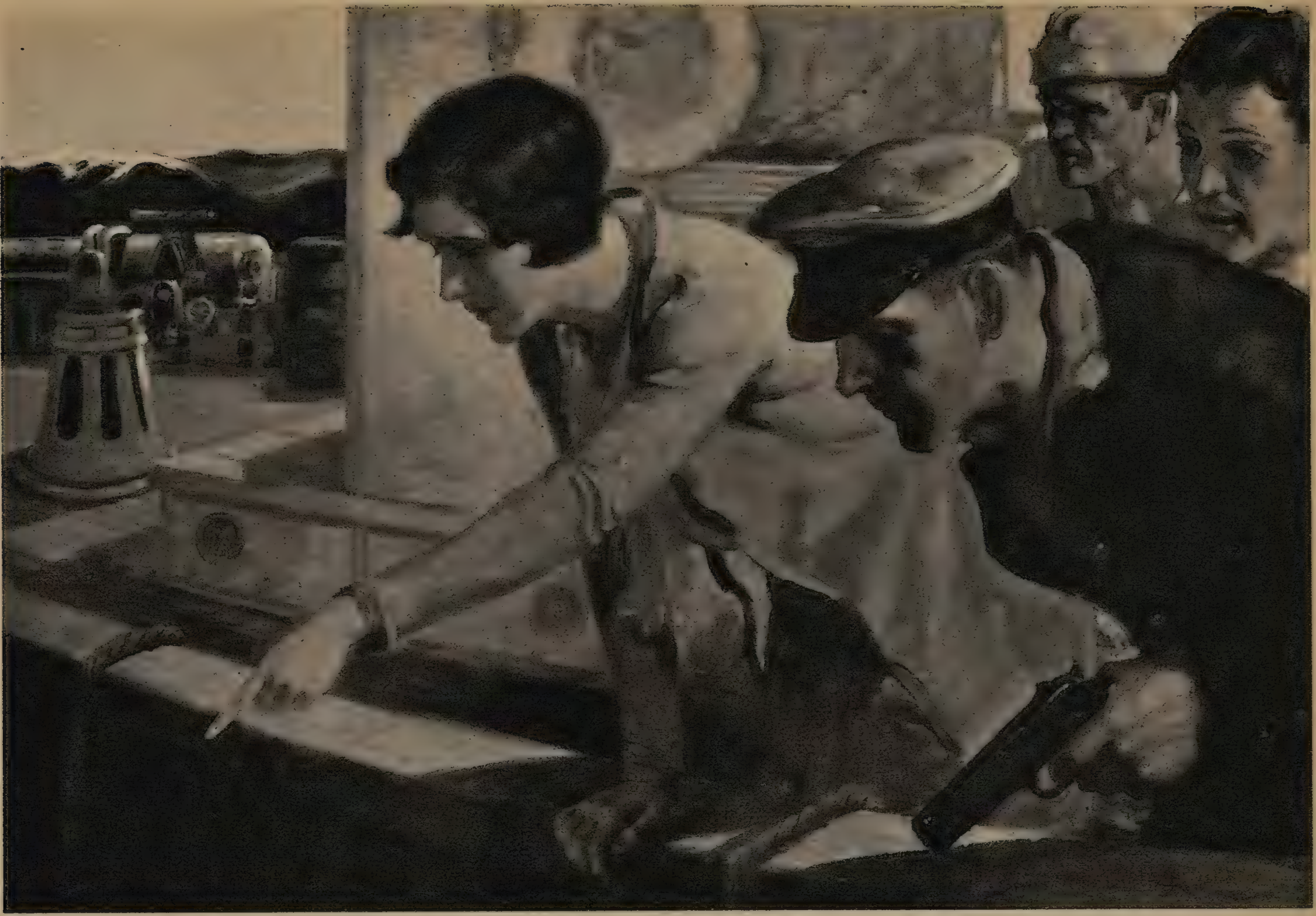
The master and crew of the Queseda also had breakfasted—some three hours earlier. So had the ship's cook. It wasn't much of a breakfast, as such things go, for the cook had been signed on only the afternoon before, and hadn't got into his stride, so to speak. Part of the cook's duties was to tend the gasoline kicker which the schooner boasted. It is doubtful if he had ever seen a marine engine before; it is certain he had never cooked a meal. He was a sallow and dirty and disreputable-looking specimen, and his name was James Sherrill Hermann.

But we must go back a day, back to the hours immediately following the moment at which Mr. Hermann had wired the information about the Queseda to his chief at Nassau.

At eight A. M. of the day before, which was Wednesday, Slim had filed his message. It was a ghastly early hour for Havanans, to say nothing of men in Hermann's calling. After sending his cable Slim



Now he was shouting something, thrusting his right arm in the air.



She was pointing at the water. "They're not shooting at us—they're shooting at a man in the water!" she shouted.

breakfasted on the Prado and then strolled back to his furnished room over a hat shop in Obispo.

The room was scarcely in either a fashionable or a comfortable residential section. It was in an antiquated and dirty building on one of the narrowest streets in the ancient intramural section of the city. It was noisy and smelly by day, and smelly by night.

But for Mr. Hermann's tactical purposes it possessed one great advantage. For its western wall leaned smack up against the rear wall of a modern bank building whose entrance lay around the corner on another street.

Moreover, in the rear of the second story of the bank building were situated the offices of FERGUSON EXPORTS, INC. And the desk of Sir Oswald Ferguson's confidential secretary stood with its left side against this same rear wall. Only twelve inches of masonry separated Miss Kolof, while she worked, from Mr. Hermann, while he worked. It becomes almost superfluous to add that a small metal disk with a highly sensitized diaphragm was secreted beneath the wall edge of Miss Kolof's desk, and that various minute wires ran through the wall, and that by pulling out the left slide board of her desk to its fullest extent—a necessity which rarely arises in everyday use—Miss Kolof could complete a circuit which lighted up the tiny bulb of a pilot light in Mr. Hermann's room.

And so it came, that at half-past ten on this morning, Miss Kolof, busily banging away at her typewriter, had occasion to drop her left hand from the keyboard long enough to draw out the slide board to its full extent. There was a suggestion of tenseness around the ordinarily indolent lines of her classic lips.

Around the corner, and half a block away as men walk—but twelve inches near as thieves listen—Slim saw the pinpoint glow of his pilot light. He picked up the headpiece of the dictograph and adjusted it to his ears. He could hear as readily as though he were in the same room.

Tap—tap. Taptaptap. The only thing coming through the wall was the sound of Sophy's typewriter, but any telegraphist would soon have noticed the characteristic cadence of the Morse code—some keys struck sharply, and instantly released, others struck slowly and held down momentarily. Slim, among his varied accomplishments, was a passable telegraphist. He experienced no slightest difficulty in reading Sophy's dots and dashes.

"Fish—has—made—me—but—hasn't—said—anything—he—don't—know—I'm—wise—I—got—in—on—his—wire—last—night—talking—O'Toole—N. Y.—mob—after—Bigger J.—Queseda—is—plant—bombs—in—deck—load—for—Nosila—don't—use—office—wire—stinks—you—not—uncovered—yet—meet—you—four—today—regular—place—stop"

Slim unhooked the receiver, hung it on its concealed hook beneath the table, and closed the lid of the cigarette box which housed the pilot light. He looked at his watch. Ten thirty-five. Eight minutes later he was at the cable office. Too bad the Britishers hadn't run a telephone cable to Nassau like we had to Key West, Slim reflected resentfully. Dumb of B. J. it was, too, to sail with a busted wireless; but you couldn't stop that bird when he got set. Well, cable was best he could do. But what'd happen if Nosila had left already? He'd have no way of knowing whether his message was delivered. Huh? Better wire someone in Nassau to notify Hawks. American consul, that's the guy; sure to be someone in his office. He wrote out his message:

KINDLY NOTIFY HAWKS YACHT NOSILA TO IGNORE CABLE THIS MORNING BECAUSE SAILING CANCELED STOP SITUATION SERIOUS COMMUNICATE HAVANA BEFORE NEXT MOVE STOP PLEASE CABLE ME COLLECT WHEN MESSAGE DELIVERED

Slim signed and registered a fictitious name for the return message, and left the office. He was none too easy in his mind. Sophy uncovered. He'd have to send her north at once. Lucky they had taken separate lodging

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-nine

places or he'd have been made too, and no chance to warn the chief. And he didn't like all this cabling—damned dangerous it was. Yes, he was distinctly uneasy.

He would have been still more uneasy had he been able to watch the subsequent proceeding of the soft-voiced and chocolate-eyed young Cuban who took his cable, and who, by the way, was already on Slim's pay roll as a regular vendor of copies of enemy communications. For the astute young Cuban gentleman promptly made an extra and unofficial flimsy of Slim's message, which flimsy was in the hands of Sir Oswald Fish-face Ferguson within twenty minutes.

But Slim did not know this. And Sophy did not know this. Nor, when two hours later Slim finally got his answer from the consul at Nassau, did he know that Sir Oswald had received and digested the message a full half hour before it was delivered to Slim himself. It is only in the Latin countries that they do these things properly—selling out to both sides without fear, or favor, or rancor.

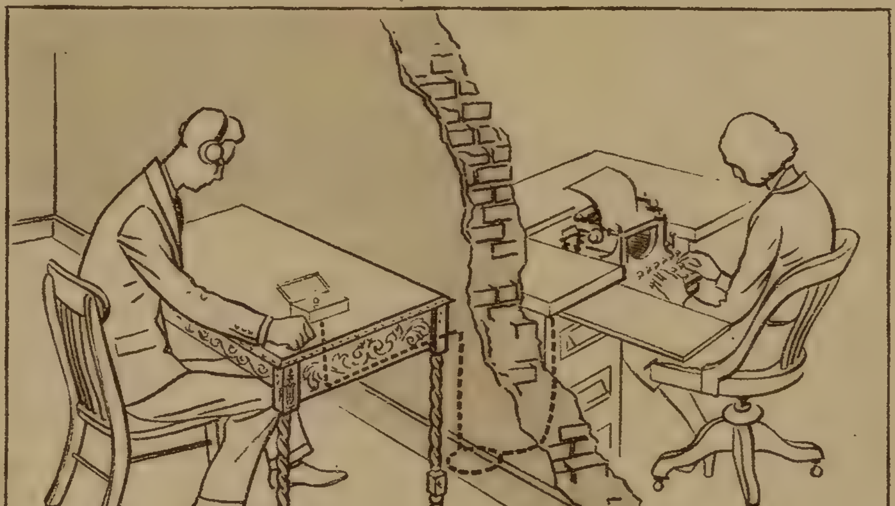
Slim read the wire with a professionally impassive face:

YACHT NOSILA LEFT PORT ONE HOUR BEFORE YOUR CABLE RECEIVED (SGD) SLINGER CONSUL GENL U S A

Slim walked smartly back up O'Reilly Street and crossed to Obispo. His thief's wits—nimble at all times, exceptionally quickened by the imminence of danger to Bigger John and the Nosila—had already jumped to the only chance. He must ride the Queseda when she went out that night. No other way. Get a job if he could; stow away if he must. Otherwise a one-way ride for the Nosila and all on board.

He'd try for the job first. These damn' whiskeros were always shipping men at the last minute; much of the time they had their cargoes before their crews. Well, it was a thin chance, but he'd play it on the number. He looked at his watch. One forty-five.

Slim doubled back toward the Alameda, walked through several side streets near the water front until he found an especially dirty secondhand store that evidently dealt in sailors' gear. Ten minutes later he emerged with a bedraggled and bulging dunnage bag that had seen more voyages than Slim himself would ever make. He piled his plunder into a cab and returned to his room.



A diagram showing Slim's ingenious dictograph hookup, enabling Sophy Kolof to keep him informed of Fish-face Ferguson's plans.

HALF an hour later he slouched into the office of FERGUSON EXPORTS, INC. He was an artist, was Slim, and as an actor, not far short of Kolof herself. Except for his meticulously shaven cheeks—for even he could not grow a stubble in half an hour—and his comparative pallor, he looked and acted the part he essayed.

He stared through Sophy and Sophy stared through him. And Sir Oswald of the Fish-face stared blandly back through both of them, and listened with bored equanimity to the seaman's request for a job.

Ten minutes later Slim slouched out of the office, signed on as cook and machinist of the Queseda, and with orders to report on board not later than four thirty that same day.

Hermann returned to his room, dismantled his dictograph outfit, and made a parcel of the headset and pilot light. All the rest of his effects, clothing and everything, he left just as they were—unidentifiable, unmarked, and searchproof, as he always kept them, down to the last commonplace collar button.

He dared not risk a personal interview with the landlady in his present get-up. He wrote a note and inclosed two weeks' rent in advance. Thieves, that is to say, big thieves, are traditionally scrupulous in the smaller matters of money. Then he shouldered his dunnage bag and slipped quietly out to keep his appointment with Kolof.

Sophy was waiting for him. She was smoking cigarettes and sipping from a tall glass tumbler of coffee, very black and chicory-laced. Across the little table stood a stone pitcher of hot milk and a plate of toasted biscuits.

"You could 'a' knocked me with a feather," she began, "when you blowed into the office. How come you gotta ride the boat?"

Slim told her about the cables.

"I s'pose you gotta do it." Her voice was toneless.

"Huh-huh." His voice, too, was toneless. "This Johnny bird treated us white. Can't run out on him when they's a chance of his gettin' bumped. Here's the headset; you better take care of it," he pushed the package across the table.

"Sure. And here's your saccharine tablets. I don't want you should get on that boat and eat a lot of sugar. The fried stuff'll just about knock your bum gall bladder anyways. And say, Slim—since when was you a cook? It's news to me!"

"Me too." Slim smiled wanly. Then, with more seriousness, "Say, how did Fish-face come to make you?"

"Gawd knows. Only thing I can think is, he might 'a' seen the bulge in my stocking where I put the carbons when I went home nights."

"DIDN'T I tell you!" chided Hermann severely. "That comes of these here short skirts an' all this leg-showin' and stockin'-rollin'." Slim was demonstrating the fact that male Victorianism is not confined to any particular social stratum.

Sophy reached a languid hand across the table and touched his sleeve soothingly. "It's all right, Slim—they're wearin' 'em longer next spring. But I ain't had a new rag to my back since we hit this burg."

"Ain't no one stoppin' you, is they?" he demanded aggrievedly. "With the biggest roll we ever handled, you should worry for clothes! But, listen, Sophe. It don't set good to leave you here, what with them makin' you and all. You better mope, Sophe, and do it quick. Take the first boat back to the States. Go to Tampa. Whichever of us gets there first, waits."

"Huh-huh."

He reached over and turned her wrist toward him and looked at her watch.

"I gotta beat it, Sophe."

Her eyes hardened. "Got your rod?" she demanded.

"Huh-huh—got two of 'em."

"Fer God's sake, take care of yourself, big boy," she said with sudden intensity.

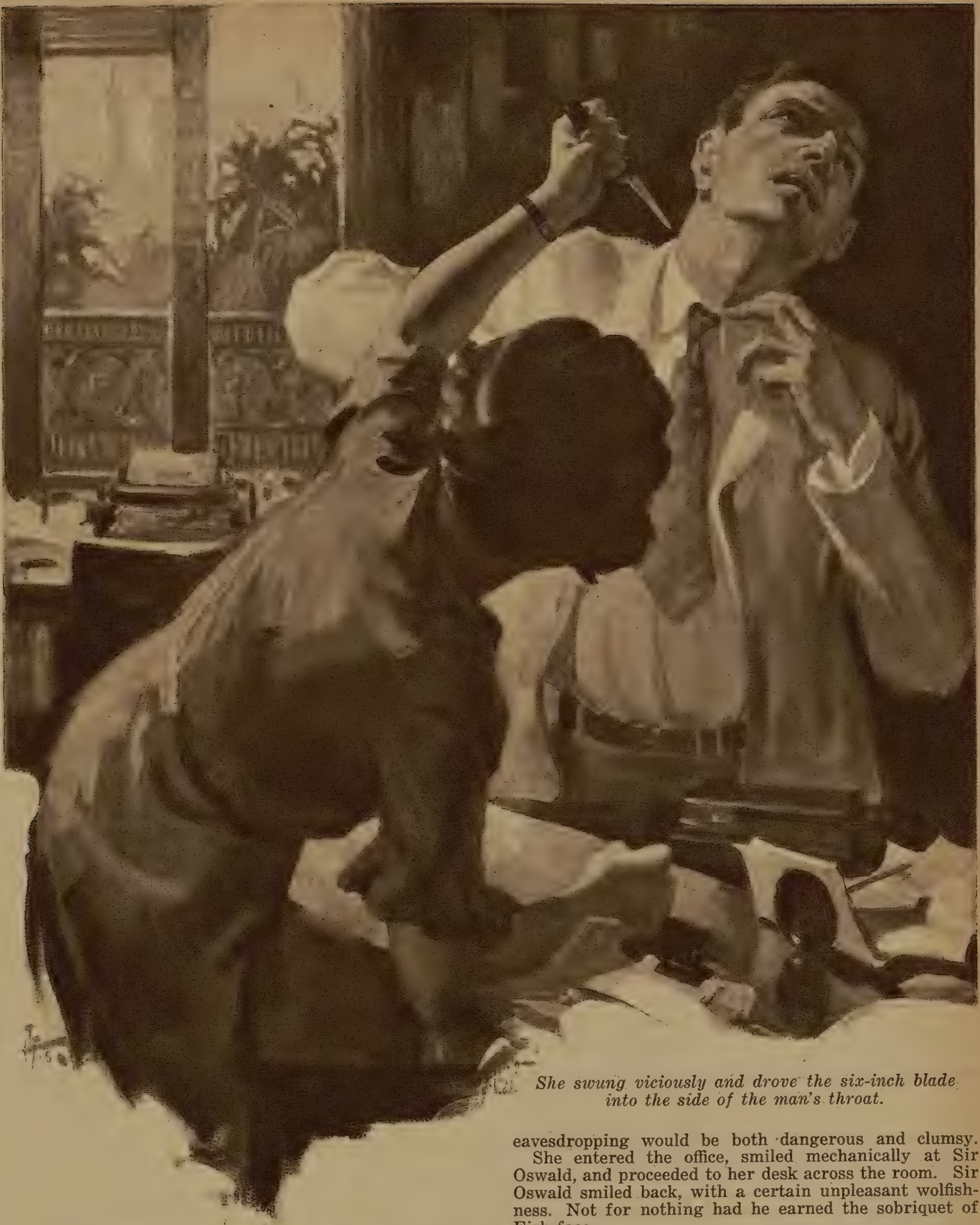
"An' when haven't I?" he demanded laconically. "G'by, girl. See yer in Tampa."

He was gone.

Sophy Kolof sat some twenty minutes longer. Then she paid their score and left the café. She walked slowly along the water front, her eyes searching the harbor.

It was a little after five o'clock. The schooner Queseda had got under way and was moving smoothly toward the harbor entrance with the favoring ebb tide. Sophy watched its masts creep slowly past the grim gray background of Morro Castle. She sighed a little, but her face was as composed and expressionless as Slim's own.

An exceptional couple. Schooled in control, taciturn to



She swung viciously and drove the six-inch blade into the side of the man's throat.

a degree, habited in reticence even in their relations with one another, living apart, of necessity, much of their time, their communion uncoerced, they had curiously captured some of that precious essence which benefit of clergy not often fails to preserve.

Sophy walked slowly back to her office. She had still to remove the dictograph and wires. She must contrive some pretext for staying after Ferguson had left for the day. His hours were haphazard, and it might be difficult. But simply to disappear and to leave the paraphernalia of eavesdropping would be both dangerous and clumsy.

She entered the office, smiled mechanically at Sir Oswald, and proceeded to her desk across the room. Sir Oswald smiled back, with a certain unpleasant wolfishness. Not for nothing had he earned the sobriquet of Fish-face.

"Two or three cablegrams on your desk you'll be interested in, Sophy," he observed. There was an ominous implication in this first-time use of her given name.

She picked up the cables. They were copies of the ones Slim had sent and received that very morning. Her heart thumped painfully. Well, the tips were off the foils between her and Ferguson. But Slim, thank God, was out of the way and safe. The last place the mob would look for him would be on one of their own vessels.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-one

She laid the flimsies down on her desk, and smiled contemptuously. "Well, the guy that sent 'em is where you can't get at him," she said evenly.

"No, nor you—nor anyone else, if you must know." The Englishman's tone was coolly menacing. "Tell me, my dear," he drawled, "I am quite aware that Slim bears the reputation of being an excellent all-around man, but I never heard that he numbered cooking among his accomplishments."

Sophy Kolof's heart turned leaden. She could literally feel the blood draining from her face, feel the cold, prickly sensation in her cheeks. But instantly, with the desperation of the protective instinct, she thrust herself into a new rôle.

"Jeez!" she exclaimed, frankly abandoning the educated diction she had employed these many weeks, and forcing a reluctant admiration into her voice. "You soitinly put one across that time. An' we walks right into it. Walks in askin' for more, what? I sure got to hand it to you. What's the answer, Fish-face?"

Ferguson winced at the nickname—which he was unaccustomed to hear so directly. "The answer is, my dear and beautiful Sophia, that neither you, nor I, nor anyone else, will ever see Bigger John Braughan again."

BUY NOW!

"Yeah? And Slim?"

"Slim? Oh, Slim's number was up when he walked in here this afternoon," he remarked carelessly.

"I see." Even through her cold fear she fell into his race-track argot. "His number's up; but it ain't official yet—'less you make it so. You could send a wireless."

"The Queseda carries no wireless."

"Or send a speed boat or a plane after her," she begged.

"Which I won't." He noticed the quick lidding of her eyes and interpreted it correctly. "Nor will you, either, Sophy. You don't leave this room, except with me, and under certain conditions."

He lifted the evening newspaper from the right-hand corner of his desk, and tossed it casually to the left-hand corner. Sophy saw the snub-nosed, armpit Colt, with a Maxim silencer on its one-inch barrel. She considered quickly. The office was empty by now—and with the silencer he might take a chance. Ferguson was yellow, but the yellow ones were often killers. She'd have to play him.

"An' what is these conditions?" she demanded in a low voice. Sir Oswald felt that things were shaping his way.

"Not to put too fine a point on it, my dear," he purred, "it cannot have escaped your notice that my interest in you is neither wholly paternal nor wholly confined to business."

"Huh-huh," she agreed heavily.

"WELL," he waved one delicately manicured hand — the sensitive-fingered hand of the card sharp who makes up a cooler deck under the nose of his victim—"well, I—er—don't want to crowd the mourners, and all that sort of thing, but if you can be sensible and see things my way, there won't need to be any mourners—if you follow me?"

"I get you," said Sophy slowly. And then, with mounting contempt, "D'yer mean to say you'd force a goil that was cuckoo about her own man?"

"Why, certainly," said Sir Oswald with the fine simplicity of his race. "What difference does that make—after a bit?"

Sophy repented her show of heat.

"How do I know you won't double-cross me? How do I know you'll sure send the speed boat?"

"On the honor of an English—" began Ferguson solemnly.

But Sophy Kolof had broken under the strain, broken for perhaps the first time in her career, broken as no living person had seen her break since she played sob rôles in stock, broken and sobbing convulsively, her arms flung wildly out across her desk.

"Oh, Gawd!" she moaned. "Swear you'll treat me right—swear—swear—"

He was across the room and bending over her in an agonized conflict of male triumph and male terror in the presence of hysteria.

"Swear you'll treat me right!" Her right hand beat convulsively on the desk, her left closed convulsively on the ebonized handle of the letter opener. "Swear you'll—" She swung viciously and drove the six-inch blade—sharp and deadly as an ice pick—into the side of the man's throat. It was a pretty thrust, nicely timed, and delivered with ferocity. She was fortunate in catching the jugular. Ferguson tried to scream, but the blood gushed into his windpipe and he slipped to the floor with an unpleasant gurgle.

Sophy Kolof stood up. First she ripped out the dictograph and light wires. Then she leaned over the body, took the man's handkerchief from his breast pocket, wet it at the water cooler, and carefully wiped all fingerprints from the ebonized handle of the paper knife.

She went methodically through her desk, removing her personal belongings, and damp-wiping all objects and surfaces that she might have touched. She opened her parcel and added the dictograph and wires to its contents. She tied it up carefully. Then she walked out of the office, observing much care to open the door without grasping the brass knob, and with a handkerchief-covered thumb and forefinger around the dowel pin, and quite content not to disturb the fingerprints of the last clerk who had left the office.

She walked downstairs, and into the narrow and crowded street, her manner unhurried and serene, and wholly aloof.

IT took her the better part of an hour to pack her clothes and go over her room. When the police came, they would learn that a woman of her description had lived there, but no traceable sign of her occupancy would remain.

She had plenty of time. Except with the worst of luck no one would enter Ferguson's office before morning. Wait a bit. How about the scrubwomen? Did they come at night, or the first thing in the morning? Oh, yes—must be morning—she had worked many a night into the small hours, and no one had ever disturbed them. Fair enough. It'd be near noon before the Cuban dicks stopped jabbering and got around to looking for her. And by that time she'd have been in the air for hours, and would have found the Queseda and warned Slim, and be well on her way to the Florida coast.

It irked her not to be able to start at once. But no use at night. It would be like groping for a needle in a haystack, and highly suspicious into the bargain. Besides, she still had much to do.

Sophy paid for her room, put her trunk and two large bags into a cab, and drove to the railroad station. She bought a ticket and sleeping-car accommodations to Santiago de Cuba. She checked her baggage to the same city. When she walked out she carried only her ordinary shopping bag and a small paper parcel containing the dictograph.

The bag contained—in addition to a small double-barreled derringer which Slim had given her for Christmas, and a snapshot of him taken at Coney Island—a toothbrush, a lipstick, and such other grim necessities of the toilet as may be found in any woman's hand bag. The rest of her baggage the police and railroad officials might later paw over to their hearts' content. Lucky she hadn't loaded up with a lot of new clothes.

Sophy left the railroad station by a side entrance. She took no more cabs. She walked. And in the course of her walk she tore up her ticket and baggage checks and dropped the fragments down a sewer. The small package containing the dictograph she consigned to the same oblivion. Then she sought a public telephone.

Somewhat later that evening Miss Kolof dined at an obscure restaurant with a young Spanish airman of her acquaintance. She was in exceptionally good form. She played the young Spaniard with finesse and devastating finality. Also she enjoyed the serene conscience and the healthy appetite of the woman who has just killed a bad man to save a better.

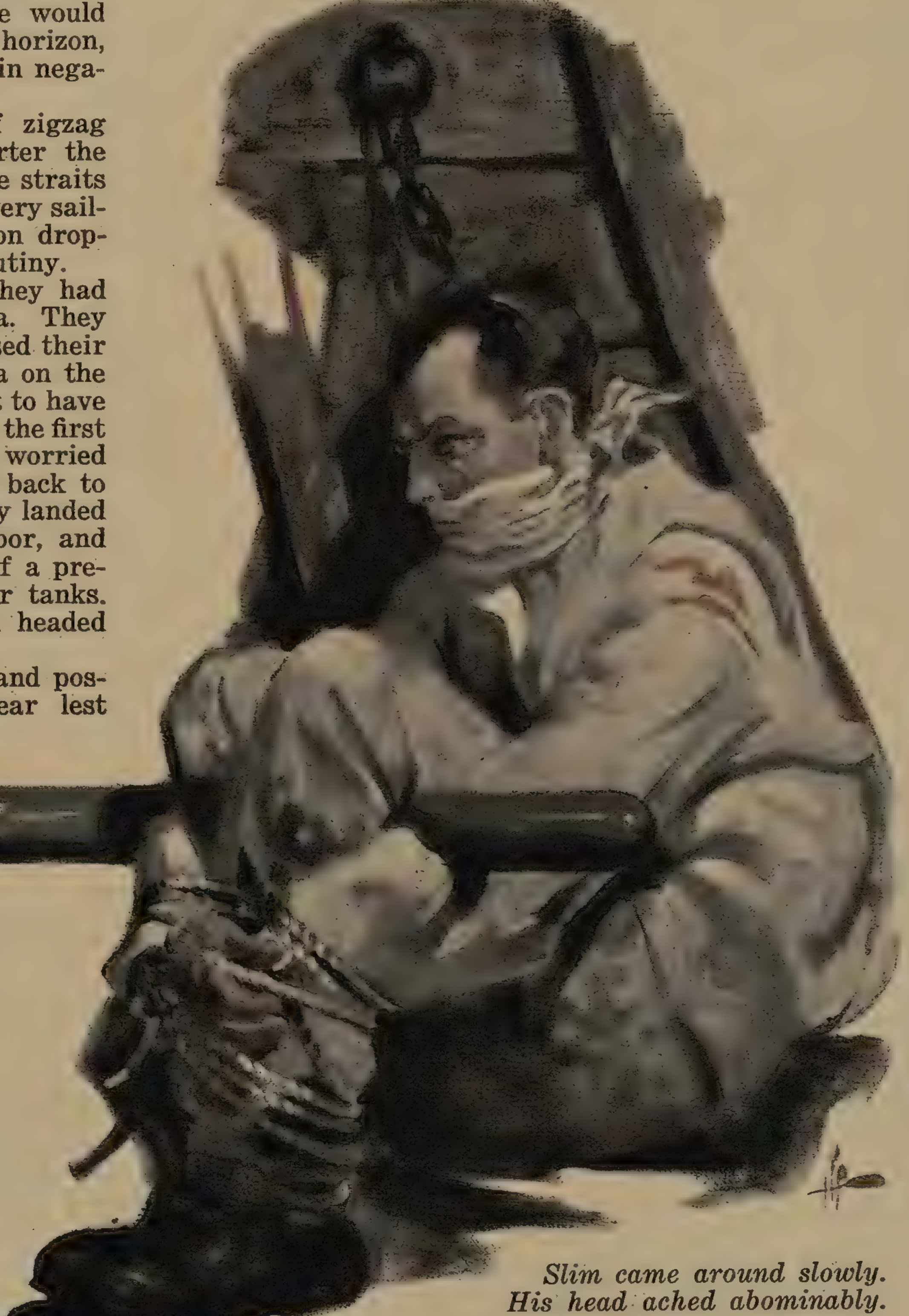
Shortly after dawn the following morning a seaplane flew high over Morro Castle and headed for the American coast. Sophy Kolof sat in the passenger cockpit behind the young Spaniard. Sophy had his marine glasses in her lap. Every now and then she would sweep the seascape to the horizon, and then shake her head in negation.

They flew a series of zigzag courses in order to quarter the largest possible area. The straits were full of vessels. At every sailing ship Sophy insisted on dropping down for a closer scrutiny.

By ten thirty o'clock they had not yet located the Queseda. They had scouted and crisscrossed their way clear to Bahia Honda on the keys. It seemed queer not to have overhauled the schooner in the first two hours. The Spaniard, worried by his gas gauge, turned back to Key West to refuel. They landed in the reef-encircled harbor, and used up the better part of a precious hour in filling their tanks. They took off again, and headed southwest.

Sophy, outwardly cold and possessed, but in secret fear lest they had already passed the ship, made the pilot go back thirty miles over their course. Still no sign of the schooner.

At eleven thirty they headed sharply north again toward the Tortugas. . . .



Slim came around slowly. His head ached abominably. How long he had been out he could not tell.

AT eleven thirty the cook of the Queseda was lying—beaten up and semiconscious—in the for'castle chain locker of the schooner. He was doubled up on his side, jackknife trussed, with a capstan bar thrust under his knees and through the crook of his arms. His hands were crossed and lashed to his shins, and his ankles were tightly tied. Into his mouth was stuffed a large ball of cotton waste from his own engine, secured with one of his own dish towels. He had been blackjacked from the rear as he stood in his galley.

Slim came around slowly. His head ached abominably. How long he had been out he could not tell. For all he knew, everything might be over. He summoned every ounce of his strength and will power, every resource of his varied technique of escape.

The gag would be nothing once he got his hands clear. At the end of half an hour the flesh on his wrists was shredding, but the hemp rope was distinctly looser. Another twenty minutes would do it.

He felt the vessel lurch and run to an even keel; heard the flap of idle sails and clatter of blocks and running gear; heard the slap of water against the bow planking near his head, as the schooner came into the wind and lost way. Dimly he heard a gun fired, heard shouts from the deck overhead and the clunking run of heavy sea boots.

And presently he heard the boarding party. Heard the low, curt commands; the sudden, strained silences; the fall of oars in rowlocks as the boatloads started back—heard it all, and strained and writhed and could not scream. Oh, Gawd—ten minutes—five minutes—three minutes more—!

NOW, at the same hour of eleven thirty the yacht Nosila was rounding Man Key at the end of the reefs which lie off Key West. Or, rather, it was the raider Swallow, for the Nosila had put off her shore-going finery and was now dressed in her professional and working clothes.

Hawks was on the bridge with Captain Runker. The Honorable Richard et cetera Bentinck was leaning with his back to the rail and nursing a bit of a grouch. From where he stood he could watch his fiancée, who was sitting on a coil of rope on the side of the deckhouse. Beside her, also on a coil of rope, lounged Mr. Charles Hopping.

Mr. Hopping had a novel spread open on his knees, which he was reading in desultory and skippy fashion. Occasionally he would read a passage aloud—with comment. For the most part he remained comfortably silent. Miss Corning remained comfortably silent too. After a while Chub closed his book on his forefinger as a marker, and let his gaze wander to the figure of the Englishman against the rail.

"What's the matter with Achilles-sulking-in-his-tent Bentinck this morning?" he inquired. "Can't he find a better sulking place than right in front of me?"

"He's raging because I came on this trip," explained Alison. "He accuses me of—"

"So do I," interjected Chub. "Why don't you come clean?"

She turned and looked him over fully and coolly. She smiled faintly, but made no answer. A slightly vindictive look crept into Hopping's child-blue eyes.

"Are you in love with John?" he asked petulantly.

"N—o," she answered without rancor.

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Naturally not." She was amused. "In the first place, I'm engaged to Richard; and in the second place, he hasn't asked me; and—"

"None of 'em sufficient reasons—nowadays. Espe-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-three

cially from you. First place, you'd ask him fast enough—if you made up your mind—"

"Of course," she admitted pleasantly.

"Please don't interrupt. In the second place, if he did ask you, he wouldn't ask you, if you know what I mean. He'd just tell you, d'you see?"

"You haven't been drinking, have you?" asked Alison with solicitude. "Your brain seems a little frazzled."

"Not this morning I haven't," said Chub firmly. "I have a bit of a hangover, I don't mind saying. Something of a baby binge it was last night. We sat up till all hours finishing that Scotch after you went to bed. But my mind always works beautifully on a hangover. I think of the most exquisite things—bits of poetry and what not floating through my brain."

"We'd be awfully unhappy together," observed Alison inconsequentially.

"What's that? Oh—you and John, you mean. Sure you would. But the sight of a fiery hell just beyond the altar never yet stopped a pair of idiots from marching up the aisle together."

"Oh, yes, it did," she said slowly. She relapsed into silence. When she spoke again she was watching Hopping's face rather carefully.

"He'd make a gorgeous lover," she hazarded.

"Romantic or special sense?" he demanded.

"Both—either—neither. I don't know what I do mean."

"Now look here," began Hopping concernedly, "don't you ever dare talk to John that way. You haven't any idea how old-fashioned and stiff-necked he is. You—"

"Haven't I, though!" she exclaimed. "D'you know, Hopping, you're rather a dear. If John had your technique with his equipment, I think I'd have fallen for him long ago."

"You have," said Chub gloomily, and reopened his book. "God knows where it's going to end."

Bentinck sauntered up.

"That's where it's going to end," said Alison, nodding toward her fiancé. "Richard, my dear, this young man thinks I ought not to marry you."

Chub looked sour. "I said no such thing."

"No man who is half a man could do less than resent your marrying any other man," observed the Honorable Bentinck easily.

"You can't beat the British," groaned Hopping. "They can talk themselves out of any predicament."

"Not at all," returned Bentinck in high good humor. "We customarily talk ourselves into a predicament and then have to fight our way out. Look at the last war. Consider the Boer War. Consider the Crimea. Look at the Napoleonic wars! By Jove, if the Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Rugby—"

"—'playing fields of Eton,'" giggled Hopping; "'playing fields of Eton,' was Wellington's line, if I remember."

"Of course—of course," murmured Bentinck. "But if that battle was won—er—wherever it was won, where, may I ask, where was your Battle of Bunker Hill lost, eh? I ask you that. And I'll give you the answer. It was lost on the debating floor of the Oxford Union—that's where it was lost! Rather neat point, what?"

He fairly radiated the satisfaction that the true Britisher experiences in self-abasement.

Hopping and Miss Corning regarded one another and shook their heads.

"You're hopeless, Richard," quoth his lady.

Bentinck smiled charmingly and picked up Hopping's novel.

"What are you reading, Hopping?"

"One of your Anglo-Armenian sexographic novels," grinned Chub. Bentinck, turning the pages idly, was arrested by a passage.

"Oh, I say, this is a bit thick. Listen:

> "No woman is ever seriously offended by an insult to her person. The tradition of female inviolability, of a womanhood chaste by nature and choice, is a man-made fiction, exploited by him to bolster his conceit of conquest—a fiction slyly acquiesced in by woman—woman with her tongue in her cheek, and her hand at her ready bosom for the first male who comes along with the courage and common sense to think ill of her. The wanton lurks skin-deep in the best of them. To the male who sanctifies them, they render homage, and respect, and obedience—reserving passion and devotion for the brutes who know them. They—"

ALISON reached over and closed the book in her fiancé's hand. "That will be quite enough, Richard," she said calmly. "Here comes John Hawks."

"Precisely," drawled Hopping. "I think John ought to learn the facts of life in a nice way. And I don't think that book is a nice way."

Alison, who was starting to get to her feet, looked down at Hopping. "As I said before, Chub, you're really quite a sweet old thing. If other people understood me half as well as you do—" She left it unfinished.

"Yeah," said Chub plaintively. "Trouble is, people who understand each other don't ever get married."

John Hawks came up to the group.

"Schooner's sighted," he said shortly. "Chub, get your gun crews out. Alison, you can stay on deck until Mr. Bentinck tells you to go below. Bentinck, I'll ask you to see that she takes cover as soon as I fire my first gun."

"But—but—can't I be in on your show?" expostulated Bentinck.

"Certainly, after you've got her below."

Alison flushed and bit her lips. "I don't need to be tied up," she said cuttingly. "I'll give you my word."

The Honorable Bentinck regarded her with some uncertainty. "I think I'd rather tie her up," he observed without humor.

They all laughed again, very cheerily. John returned to the bridge. The captain had pursued their customary tactics of approaching the prize as nearly head on as sea conditions permitted. John was sweeping the horizon with the glasses. "All clear," he announced. "Let her have it."

They broke out the "Heave to" code letters, and fired a gun. The Queseda obeyed instantly. John headed the boarding party in the launch. They needed neither grenades nor gas masks. The entire crew of the schooner stood against the rail with their hands in the air.

In ten minutes the first two boatloads of whisky sacks were on the for'ard deck of the Swallow. John rejoined the skipper on the bridge.

"Too easy," he remarked. "Hey, Bentinck—tell Miss Corning she can come out now if she likes."

"Seaplane heading this way," said Captain Ben, lowering his glass. "Couple of miles off, I reckon."

John descended to the main deck and was on his way aft, when suddenly a scattered rifle fire broke out from the hitherto unresisting schooner.

"Get down!" yelled John to Alison.

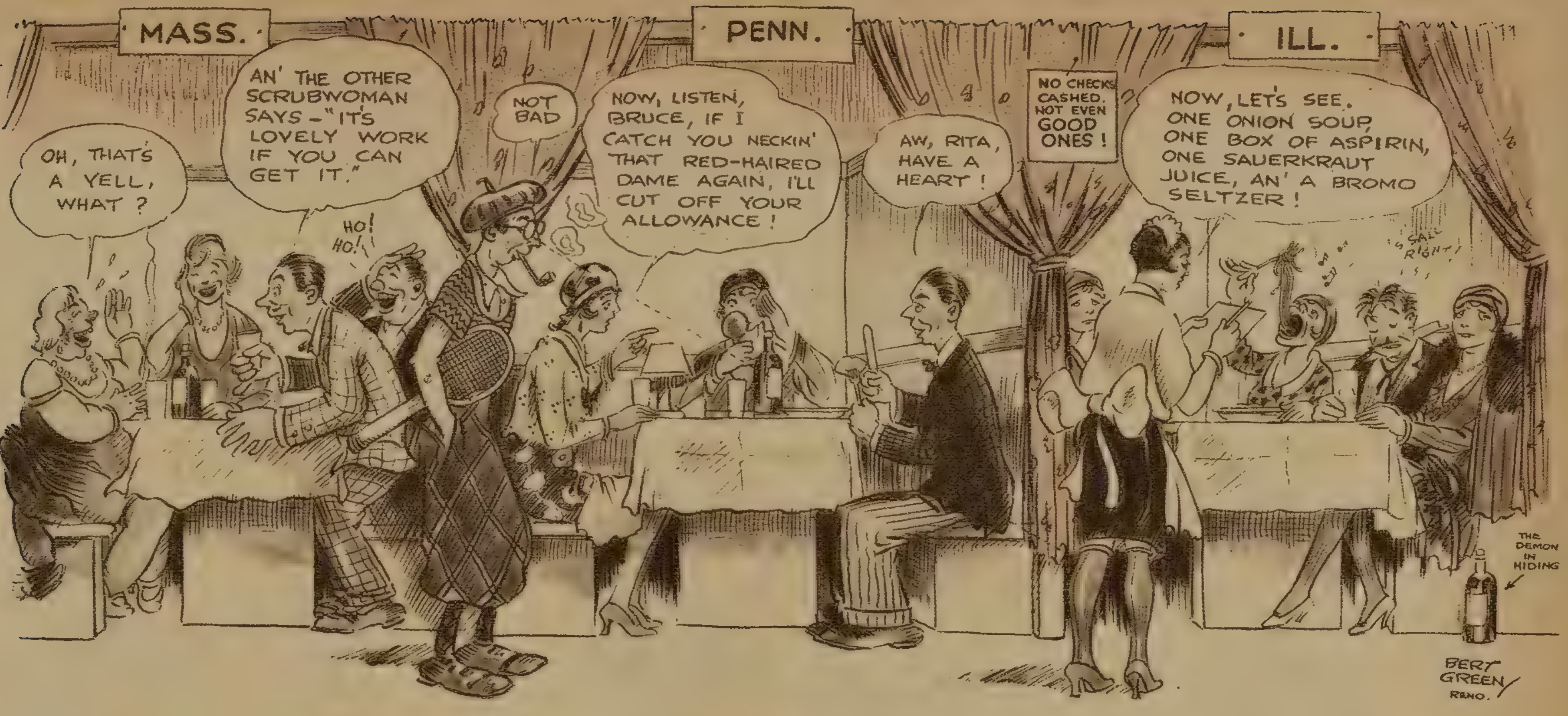
She was pointing to the water forty yards on their starboard quarter. "They're not shooting at us—they're shooting at a man in the water!" she shouted.

"Open on 'em, Chub," called Johnny, and ran forward to peer over the side. The man in the water was swimming smoothly and methodically. Scattered ricochets flicked the waves about his black head. Now he was shouting something, thrusting his right arm in the air, and raising his head. John got it—got it of a sudden—the high pale forehead—the long thin hands. Slim!

Slim was shouting again—shouting upwind. John cupped his ears in an agony of concentration. No use—sounded like "bonds"—

Another rifle report. No harmless ricochet about the black head this time. Slim's upraised arm slapped the water. He floated face down like a shot duck.

To his dying day, John never forgot the minutes that followed that rifle report, for they were fraught with deadly danger. Follow him in next week's installment of the story.


MASS.
PENN.
ILL.
OH, THAT'S A YELL, WHAT ?
AN' THE OTHER SCRUBWOMAN SAYS – "IT'S LOVELY WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT."
HO! HO!
NOT BAD
NOW, LISTEN, BRUCE, IF I CATCH YOU NECKIN' THAT RED-HAIRED DAME AGAIN, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ALLOWANCE !
AW, RITA, HAVE A HEART !
NO CHECKS CASHED. NOT EVEN GOOD ONES !
NOW, LET'S SEE. ONE ONION SOUP, ONE BOX OF ASPIRIN, ONE SAUERKRAUT JUICE, AN' A BROMO SELTZER !
'S ALL RIGHT
THE DEMON IN HIDING
BERT GREEN RENO.

Its a yell to hear the lingo in the different booths.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

In the Breakaway Zone Where Lovers' Knots Won't Hold

(Reading time: 8 minutes 20 seconds.)

Words and Pictures
by
BERT GREEN

Reno, Nev.

DEAR MARG,

I would have wrote you before but I had to go to the Reno Court house while a girl friend of mine was gettin undone. Yeh, she was gettin her divorce. Wait till I tell you about it, you see, every Monday morning is what they call WASH DAY in the Reno Court house, theres a divorce every ten minutes during the day. Thats where the Divorce Mill gets its name. Over the top of the buildin the woids is carved WASHOE COUNTY COURTHOUSE but I think the plasterer made a mistake. It should read *WASHOUT* COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

Anyway, while the Court is in cesshon, the divorcees sit in the back and listen to their sisters goin thru the mill. The lawyers make em do this so they'll get used to it and wont fall apart when their own case comes up.

BUY NOW!

Usually when a divorcee expects her own case in the morning, she gets *stiff* the night before. This helps her out. When she gets on the witness stand with a bit of a hangover she looks so bad the judge thinks the demon husband goaled her.

And another thing, no matter how pink and rosy they were the night before, they usually bounce into the witness chair lookin like the end of a hard winter.

The lawyers help fix em up with ghost like faces, no lip stick, no rouge and plenty of over night bags under the eyes. The sadder they look the quicker the bands of wedlock is busted up.

One look at a clever divorcee and the judge and jury get so sad they turn on the water works.

But you should hear the other femmes at the end of the room takin it all in.

Gee, don't she look sad, whispers Rita Ritz.

Its a laugh! murmured the other, four hours ago she was kickin the crystals out o' the shandalier.

Lets go up to the courtroom, Marg, and hear Mrs. Hopewell going for the rap. As she enters the room shes fuller gin and remorse. The lawyer takes her arm so they *both* wont fall down.

She sits in the chair like she was picked up on the Moharvey dessert eleven days without food.

What is your name? asks her lawyer in a bourbon voice.

Mrs. Ruth Hopewell, replies the divorcee in a whisper.

Speak up! demands the lawyer, steadin himself. Where do you reside?

In New York!

Where? hollers the lawyer tryin to correct her.

In RENO, I mean!

What has been your husbands attitude to you?

Oh, he's very, very, cruel!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

How did he show this cruelty? broke in the judge.

Well er, hed refuse to buy me straight eights and wouldn't even entertain my boy friends when I brought em to the house. Why, sometimes he wouldn't even speak to me.

Did this affect your health? inquired the lawyer.

I'll say it did, I'm a nervous wreck, she replies breakin out the tears.

Do you think your health would be impaired if you continued to live with your husband? asks the judge.

Yes, terrible, sobs the dame. I wouldn't marry the best man in shoeleather again!

That will do! orders the judge.

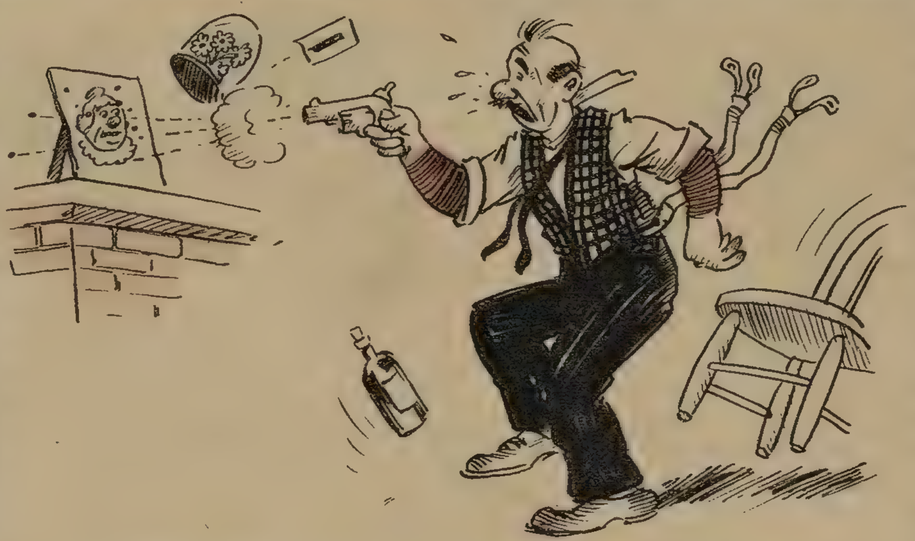
Youre a free woman, admitts the lawyer leading her out of the room. I congratulate you.

A few moments later the judge returns to his private chambers. Enter Mrs. Hopewell all smiles. Your honor, she says, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. Do you mind *marrying me* to this man?

Whos he? asks the judge.

He's my riding instructor at the Dude Ranch.

So there you are, Marg. Easy come easy go!



Right then and there he begins blazin away at me old ladys pitcher.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that your girl friend Mazie with the crockery eye blue in yesterday for her divorce.

Shes got another dizzy dame taggin on whats a WOW! A hard boiled 2nd Avenue twist with Neapolitan hair by the name of Mary Dunn, shes got a heart like the rear end of a buss.

Mitt me! she says, throwin me her duke for the first time.

So youre Mike Shea eh? Well, what I've heard about you is PLENTY, take us too a feed joint where we can inhale a few groceries.

So I took em to a restaurant where most of the frolickin divorcees go to pour out their matrimoneyal groans. This chow house Marg, is one of the best places in Reno to put on the bag without giving up your bank account.

This particular place has a very novel idea. They have booths arranged with the names of the different states over them.

For instance, if a frail from New York or Boston ankles in and is low on the chin and wants to meat up with another dame or John from the same State she comes from, she pops into the booth marked NEW YORK or MASSACHOOSITS, and nine times out of ten she'll find another pal whos killing a splitting headache with a short order of tomato juice or onion soup.

Oh, its a yell to hear the lingo in the different booths. The babes from Boston will be rolling their Rs all over the Boston Common and be goin against the beef and beans, while those in the ILLINOISE booth will be braggin about *The Loop* and be putting their New York husbands in the grease.

YEH, and you should hear the acksent on the Southern bells in the Kentucky booth. On the level, I cant make out what theyre sayin half the time. To hear em talk you'd think that Stefin Fetchit was throwin a cocktail party to a bunch of jigaboos from Harlem. But no kiddin Marg, I love them Southern frails, theres somethin about em what makes you move right in.

While we was sittin in the New York booth listenin to the Southerners, Mary Dunn got braggin about the Northerners to your girl friend with the china peeper.

You know, she says stickin out her chest, My old mans father is a G. A. R.! !

Whats that? pipes your girl friend.

Why you poor sap, she replies, dont you know what a G. A. R. is? He's a veteran of the Sivil War.

Oh I see, says your girl friend with the china lamp. Ive seen them guys in the News Reel. Whenever theres a big perade, they make them old guys walk while the young punks ride in the swell automobiles. The older they are the further they march em.

Aw go sit on a tack and hatch nails! stormed Mary.

While we were moving into the sirloin I asked Mary what the trouble was between her and her husband.

Oh, my old mans a terrible lush, she says. Hes a setup for all dem two time acrobats what traipses along de Main Stem. No foolin, he could be tossed on a dessert and in fifteen minutes be surrounded by enough binge hounds to pack the big house. Yeh, and the woist of it is, he drags em all home!

IM fed up, Im tellin you. Can you feature a swell moll like me runnin a speak to a bunch of no good, crocked up bumbs? Not me! Im trugh!

You don't mean to tell me he drinks? I said, pouring her a shot of gin.

Drinks, she gasps, why, the poor sap was brought up in a bottle.

Just before I left him I had to send his clothes to the police station.

D'ye know what he did? Well, I'll tell yer. He drops into a dive over on Tenth Ave where the drinks is a dime a dozen and meets up with a bunch of his boozem pals. Right away some big hearted gorilla slips him the cops bottle and away he goes. My gawd, didja ever get a snoot full of the cops bottle? Two drinks and the traffic cop begin wavin at everythin. They dont know whether the traffic is upside down or sideways. Its the pay off for the speaks.

Anyway, he comes staggerin home with a bunch of them high powered mussle men and begins chislein the ice box. The first thing I knows hes tossin the Sunday spare ribs down the dumbwaitor, and crackin ice on the bed while the other punks is pullin the feathers out of the polly. Oh, what a party!

Well, after the noise gets quieted, they begin drinkin and arguein.

Didja hear about Grogan winnin the shootin prize? says one of em to me husband.

Whos the hell is Grogan? he snears.

Why the roundsman over to the Station house.

What kin *he* shoot? hollers me old man guzzlin his drink.

Well, he hit the bulls eye everytime, in the gun test.

Aw go on, squarks me open hearted husband. When I was with Buffalo Bill, me and Annie Oakley could hit—

And right then and there he pulls out a great big gat and begins blazin away at me old ladys pitcher and shootin his name in the piana. A panic, what? And that aint *all.* While the rest of the gang is movin the banisters with em, he starts takin his clothes off, peggs em out the winder and begins shootin at em on the fly like they was clay pigeons.

Well, to top it all, a stray bullet shoots the lima beans off the landlords knife across the street and that ended it. Somebody put in a riot call and the last thing I saw was me ever lovin husband seein the bright lights from the back of a patrol wagon.

So, thats why Im here for a divorce.

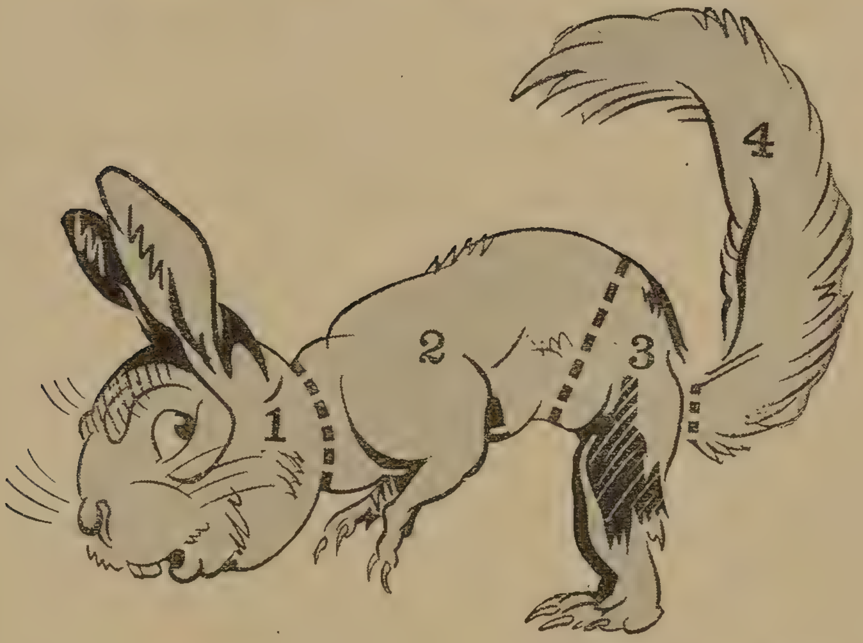
Well I got to go now Marg, wishin you the same.

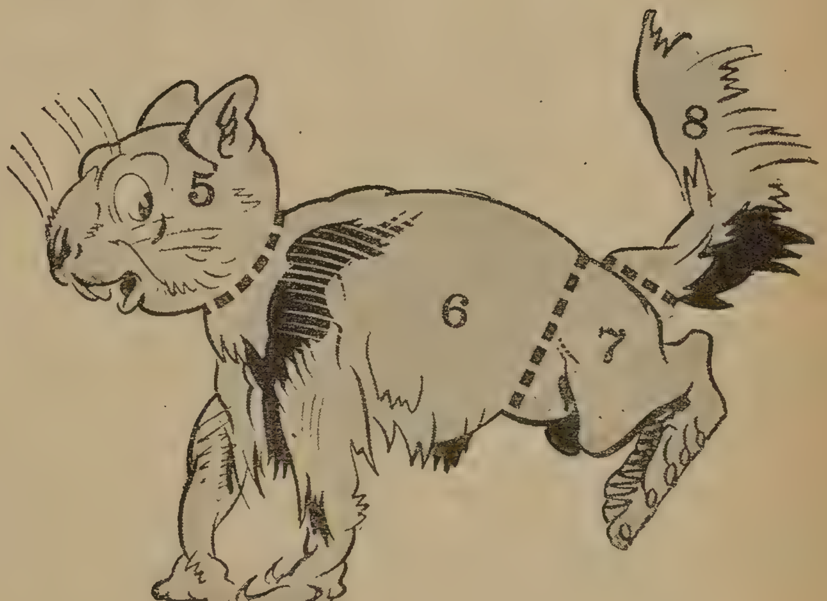
MIKE SHEA.

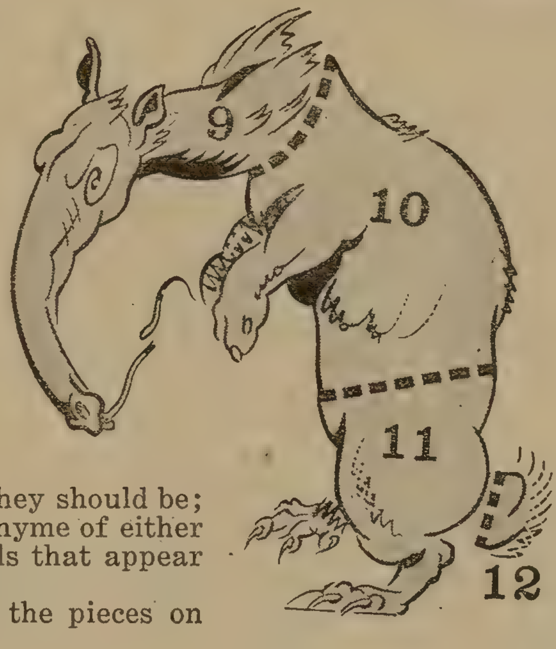
Another letter from Mike probably will be along in the near future.

Boys and Girls and Kids in General—This Is the Game of

The Great What-is-it?







HERE are some scrambled animals—heads, tails, feet, bodies, all mixed up. See if you can cut them apart on the dotted lines and put them together again correctly.

Beginning this week, a set of these animals will appear in each issue of Liberty. And each week Liberty will give

$500 in Prizes

to those who do three things best—FIRST, cut out the animals and put them together as they should be; SECOND, name them; and, THIRD, write a rhyme of either two or four lines about any one of the animals that appear when the pieces are properly matched.

For instance, if you find a squirrel among the pieces on this page, you might write:

SQUIRREL

The squirrel is a funny fella.
He has a tail for an umbrella.

Of course you can't use this verse—this is ours—but it gives you the idea. The rhyme doesn't need to be serious; the funnier and more clever it is the better your chance for a prize will be.

Now read the rules on this page, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the pictures), and see what you can do.

The Prizes

will be divided as follows

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$50
Third Prize	$25
Twenty prizes of $10 each, making	$200
Twenty-five prizes of $5 each, making	$125
Total each week	$500

Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, December 6.

The Rules

Every week until further notice Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures under the title, THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? The pieces of each set, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the pictures, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes each week, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES, OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

Look for the funny fat man on the red box
for that Tickle
BUNTE BROS CHICAGO
COUGH DROPS

Bunte Cough Drops soothe the throat and relieve the annoying tickle. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS MENTHOL HOREHOUND 5¢ COUGH DROPS

BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO

Another World War?

Behind the petticoat intrigue of Europe, Konrad Bercovici sees the imminent danger of a new world conflict. A native-born Roumanian, Bercovici adds to Liberty's recent articles on King Carol of Roumania an amazing inside story of plots and counter-plots, in

That Royal Lover

Read it in Liberty

NEXT WEEK!

TWO KINDS
for Soft Corns
for Hard Corns

Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. FREE SAMPLE. Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1629 Locust. St Louis Mo.

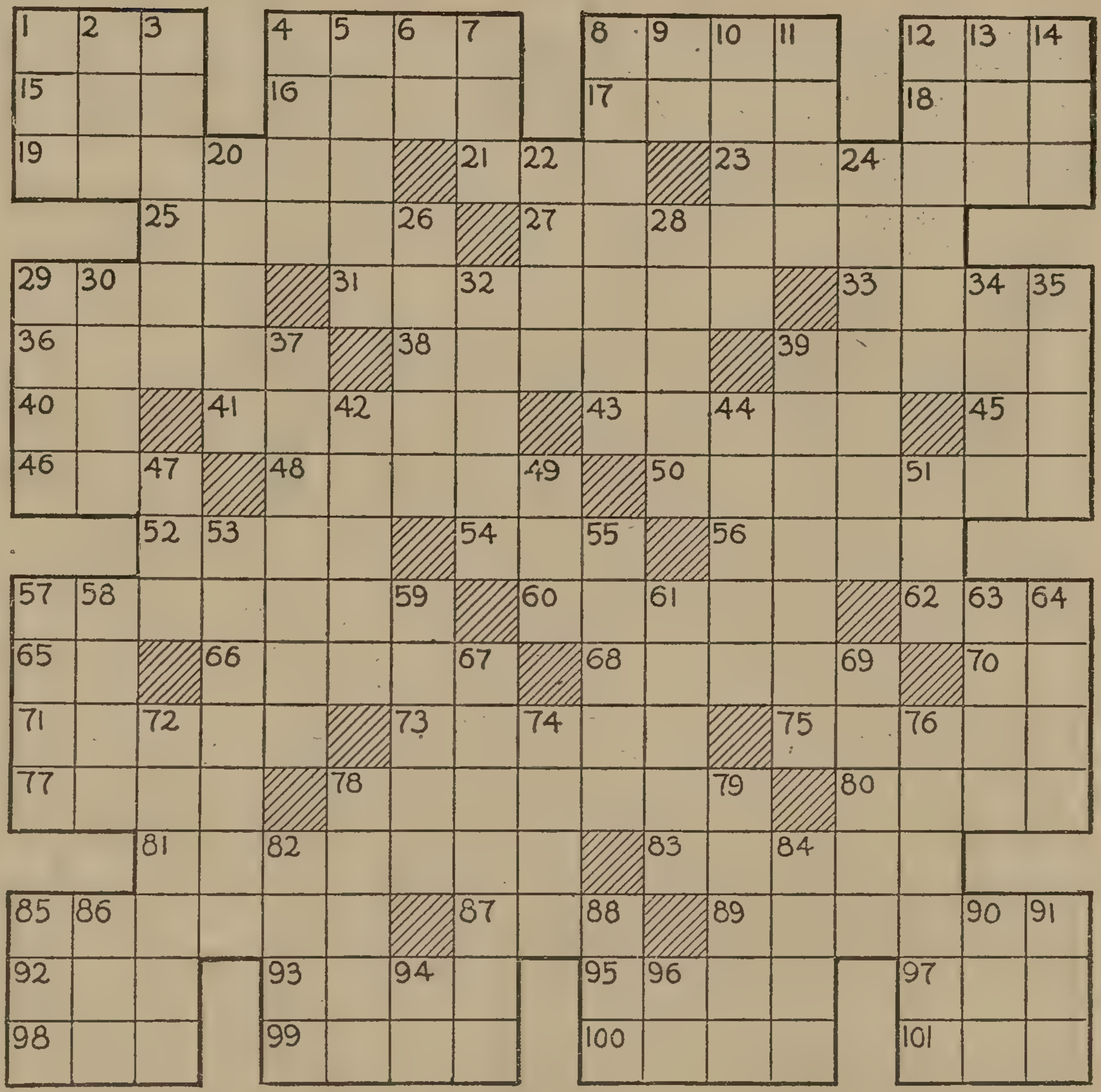
Wizard Corn Pads

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Two Puzzles for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65 66 67 68 69 70
71 72 73 74 75 76
77 78 79 80
81 82 83 84
85 86 87 88 89 90 91
92 93 94 95 96 97
98 99 100 101

HORIZONTAL

1 By; in place of
4 A lure
8 Man's name
12 Arab's garment
15 A constellation
16 Woman's name
17 Winglike processes
18 A rodent
19 Elevated
21 Kind of muffin
23 Progenitor
25 Region of the head of a bird (plural)
27 City in Connecticut
29 Old
31 Withdrew
33 Profit
36 Perspiration
38 Pilau (variant)
39 Antiquated
40 Into
41 One of Napoleon's marshals
43 Leaf of a calyx
45 French article
46 Man's name
48 Moves by drawing
50 Retreated; retired
52 Small bedstead
54 Goddess of dawn (Greek mythology)
56 Assistant
57 Foot lever
60 Necktie
62 Succeed
65 Exclamation
66 Chinese weights
68 Unaccented part of a foot (prosody)
70 An element (symbol)
71 A gum
73 Curses
75 Immature equines
77 Hawaiian breechcloth
78 Narrator
80 Plunder
81 Interpolates
83 Snouts of animals
85 Evening
87 Theory
89 Assails
92 Inquire
93 Italian coins
95 At sea
97 Fish spawn
98 Footlike part
99 Den
100 Trial
101 Inebriate

VERTICAL

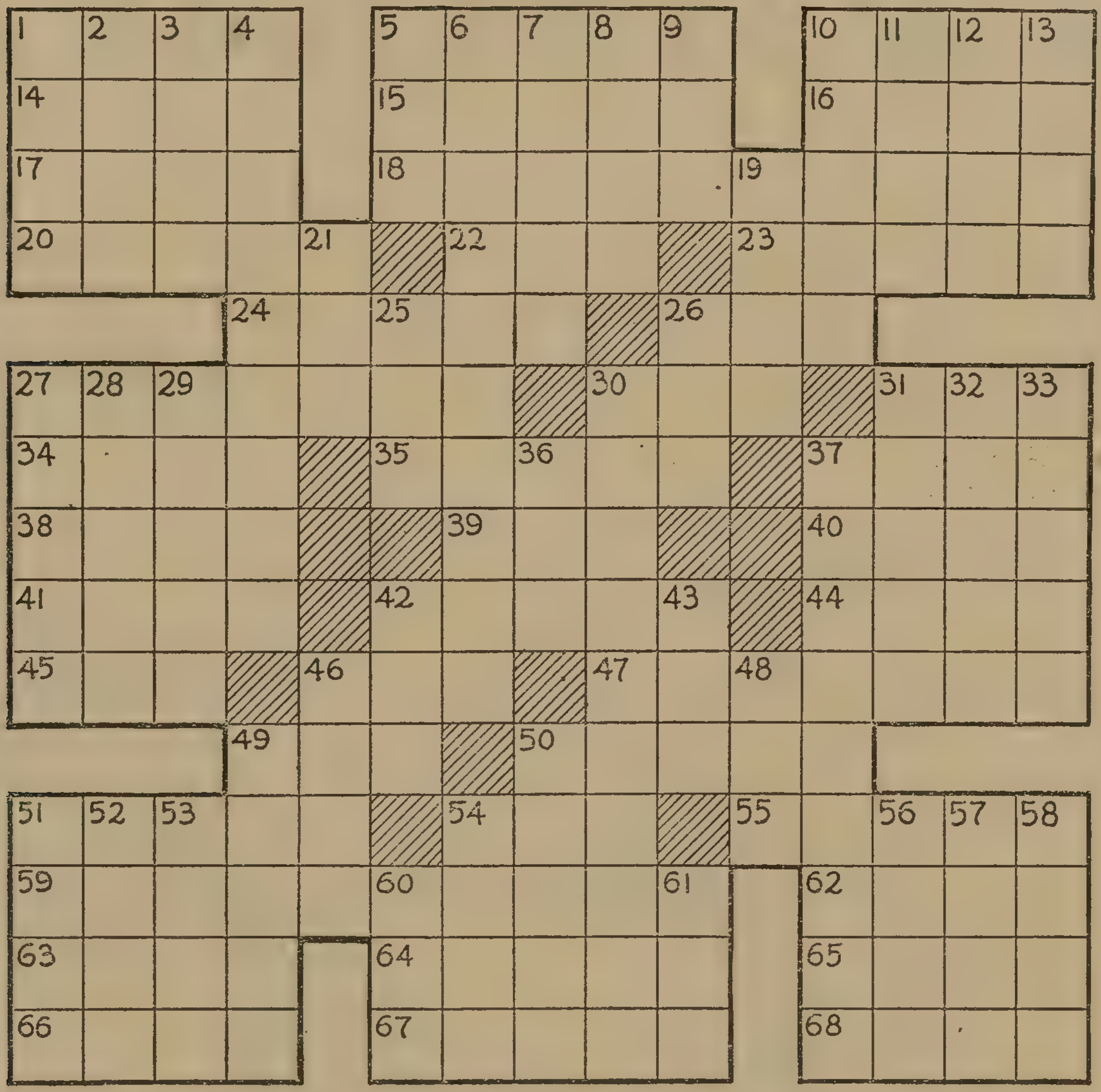
1 Parity
2 Period
3 Uttered reproaches
4 Malt liquor
5 A tree
6 Exists
7 Label
8 Photographer's apparatus (plural)

BUY NOW!

9 Indian mulberry
10 Fast
11 A metal
12 Spheres of action
13 Forbid
14 Siamese coin
20 Biblical city (Genesis xviii.)
22 Man's name
24 Fared sumptuously
26 Part of a flower
28 Allude
29 A continent
30 Firearms
32 Name
34 Island
35 Indigence
37 River in Virginia
39 Pertaining to peace
42 Russian coin
44 A fruit (plural)
47 Playing card
49 A call for help
51 Atmospheric moisture
53 An allowance of provisions (plural)
55 Scarcely sufficient
57 Limited or definite extent of time
58 Ostrich
59 Church officer
61 Criminal burning
63 In
64 Cozy abode
67 A device used in heraldry
69 A fish (plural)
72 Steals away
74 A religious service
76 Unsuccessful contestants
78 Networks (anatomy)
79 Garments
82 Barter
84 Resting place
85 The vital juice of plants
86 Employment
88 Entangle
90 Also
91 Put in position
94 Japanese measure of distance
96 The symbol for an element

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 The two, without exception of either
5 On or toward the left side of a vessel
10 Word of instruction used by proof readers
14 Chief solid constituent of urine
15 A missile weapon of offense
16 Whimper or whine, as a complaining child
17 Comprehended
18 Being under the influence of reason
20 A province in Colombia
22 Devoured
23 Districts
24 A cubic meter
26 Large flatboat
27 More distant
30 An offer, as of a price to be paid
31 A rotating piece in a machine
34 A kingdom of Biblical times
35 Laid level with the ground
37 Puncture
38 Quote
39 Fresh
40 In a line or rank
41 Employer
42 Once more; anew
44 To be worsted in any kind of contest
45 A color
46 A form of to be
47 Lyre shaped
49 Topaz humming bird
50 A kind of theater in ancient Greece
51 Cover with reproach
54 Crude metal
55 Russian prison
59 Native factotum employed by a foreign establishment
62 Ancient Roman highway
63 A source of indigo
64 A shim (machinery)
65 Feminine personal name
66 Interpret (poetic)
67 One of the poles of an electrical source
68 Man's name

VERTICAL

1 Thick densely branched shrub
2 Combining form meaning mountain
3 Syllable indicating addition of ten
4 More comely
5 River in Switzerland
6 Prepare or arrange beforehand
7 Declaim
8 A flower
9 Cardinal number
10 To arc at the brushes, as a dynamo
11 Hollow cylinder of any material
12 Woman's name
13 Mounds
19 East Indian aromatic plant
21 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
25 Ever
26 Succor
27 Come again to mind
28 Woman's name
29 Paired, as animals, for breeding
30 Confused; puzzled
31 French painter of landscapes
32 Ascended
33 Cried, as an animal of the feline kind
36 A genus of large grasses
37 A dish of cold boned chicken or veal
42 A southern constellation
43 Brood of pheasants
46 State to be true
48 A deer
49 Fully sufficient
50 Town in Penobscot County, Maine
51 A cicatrix
52 Stone for sharpening cutting instruments
53 Surrounded by
54 Supreme deity of the Norse pantheon
56 Minute particle
57 A fairy
58 Pertaining to a period reckoned from a particular event
60 Wing
61 Sooner than

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Your Mirror Can't Tell You
But

The Finger Tip Test Can!

If dandruff has caked on your scalp, clogging up the pores and stifling the growth of hair, neither your mirror nor your friends can tell you about it. But you can find out in a second by gently scratching your scalp and then looking at your finger-nails.

This invisible *dandruff-cap* that threatens the life of your hair is untouched by ordinary washing. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo cleanses your scalp as well as your hair. It dissolves and removes every particle of even the most heavily incrusted dandruff. Under a money-back guarantee, too.

Try an application today at your nearest barber shop or beauty parlor or buy a retail size at any drug or department store.

The coupon below will bring you a generous free sample.

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa.

Please send me a generous free sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

Name.......................................

Address....................................

Ease in 5 minutes—Comfort in 5 hours

Mothers . . . Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. *Don't take a chance*—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole *once every hour for five hours.*

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

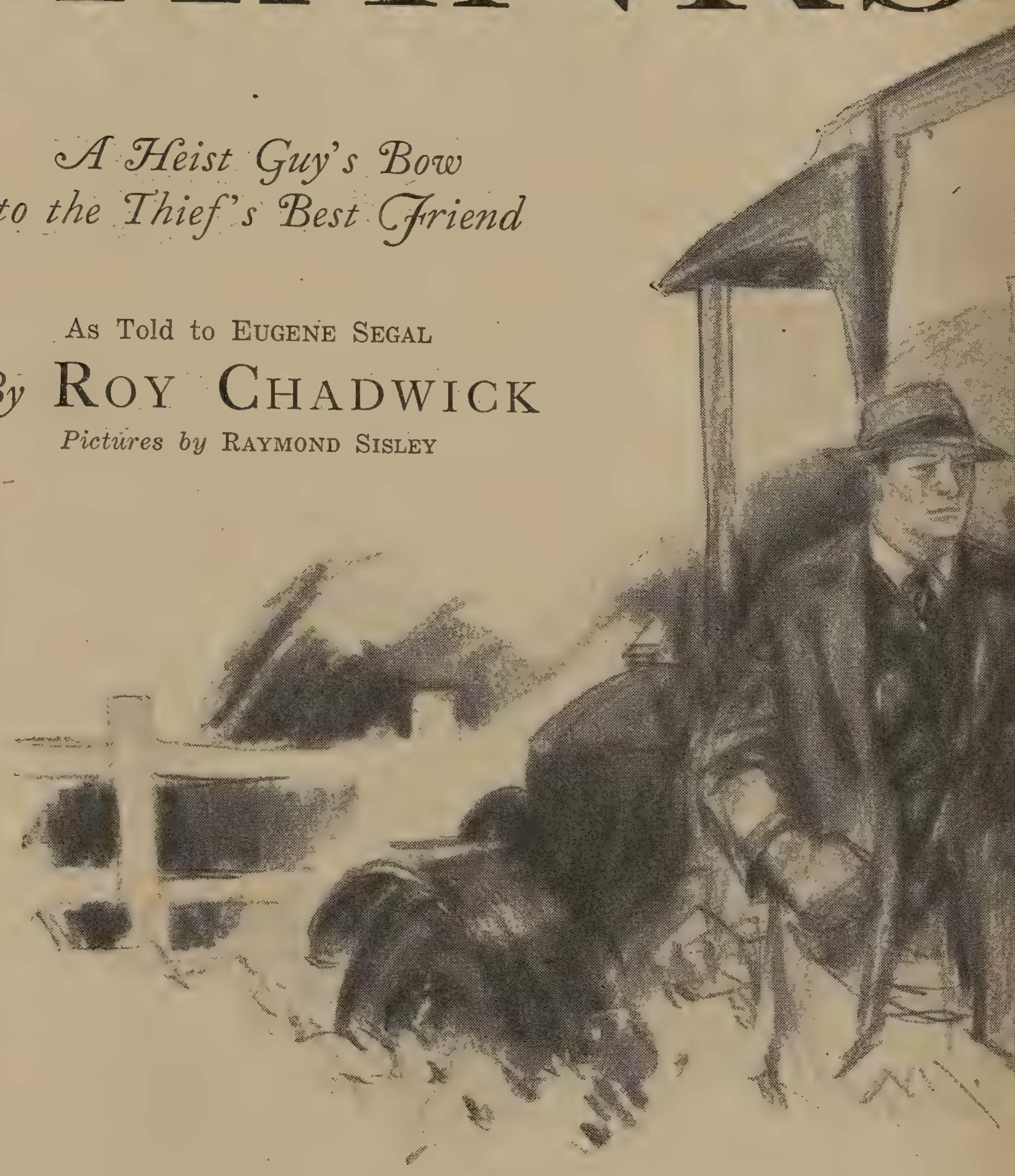
With THANKS

A Heist Guy's Bow to the Thief's Best Friend

As Told to EUGENE SEGAL

By ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY



(Reading time: 17 minute 37 seconds.)

THIS is the last of a number of true stories by an all-round racketeer. Their authenticity is vouched for by Charles P. Taft, 2nd, who met Chadwick in the course of his duties as prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio.

IN fifteen years I stole cash and merchandise totaling at least four hundred thousand dollars. For that I served only fourteen months in the brig. Of course, I've had my headaches, scouting around for business, putting in a lot of time on bloomers, stopping slugs, and paying out money to fix raps. All in all, though, I'd say the rackets have been pretty easy on me.

I don't take credit for anything except being on the job. I've got the so-called legitimate people to thank. If it hadn't been for them, I could have starved to death same as a working sucker, no matter how good a hustler I was.

All along the line, there are men and women ready to boost the thief's game. The steer guy finds him work, dicks on the take protect him, shysters and tricky court officials keep him out of stir, fences sell his goods, and the public buys.

Of these, I'd say the fence is the thief's best friend. He's the real works in the hustler's racket.

When he sells, the thief steals, and if he goes out of business the thief had better find another fence quick or go out of business himself. The fence is the guy who keeps the ball rolling.

Stealing here means merchandise. Cash jobs, after all, are a small part of the hustler's work. His first choice, are marks where he carries it away in his pocket, but if he waits for a bank or a pete, it's going to be a long time between meals. A good thief doesn't stick up his nose at junk if that's the best he can get at the time being. I've always figured that all the dough in the world isn't running around loose, and if people are going to tie it up in silks and such stuff, that's what I've got to take. I knew a guy who stole a five-buck thermometer off an auto radiator. And he's the monkey who a few days later lined up sixteen men against a bar in St. Louis and took two grand single-o. Gerald Chapman, after knocking off a mail truck for four million bucks, wasn't above kicking in a store.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

The big-shot bank robbers, pete men, and heist guys make the better part of their living out of salable articles, so you can see that if the fence goes, the high-class thieves go with him.

I've stolen every kind of an item. I may not know what a thing is used for when I take it, but I do know it has a market and that some fence wants it. I remember going to a grocery warehouse for cigarettes and lugging away instead a machine that weighed more than 200 pounds, besides five typewriters, two adding machines, and three check writers. I didn't know that big baby was a bookkeeping machine until the fence told me. The papers kidded about the dumb thief breaking his back over something that couldn't be of any use to him. That's all right. I got six Cs for it.

A fence will take anything off your hands. There's Sam Abelman. Sam runs a pretty good shoe store in a southern Ohio town. I've sold him tires, cigarettes, books, rugs, pictures, and I don't know what. Once I kicked in a casket factory to get some silver handles. I didn't find any, so I grabbed a load of coffin silk. Sammy even took that.

He doesn't peddle the stuff to the retail trade himself. That bookkeeping machine, for instance, starts in Ohio and is liable to end up in San Francisco. The fences are a national outfit, like any big company. There are distributors, jobbers, and retailers. Sam is what you would call a distributor. When I told him about the machine I had, he called another fence on long distance.

"Can you use a bookkeeping machine, A-1 condition?" he asked.

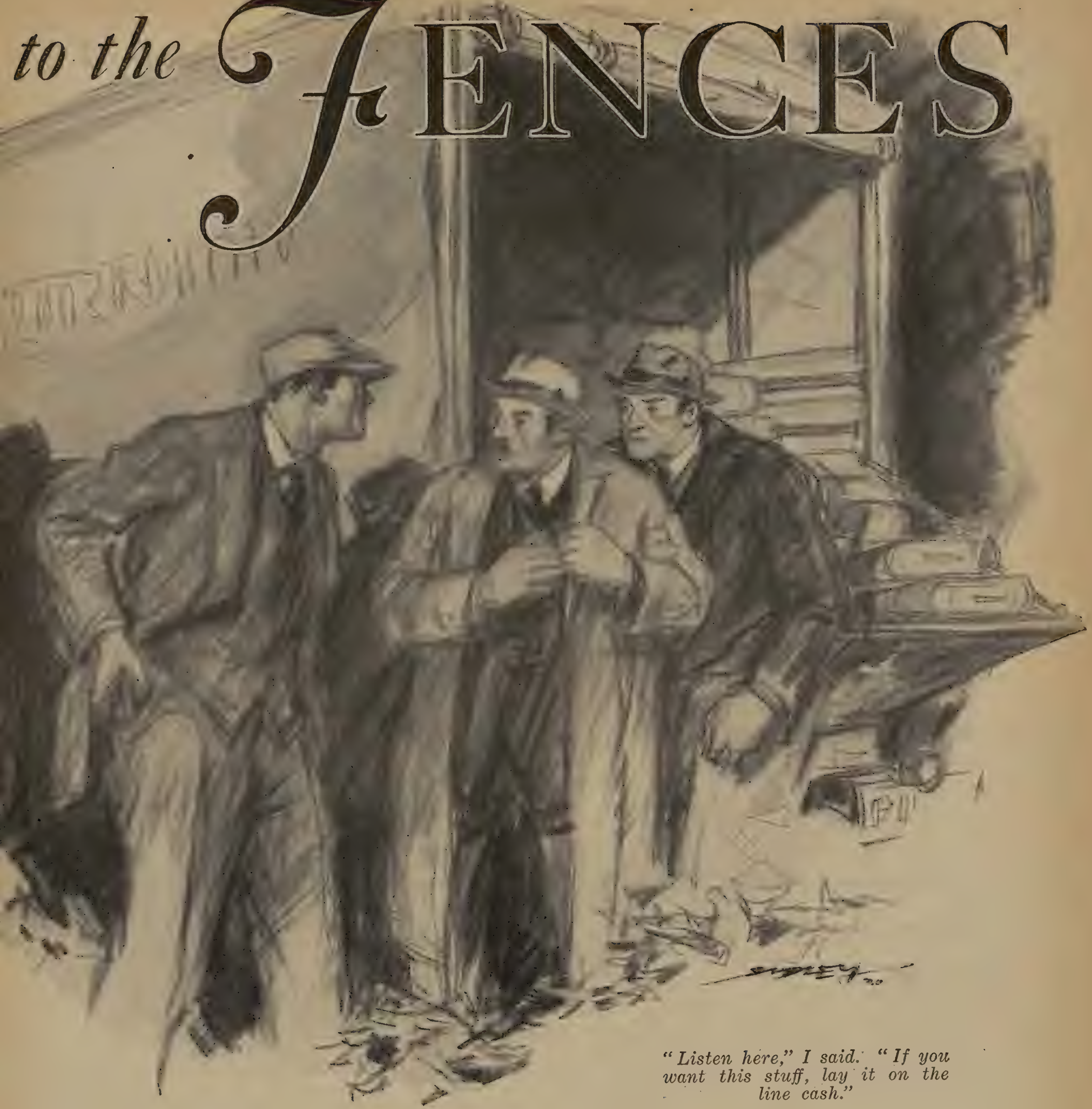
I guess the guy on the other end wanted the price.

"Never mind, the price is right," Sam answered. "I'll tell you when I see you."

He wasn't going to let me know what he got for it. These fences are always crying they barely make a living.

The machine was sold. The upstate fence drove down next day and took it out of my garage. Sammy never kept stolen goods in his place. Once the machine was out of town it was safe and the jobber could store it in a ware-

to the FENCES



"Listen here," I said. "If you want this stuff, lay it on the line cash."

house until he found a retail dealer who wanted it. Finally it was placed with a guy who handles a line of honest goods but will throw in a stolen bargain every now and then as a come-on.

As it traveled, the machine got legitimate. By the time it reached somebody's office, it was as respectable as the day it was made.

What was the final price on the machine, I can't say, because I don't know what it brought new. The thief's big disadvantage is that he's not up on costs. He's the fence's sucker. He knows it, but can't do anything about it. On the other hand, the fence is the smartest business man you can find. He's got everybody's line of goods at his finger tips. Sam could tell you without looking at the book the price of anything from a bicycle to a fiddle.

A fence is supposed to pay you one-third the regular price of any article. But I don't think I ever got that much. No matter if all he has to pay you is fifty bucks, the fence's first play is to chisel. If you walk out on him he'll let you. He's certain you'll be back. You can't peddle your stuff retail because you're laying yourself open, and you can't keep it because as long as it's on you you're riding the beef. The best thing you can do is threaten to blow the fence's head off and take what he gives you.

BUY NOW!

Say I bring Sammy a hot chunk of ice in a ring. I know what's coming. One look through his glass and he shoves it back. Doesn't say a word. Maybe begins to play around with the shoes on his shelves.

"Well, Sammy," I begin, "let's have your story."

"Roy," he answers, "your eyes must be going back on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RENTON'S
Hydrocin Tablets for
Arthritis
Neuritis and Rheumatism

The distribution of *Renton's Hydrocin Tablets* resulted from the recovery of a citizen of Pasadena, Calif., after three years of bedridden suffering from Arthritis Deformans. These tablets have done much to relieve muscular aches and pain, and aid in the treatment of *arthritis, neuritis, sciatica, gout, and other rheumatic afflictions,* where due to excessive uric acid in the system. Their intrinsic merit lies in the fact that they contain the one known effective solvent of uric acid crystals.

Prescribed by many leading physicians, and endorsed by wholesale and retail druggists, these tablets have reached a sale from coast to coast largely through recommendation of one sufferer to another. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send $1.50 for week's treatment, or $5.00 for month's treatment to

THE RENTON COMPANY
Dept. 26-B, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
Reference: Pasadena Chamber of Commerce

DAD'S COUGH

Wakes Us Up Every Night

About two A. M. every night Dad wakes in a fit of coughing that not only ruins the night's rest for him, but disturbs everyone in the house.

Whether a cough is caused by a cold, catarrhal condition of the throat, dust irritation or smoking it *can* and *should* be stopped immediately. No matter what the cause may be, the quick and effective remedy is good, dependable old "Piso's for Coughs." It does the five things necessary to stop a cough and repair the damage done. It checks the cough spasm, loosens the mucus, opens the air passages, soothes the inflamed tissues and at the same time, has a tonic effect that tends to build up what the cough tears down. Piso's supplies these five vital effects and it contains no opiates and does not upset the stomach. Safe to give, even to babies. All druggists sell Piso's in 35c and 60c sizes. Be sure you ask for "Piso's for Coughs."

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book today.

THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY, Limited
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Canada

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
NO PAIN—

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

How Good are Women Pilots?

Not very, says Alicia Patterson, herself a flyer. Read her reasons in

LADY BIRDS
In Liberty NEXT WEEK!

LUCKY TIGER
For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

GUARANTEED

WITH THANKS TO THE FENCES
Continued from page seventy-one

you in your old age. Truck like this, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Yeh?" I say. "The guy I got this off of can buy and sell you."

"A four-flusher with holes in his pants, that's what he is," Sam comes back.

"What do I get for it?" I ask him.

"To sell it I'll have to cheat my friends," he answers.

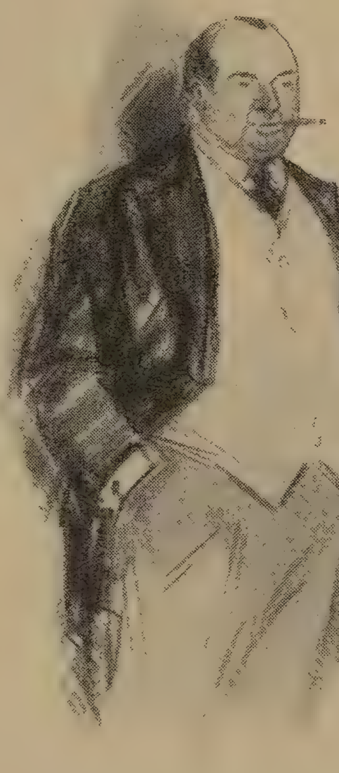
He gloms the rock once more and offers two hundred.

"You don't get it for a cent less than five," I say.

"What!" he yells. "It'll cost me a hundred to reset it."

That's always the fence's song. He says he can't sell a stone in the original setting because of the risk, but he doesn't want you to bring it to him in any other form since that would deprive him of his chance to chisel you.

After an argument, Sam and I agree on three Cs and in a few days I'll probably learn from a friend of the guy who lost the rock that it's worth a grand and a half.



Sam is what you would call a distributor.

Once Sam handed me an especially raw deal on a load of rugs that was worth six grand but for which he paid me only one. I made up my mind to teach this guy a lesson.

I was wearing a diamond ring that Sam had wanted to buy for a long time. It made a swell show and Sam had an idea it would look good on him.

He started offering me eight Cs and finally got up to twelve. It was worth two grand.

One day I went to him with a story.

"Sam," I said, "I'm broke and I need six hundred bucks quick."

"I should give you six hundred," he answered. "What have you got to put up?"

"You're a hell of a friend," I told him. All the time I was holding my hand on the counter, flashing the rock.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

"What's the matter with the ring?" he tumbled.

The ring went into hock. A few days before, I had had a jeweler friend of mine make an exact imitation of it that cost me eleven bucks. The phony ring was in my pocket when I went back to Sam's shop the next week. I paid him his six hundred and he gave me my ring. I put it in my pocket with the other.

"I'm going to sell it," I said. "A guy is giving me a grand and a half."

"Wait a minute," Sam put in. "Will you take fourteen hundred?"

"I'll take fifteen hundred cash," I answered.

Without another word he gave me the dough and got the phony ring.

That's a play I like to tell about. Those fences are smart monkeys and it takes a wise guy to sting them. Sam knew fifteen minutes after I left that he had gone the sucker route, but he was still my friend. Why shouldn't he be? He made more dough out of me in a year than I could steal from him in two. He told a friend of mine that goods I brought him in one year earned him fifteen grand. And you can take that as about half of the real figure.

SAM, I heard, handled something like a quarter of a million dollars' worth of stolen property a year. He owned a subdivision and lived in a $50,000 house. I've been in his home and met his wife and daughters. They were good people and I've often wondered whether they were dumb enough to think he could buy all the diamonds they wore with what he made from his shoe store.

Sam isn't the biggest fence by a long shot. I've heard of others whose sales will run around a million bucks a year. Take a dozen of these and you have plenty of hot merchandise on the market. Besides, you've got to add the sales of dealers listed as legitimate but who'll listen to a hustler's proposition once in a while. They don't do a piker's business, either.

I had several of them on my string. One was the cashier of a bank in northern Kentucky who bought the Liberty bonds we grabbed in bank heists. These were the only securities we were able to fence. Others we had to burn.

The cashier never did get friendly with us. Every deal was strictly business. I'd walk into his bank and say:

"John sent me."

I don't know who John was. I have an idea he was just a password. The cashier would pay me ten per cent less than the market value of Liberty bonds and rush me out of the place.

John's name was known to most of the good thieves around our part of the country, so I guess that bank did a pretty heavy bond business.

Another halfway legitimate fence was a high-class silk merchant in Cincinnati. You can get an idea of the size of his operations when I tell you of a deal I had on with him.

A mob of mine kicked in a silk store

in an Illinois town and got away with 176 bolts of goods. The steer on this job came from a friend who was a relative of the night hack in the joint. He told us how to make our way in and the way to move the silk. One of the mob stood on the low roof at the rear of the store and dropped a rope through an air chute to me inside.

We pulled the job right under the night hack's nose. The steer guy was visiting him, and every time the hack left the first floor, our man slammed a door to let us know it was time to go to work.

Gang Language in This Story

Bloomers—Duds, failures.
C—Century note; $100.
Fire—Shooting.
Grand—$1,000.
Hot ice—Stolen diamonds.
Junk—Drugs.
Make an in—Gain entrance.
On the take—Accepting bribes.
Riding the beef—Carrying incriminating evidence.
Single-o—Alone; without aid.
Turn copper—Betray; turn state's evidence.
Working sucker—Honest citizen.

I tied the bolts of silk to the rope and the guy above hoisted them to the roof. From there he lowered them to a third man who loaded the stuff in a truck we had picked up during the day.

We left town the same night and arrived at the silk dealer's place in Cincinnati late next morning.

"I got more goods than I can get rid of now," he said.

But he wanted to see what we had. He thought he might be able to send us to someone who could use it. When he went through our load he began to sweat.

"I'll see, boys," he finally said. "Maybe I need something."

After stalling around inside a few minutes he came out with an offer of fifteen grand for the lot. That sounded like plenty of dough. It was my first silk deal and I didn't know what the stuff brought. But I should have smelled a rat. Unless he's got a good reason, no fence ever offers fifteen grand for anything first crack out of the box. We let him have the goods at his price. What he got was worth eighty grand. We learned that from the steer guy.

From time to time I did a big business in cigarettes. That was one article the fences couldn't sting me on. For this reason, I'd pick a cigarette job whenever I could.

The price was standard for all brands—thirty-five bucks a case. Besides, the retail demand for this goods was so big that any fence was glad to take as much as you could bring him. There was none of that monkey business of letting you walk out if you didn't like the price he offered.

It doesn't sound as if a guy could make much dough out of a thirty-five-dollar article, but figure anywhere from a hundred to two hundred cases in a single load and you know he's pulling down plenty. For the money they paid, these cigarette stings were about the easiest I ever handled. They were nothing but arm work.

BUY NOW!

Sam was one of the fences who bought my cigarettes, and another was a wholesale grocer whose joint we once cleaned.

When he found out—through a double-crossing steer guy—who had robbed him, he played a smart hand. Instead of prosecuting, which would have gotten him nothing, he propositioned us.

"I'm not crying about the hundred cases I lost," he said to me. "But why don't you give me a chance to make some money too?"

HE was willing to take all the cigarettes we could get from other grocery warehouses in town. After I checked up on him and found he had done a little business with thieves before, it was a go. We brought him so much stuff it took all his surplus cash to keep up with us. In one week he paid us nine grand.

The dough I and two others in my mob made from cigarettes totaled easily 60,000 bucks. This was just pin money to carry us over between jobs of our main rackets.

Most of the fences will play a square hand with you. That is, they'll chisel you but they'll never welsh on the payment of their debts. Often they don't have the cash when you bring them a load, but you can trust them to kick in with every cent they promised. Another thing: they'll come to the front for you with bond money and attorneys' fees when you get in trouble. Sam's dough has kept at least a dozen thieves out of stir. Of course, he takes it out of them later in trade, but give him credit for trusting them that far.

The hustlers who dealt with Sam were grateful for what he did. They gave him the first bid on their loads and I don't know one that ever turned copper on him even if the hustler could beat a rap by doing it.

Sam made doubly sure of his protection. He had some of the high-rating dicks of the city on his pay-off list. He was as square with them as with us. He never let us know about them. It was only by accident I discovered his drag with the law.

I WAS with Sam in the back room of his store one day when in came a dick. I stayed while Sam went out front to talk to him. I caught the conversation.

"There's been a lot of stuff stolen," the dick said. "Someone mentioned your name."

"Who was it?" Sam asked.

The dick told him.

"You'd better see him," he went on. "He'll be forcing our hand one of these days."

"Is he all right?" Sam asked.

"They say he is," the dick answered.

He told Sam that the other guy intended to come down and take a look around the joint. I can't say how much

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fat Folks are simply overburdened—Not Lazy

End the Cause

We used to think that fat folks were lazy or gluttonous. We now know that it isn't so. Their vitality is burdened, their hearts are over-taxed. Forcing blood through such a mass of tissue absorbs much of their energy.

If they eat too much, it is because their food is not converted into fuel and energy. Too much goes to fat.

Modern science has found a great cause in a defective gland—the thyroid. Its secretion largely affects nutrition. It also stimulates other vital glands.

After years of research and experiment, doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. And excess fat has disappeared by the millions of pounds since they did so.

Marmola prescription tablets embody the factor which they use. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case. The complete formula appears in each package, so your doctor can advise you on it, if you wish.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now the slim figures you see everywhere are due largely to Marmola.

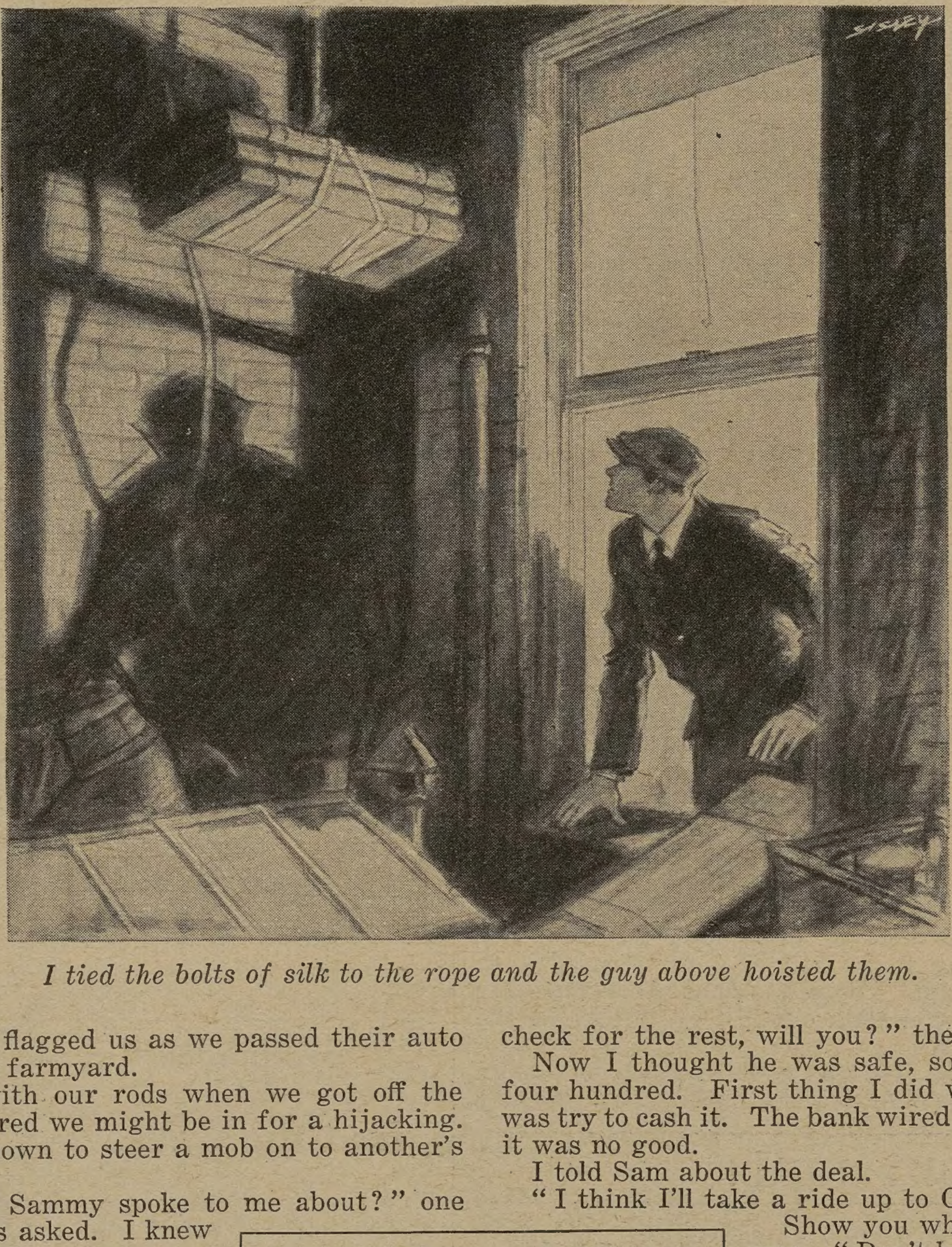
Try it. Price $1.00. It offers what your doctor would probably prescribe. Watch the results—the fading fat. Then please tell your friends what we are telling you. Don't wait!

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

WITH THANKS TO THE FENCES
Continued from page seventy-three

Sam paid that second dick or if he paid him anything, but I know there was no police visit to the store.

He was one of the square-shooting fences. But there's also the other kind who'll rat on you, sandbag you, and hand you a general all-around trimming. They're the guys who get themselves croaked every now and then, and that's the time you can give the hustler credit for doing a good piece of work.



I tied the bolts of silk to the rope and the guy above hoisted them.

It's when the hustler does business with a stranger he's not going to see again that he's apt to run into a double-crossing fence. It happened to me once.

I and a partner had 3,000 yards of suit goods of the best material which Sam didn't want to handle because it was around the time of that police scare. So he phoned a friend of his, another fence in Cleveland, who said he'd take the goods at a buck and a half a yard.

We drove our truck to Cleveland and, by appointment, met the fence and his partner on a country road just outside the city. They flagged us as we passed their auto and led the way to a farmyard.

We were ready with our rods when we got off the truck, because I figured we might be in for a hijacking. Fences have been known to steer a mob on to another's load of goods.

"You're the boys Sammy spoke to me about?" one of the Cleveland guys asked. I knew from that he was O.K.

He explained that this farm belonged to his brother and we could take our time here.

I didn't like them from the start. They wouldn't look at you.

They were always whispering and seemed to be afraid of something.

Both of them jumped in the truck and made a stall at fingering the goods, and in less time than it would take anybody to tell its quality, their noses went up.

"Rotten," one of them said. "What did Sam mean, broadcloth?"

"If Sammy says it's broadcloth, it's broadcloth, and it'll cost you a buck and a half," I answered.

"Is that so?" he came back.

He played around with the stuff a little more and then he said:

"It's a good buy for seventy-five cents."

"Try and get it," I said to him.

"Well," he went on, "to pay you for bringing it up here I'll give you a dollar. Take it or leave it."

My partner was for hauling the load back, but I finally convinced him it would be better to get a dollar a yard for it than run a chance of being grabbed on our way down.

Then the fences began to measure the cloth.

"Twenty-one hundred yards," one of them finally said, reaching in his pocket as if the deal was closed.

"Wait a minute," I stopped him. "I counted three thousand."

When he saw he couldn't work that play he started writing a check. By this time I was ready to blast somebody's head off.

"Listen here," I said. "If you want this stuff, lay it on the line cash. And if you don't take it, see, and you tip off the law and we get grabbed, I'm going to make bond and drill you full."

THAT shut him up. Both he and his partner turned white and you'd think they couldn't come out with their dough quick enough. They had twenty-six hundred bucks.

"Please take a check for the rest, will you?" the fence asked.

Now I thought he was safe, so I took his check for four hundred. First thing I did when I got back home was try to cash it. The bank wired Cleveland and learned it was no good.

I told Sam about the deal.

"I think I'll take a ride up to Cleveland," I said.

Show you what kind of a guy Sam was. "Don't be in a hurry, Roy," he said. "I'll cash the check. It'll be all right."

I don't know if Sam ever got the dough, but I doubt if that Cleveland guy would pay four hundred bucks to save his hide.

A good fence like Sam can become one of the country's big business men. He treats his customers right and his sales grow. Each year he dumps more and more stolen goods on the market.

Pretty soon the hustlers on his string can't supply all he can use. So I and the others bring him new ones. When I see a first-class boy coming up in the rackets and want him to get a good start, I give him a knockdown to Sam.

The fence finally controls a whole army of thieves. He keeps on yelling for more goods. They'll give it to him and they won't stop as long as there is a thing left worth taking. The rackets are getting bigger and better.

THE END

P	E	R		B	A	I	T		C	A	R	L		A	B	A
A	R	A		E	L	S	A		A	L	A	E		R	A	T
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I	N	■	M	A	R	A	T	■	S	E	P	A	L	■	L	E
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A	S	K		L	I	R	E		A	S	E	A		R	O	E
P	E	S		L	A	I	R		T	E	S	T		S	O	T

Answer to the puzzle on page 68

B	O	T	H		A	P	O	R	T		S	T	E	T
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R	E	M	O	T	E	R	■	B	I	D	■	C	A	M
E	L	A	M	■	R	A	Z	E	D	■	G	O	R	E
C	I	T	E	■	■	N	E	W	■	■	A	R	O	W
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			A	V	A	■	O	D	E	O	N			
S	H	A	M	E	■	O	R	E	■	E	T	A	P	E
C	O	M	P	R	A	D	O	R	E		I	T	E	R
A	N	I	L		L	I	N	E	R		N	O	R	A
R	E	D	E		A	N	O	D	E		E	M	I	L

Answer to the puzzle on page 69

EMBARRASSED BY POOR HANDWRITING?

You will be proud of every word you type on the Royal Portable

Faster, simpler than you ever dreamed, this improved home typewriter is making writing easy for everyone. So amazingly convenient, so incomparably neat, that even those most proud of their penmanship have been attracted, convinced! To those tormented by poor handwriting it is a most welcome relief! For now they can write with pride and confidence knowing that their every word is a model of impressive legibility.

Try this finest of portables! "Why!" you will exclaim, "I thought I would have to 'learn' and here I am typing as fast as I can write by hand." But this is only a hint of the speed you will attain after a few hours use. And so it will be with every member of the family, young and old. For no sooner is the Royal Portable in your home than everyone can use it. And they do—from morning till night. Mother's notes and letters, dad's after-hours work, the varied writing duties of the young people—all are typed with new zest and pleasure.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

More than 2000 Royal Portable Dealers in United States

Never have you seen a home typewriter as beautiful as the Royal Portable—with its graceful lines and cheerful Duotone colorings, which include new Pastel tints of delicate softness. Especially pleasing, too, is the new type-face, "Vogue," created to distinguish personal correspondence . . . Price $60 complete with standard 4-bank keyboard and carrying case. Convenient monthly payments, if desired.

Royal Portable
TYPEWRITERS

Already its fame has swept from Coast to Coast!

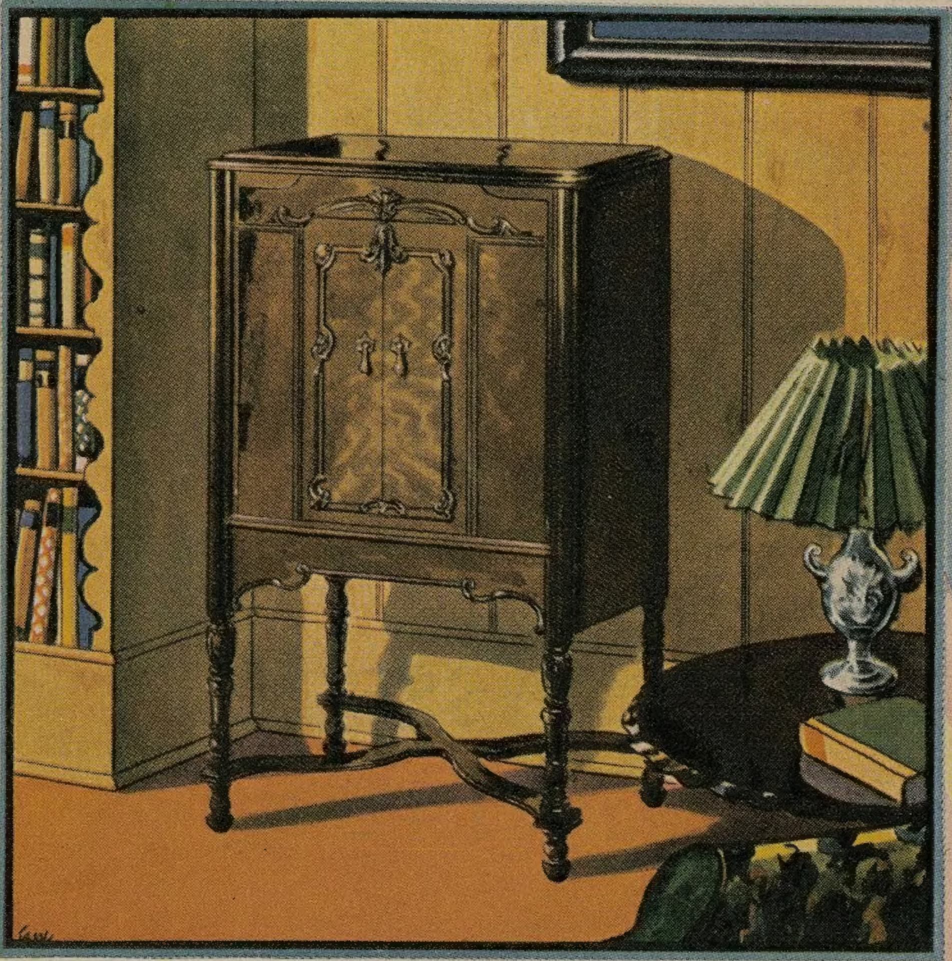
THE NEW VICTOR RADIO

New Victor Radio
R-39

Identical in equipment and performance with R-35 . . . In distinctive de luxe classical Italian cabinet of alluring beauty. 43⅜" high, 27" wide and 16⅞" deep. List price, $185.00, less Radiotrons.

Other Victor Models
List Prices

Victor Radio RE-57	$285.00 Less Radiotrons
Victor Radio R-35 (5 circuit)	152.50 Less Radiotrons



9 Features of the New Victor Radio

●

1. *First five-circuit, micro-synchronous, screen-grid radio.*
2. *Home Recording . . .* Victor's latest development!
3. *Victor Acoustic Tone Control . . .* created and introduced by Victor.
4. *Victor Tone . . .* more beautiful than ever!
5. *New Beauty of Appearance . . .* most striking cabinets Victor ever designed.
6. *The New Improved Electrola . . .* plays Victor Records with startling new beauty.
7. *Micro-Synchronous Radio . . .* perfect performance . . . *A child can tune it!*
8. *New Sensitivity . . .* bringing you the station you want —*when* you want it.
9. *New Selectivity . . .* sharply separates the station you want from all others!

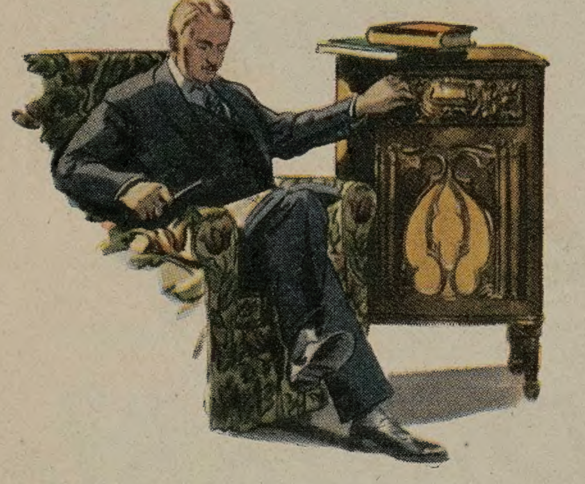
TOTALLY NEW . . . ENTIRELY DIFFERENT!

IN SIXTY DAYS the new Victor Radio has become the most talked-of musical instrument . . . since the first Victrola.

It is startlingly new — incorporating features never before known. It is new in design, in appearance, in construction and . . . in performance. With the New *Home Recording* Electrola, it brings you a totally *new kind* of entertainment . . . not only plays radio programs with a new perfection, but also Victor Records, electrically, with a beauty that Victor believes *unequalled by any other means of reproduction. And,* for the first time, with this instrument you enjoy the thrilling new sport of making records of your own voice . . . "vocal snapshots."

Only Victor's 33 years' experience with music could create the New Victor. That is why the New Victor is musically supreme. Today—as always—*absolute dependability is guaranteed by the Victor name.*

Victor urges you to compare the four New Victor Models with any other instrument . . . at any price. At all Victor dealers. Victor Division, RCA Victor Company, Inc., Camden, N. J.



Victor Radio R-15—The "personal radio." In compact, exquisite cabinet, built with Victor craftsmanship throughout. Brings you the famous Victor Tone and performance.

List price $112.50, less Radiotrons.

The new
Victor Radio
HOME-RECORDING
Electrola

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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